

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

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Frontispiece—CONSULTING AN ORACLE.



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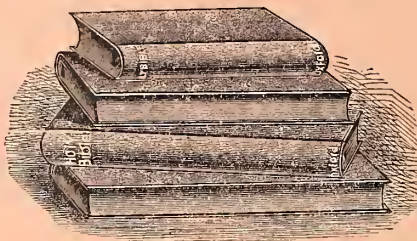
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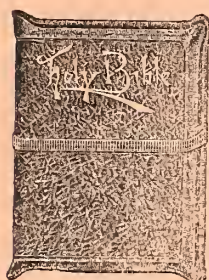
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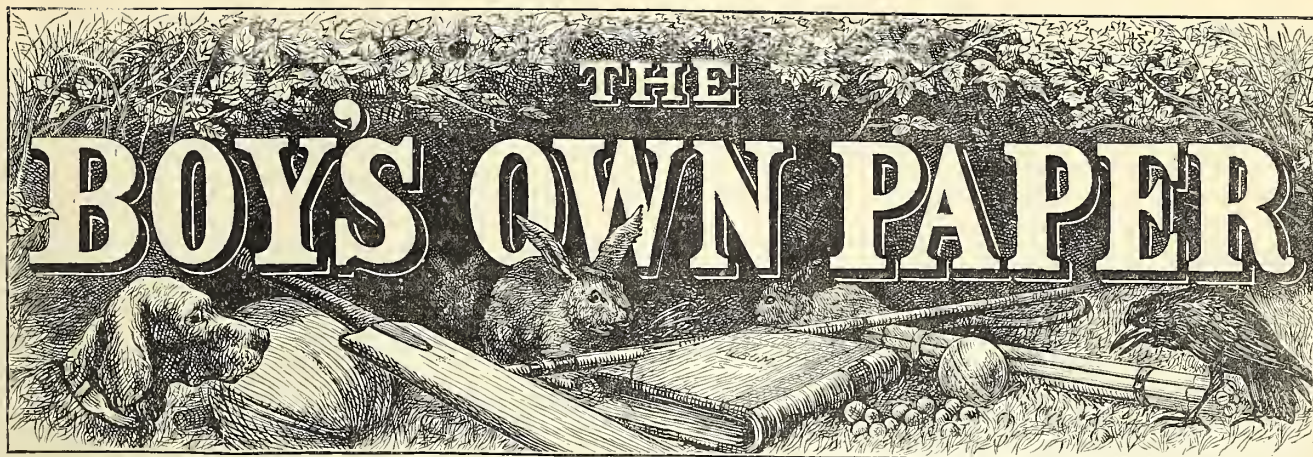




CONSULTING AN ORACLE.

(Drawn for the "Boy's Own Paper" by FRED MILLER.)





No. 499.—Vol. X.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

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"McNab kept the men at bay with his blazing poker."—See p. 695.



mured was, though a large, not a particularly strong place.

Had either of the two been possessed of talent of a Jack Sheppardian sort, they might have escaped at any time.

They did not, perhaps, try very much. Sir Sidney was of a somewhat philosophic turn of mind, and looked upon his incarceration as something to be expected in the revolutions of Fortune's wheel of war.

Something better would turn up by-and-by. So both waited very patiently, as long months upon months rolled by. To say that they languished in prison\* would hardly be correct, for they had plenty of light and air, and an unlimited supply of good, wholesome food. They were busy, exciting times, those in Paris, without doubt; but the people were not compelled to eat rats, so, instead of wearing away to shadows, the prisoners increased in size. No wonder that one day after they had led this inactive life for over a year, Sir Sidney said to Dick,

"Why, Dick, *mon ami*, I begin to long for active service again, for, blame me, but I'm actually getting podgy, and as for you, you are growing in height and breadth of beam every day. I don't believe your good mother will know you again."

"Heigho!" sighed poor Dick, "I wish I could only see her, for would you believe it, sir, I'm getting tired of being a prisoner of war?"

"Yes, Dick, lad, that is quite within the limits of credibility. But patience, boy, patience. Why, imprisonment teaches one this virtue, if it does nothing else. Hear how that canary of yours sings, albeit it's prison is far smaller than ours."

Dick glanced up at the cage with a pleased smile on his face.

"Dear, thoughtful little thing!" he said.

"What, the bird, Dick?"

"No, the donor, Lisette, the governor's pretty daughter."

"Well, Dick, it was certainly mindful of her."

"Mindful! I should think it was. It's her own pet canary, you know, so that makes the gift all the more valuable. Bless her innocent eyes!"

Rat-tat-tat. And the key turned in the outer door, and next moment the governor himself stood before them, smiling, accompanied by a short, fat, black-haired officer in uniform, who was smiling much more.

"Ah! how do you do, my Anglesish friends? You must do us de honour of once more come to deener, to-night. Ah! monsieurs, de pity is great dat you vill not give de parole. Den we could feest togedder, hunt and shoot togedder, and do everydings. But now—we can do nodings."

"My dear sir captain, it is very kind, indeed, and both myself and young friend here have always much pleasure in going out to stretch our legs a little, and to sup with you. Parole we give as far as these little trips are concerned. But further—pardon me—no. In this Paris

of yours you have so many strange changes. Who knows what may not happen next? Perhaps your mob may take it into their wise heads to blow down our prison, then myself and Dick here would run for it—not being on parole, you see, whereas if we had given parole we would be bound in honour to look out for another prison."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the good-natured little Frenchman; "well, let it be as you say. Dey Anglesish are a nation of philosophers. All de same, parole for dis night. Come, *mon ami*."

There came tripping into the room, behind her father, a young girl, some fifteen summers old, all life and merri-ment she was; but as she stood beside the cage, and talked to the bird, her sweet, upturned face certainly looked strangely out of place with the barred and grated windows of this somewhat gloomy prison.

Dick, young as he was, rather excelled in pretty speeches. Gallantry, in those days, was more studied than it is in this age of bronze.

"It is such a pleasure to see you," said Dick, talking low to her in French. "Your beautiful face and form are more to me than the sunshine; surely Heaven made you, Lisette, as he made the summer flowers, to be loved and admired."

This, it must be confessed, was rather a pretty speech for a lad of little over sixteen.

Perhaps Lisette was used to such talk, for she neither blushed nor lost presence of mind.

Presently she turned her attentions from the bird to Dick himself.

She laid one little hand on his forearm and looked kindly into his face.

"Does my brother pine much?" she asked.

"Sometimes I think of home," he said, "and long to be free. But when your brother and you come here, or I go to your home, then, for the time, I am very happy, and even forget old England."

"Oh! I pity you, friend, I pity you; and how your mother and sisters must long to see you. How I should love you if I were your sister!"

"You love me a little, Lisette, as it is, do you not?"

"Oh, yes; and so does my brother. And I have been praying for you, and brother has, too. We both have placed candles at the Virgin's shrine for you, Oh, ever so often."

"One day you will be free, and you will go away and think no more of us."

"Nay, nay, nay," cried Dick, earnestly; "I will not let you speak thus, Lisette. When free I will go away, and I will fight once more against your country, but I will never forget you, and when peace is restored between our nations I will come again and see you."

Lisette clapped her hands with joy.

"Oh! now," she cried, "I shall pray the Virgin for peace."

"Lisette, Lisette!" sang a voice in the passage.

"Coming, Adolph, coming," cried the girl.

"Bring Dick! bring Dick! bring Dick!"

"Come, Dick, come," said Lisette. "See, your friend has gone."

Lisette's brother was about Dick's own age, though hardly so tall, a bold, sprightly youth, with all the excitement and fire of a genuine Frenchman about him.

In his hand he held two tridents, by his side was a hard-looking Scotch terrier, the gift of Ensign Ogilvie, of the gallant Forty-second Highlanders, who, like Dick, had once been prisoner in the temple.

The dog held in his mouth a rat nearly as big as himself, and looked full of importance.

"Good-bye, Lisette," cried Dick, waving his hand.

"Good-bye."

"Hie, Dick," shouted Sir Sidney, "where are you off to, youngster?"

"Going ratting underground, sir."

"All right, rat away, but mind you're back in time to dress for dinner."

Away went Adolph and Dick with Triumph, the terrier, trotting after.

It would be impossible to describe all the wanderings in tunnels, through catacombs, and by the side of sluggish, underground streams, of those two boys to-day. They had good eyes and they needed them, for some of the places into which they penetrated were gloomy enough; indeed, their darkness was here and there rendered visible by dimly burning lamps.

But the excitement was splendid, and it would be impossible to say whether a larger share of rats fell to the boys' spears or to Triumph's teeth.

After miles upon miles of these murky wanderings they emerged into the bright light of a spring day, close to the beautiful Seine.

And here among shady trees, at the door of a quaint old hostelry, they sat down to enjoy their luncheon, while Adolph counted the number of rats' tails in his satchel.

"We've had a glorious day," he said at last, after he had carefully reckoned them twice.

"So I see," said Dick, "seventy-five tails all told. Truly a terrible slaughter."

"Do not grieve, my friend, it is the fortune of war. These rats must be killed, or soon they would gather in armies and take Paris and eat us all."

Dick laughed, and went on with his luncheon.

Dick was thinking.

The dinner at the French officers' mess that evening passed off very jollily indeed, as all such dinners ever did; for the hosts were politeness personified. No one, to have heard the conversation that flowed so freely round the table, could have guessed that two of the number there were foes to France, perfidious Britons, and all the rest of it.

Sir Sidney's host conducted Dick and himself back to prison, where the affable governor was waiting to receive them, and Adolph, too, to say good-night and arrange for another day's hunt among the rats.

Dick had been thinking, but he did not, on that evening, communicate his thoughts to his companion in captivity.

\* In telling the story of Sir Sidney Smith's prison-life and final escape, I take a slight licence with history, for which I know my readers will forgive me.



No, he went to bed and thought them all over again.

Months went by, autumn came and went, and winter was over Paris, and the roofs of its houses, its trees, and its beautiful parks all covered with snow, the cold making the cheeks of France's fair daughters like the roses of summer.

To say that Dick and his Captain now lived a gay life, would be scarcely accurate, but, nevertheless, they were invited out, and taken here and taken there and made much of as a rule.

Of course, they had to give their parole to the governor, that while thus indulged they would make no attempt to escape.

But, truth to tell, the prisoners were not happy after all. Sir Sidney's restive spirit began to chafe as the weeks and months rolled on and still there was no hope of release.

"You are probably about the last prisoner we would like to part with," the governor told Sir Sidney.

"Ah! sir," he said, also, "what a fine thing fame is."

"Freedom is better," said the Captain, laughing.

"Yes, sir, perhaps, but then you are worth a whole fleet in yourself, so our Government do not see their way to exchange you."

Spring came—the spring of '98—the snow melted, and the trees and grass grew green, and the sparrows that built about the old temple eaves began to assume vast importance, and drowned the music of even Dick's canary with their bickering and din.

There was to be a large party at one of the best houses in the city, and Sir Sidney and Dick were invited. It was to be a masquerade and fancy ball, as well as dinner-party, and it became a subject of consideration what our friends should wear.

This was decided at last. It was Sir Sidney's pleasure to dress as a Parisian bourgeois and to assume the garb of a mechanic, and Dick was to go as his daughter, a beautiful young, but wayward, girl, who required a good deal of looking after, and of whom the father was both fond and jealous.

Lisette and Adolph quite entered into the spirit of the thing, and assisted the prisoners in perfecting their disguise.

So the eventful night came round. Sir Sidney and Dick gave their parole as usual, both also pleading fatigue, and stating that they would be home early.

How very quickly and joyfully that evening seemed to pass to both. Sir Sidney was an excellent actor, and created a deal of amusement by the way in which he carried out his part, although his daughter Dick managed to give him the slip many times and often.

But the city bells tolled the midnight hour at last, and the English left the grounds and made their way towards the temple. Not before Dick had taken a most affectionate farewell of Adolph and the innocent and pretty Lisette.

They were enveloped in cloaks, and thus they reached home and found the governor there as usual.

"You see," said Sir Sidney, "we have not kept you very long after all."

"Ah! thank you, sir," was the reply, "in one hour more my own little ones will have arrived; I then shall myself retire."

"Good night."

"Good night."

As soon as they were alone, Sir Sidney broke the silence.

"In one hour. You noticed what he said?"

"Yes."

"Then we shall remain here for two. The sentries will, by that time, have again been changed. That fellow we passed last marked where we went and seemed to take our very measure."

"He did," said Dick.

"You have the keys?"

"Yes, all is ready, and if fortune does but favour us for once we will soon be free."

The time passed very slowly indeed.

"I do believe," said Sidney, once, "that I am getting nervous by reason of my long imprisonment, for at this present moment my heart beats more violently than ever it did before going into action."

A great bell struck the hour of two.

Its vibrations seemed to shake the very prison walls.

They waited some time longer, then the key was inserted in the first door. It turned easily and with little noise. There were two other doors, and one was the outer one.

It opened with a noise that made both their hearts stand still.

"Qui vive?"

It was the sharp voice of the sentry. They waited and waited a weary time.

Then they stole out and up the yard, creeping along towards the gate, but keeping well in under the shadow of the walls.

Near the outer gate was the sentry-box, but the gate itself, or rather part of it, was open.

Sir Sidney paused a moment, with his hand on Dick's shoulder. Should he rush in and quiet the sentry?

No, this was bad policy, the alarm would be given before escape was possible.

Ha! he had it.

He had made his plans in a moment.

They were still, be it remembered, in the disguise of the masquerade, though wearing long cloaks.

Sidney whispered a few words in Dick's ear.

Dick immediately took the cue and acted his part well.

When the man's back was turned, he suddenly rushed up behind and clasped his arm.

"Where can I hide?" he whispered in French. "Quick, tell me, for father is coming. Ha! here he is, I am too late."

Taken unawares, and seeing before him what he took to be a very pretty girl in distress, the sentry would willingly have given her assistance, but next moment the *soi-disant* father had her safe in his clutches.

"I've got you," he cried, "come home at once."

"And you, sir, what is your name?"

I've a good mind to call the sergeant of the guard. A pretty sentry you are. What, sir, what?"

The man protested his innocence; but, vowing he should report him in the morning, Sidney led his daughter Dick safely away.

They were free so far. But adventures innumerable were still before them.

When they met a watchman they went past him singing carelessly, or with a friendly good-night, or even stopped to talk a moment or two.

They entered a kind of garden at last, Dick now going on ahead, and soon found themselves in underground Paris.

Dick knew every turn of the place, and his dark-lantern did excellent service. Through gloomy tunnels, past dark, silent, sluggish streams, where white-teethed rats grinned or splashed, on and on and on, by many a devious path, till they stood at last among the vaulted catacombs.

Here, for the first time, the guide faltered.

There seemed no way out.

Round and round he walked, but all in vain.

They were lost in this awful vault, lost in this place of the dead.

There was nothing for it but to rest, and, like Micawber, wait for something to turn up.

Wearied with anxiety and the exertions he had gone through, poor Dick fell fast asleep.

Strange that in a dream the exit from these catacombs should have been revealed to him. But such was the truth.

"I have it, I have it," he cried, springing up, and catching his companion by the arm.

"Stick to it, then, stick to it, whatever it is," was the reply. "Hullo! where am I?"

For Dick's Captain had also been dosing.

Half an hour afterwards they emerged once more from this living grave, and stood among trees, close to the little hostelry where Dick and his friend Adolph were wont to lunch when on their sporting expeditions.

And day was breaking, oh! so sweetly, with a flush of golden light along the horizon and little shreds of cloudlets of the deepest crimson.

Yes, day was dawning, and with it dawned hope and joy in the hearts of the fugitives.

Would they succeed in escaping?

(To be continued.)



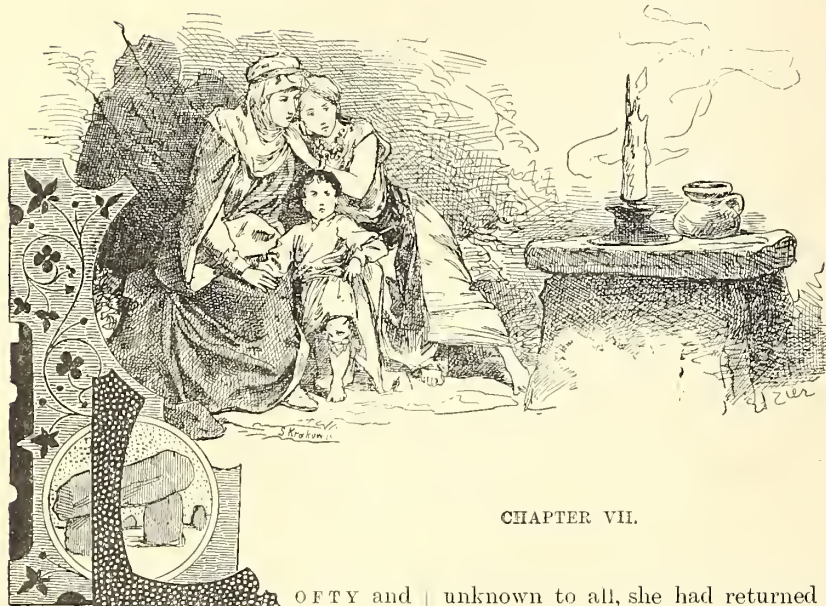


## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART III.



CHAPTER VII.

**F**ORTY and wide enough apart for carts to drive beneath them, there stand, about a mile and a half from Karnac, and not far from the hamlet of Plouharnel, a score of gigantic dolmens. They form the chief monument of Druidism. The supporting stones are half hidden in the sand, and around them have been found the bones of men and horses, stirrups of iron and bracelets of gold, weapons, collars, sickles, and even axes of blue stone, such as were used in old Gaulish ceremonies. It is, in fact, the temple of temples of the Bretons, the sacred burying-place of the early kings, the tomb of King Morvan.

At the royal funerals, the widow, her sons, and the chief Druids were alone allowed to be present, and the funeral rites remained with them a profound secret, as did also the exact place where the body was laid. The people, the chiefs of the numerous tribes, remained at a respectful distance, and dared not, on pain of death, advance beyond the outer circle of the Karnac stones. To carry the bier to the grave, and fill over it the immense heap of sand which none dare afterwards approach, twenty prisoners of war were employed, and when the work was done they were strangled and burnt on the spot, and their ashes scattered in the wind that blows out to sea, in accordance, doubtless, with the Druidic axiom, that "Dead men tell no tales."

At Morvan's death the secret of the graves of Plouharnel was well kept. Nomenoe, as not being a legitimate son, had been shut out from the ceremony, and the three chief Druids had died the year after. Of those who for the last time descended into the temple, only Morgana remained.

Profiting by this, desirous of a retreat

unknown to all, she had returned one dark night to Plouharnel, accompanied by Cormoran, who possessed her entire confidence. She had opened the tumult, and of it made a hiding-place. Hunted from her usual haunts, and knowing that Ragnar was finding Nomenoe, she had made it her retreat, for to Ragnar she had never confided its secret; and there she shut herself up with her prisoner.

Many and careful had been her precautions. She had administered a powerful narcotic to Clothilda and Janika, and brought them one dark night in a covered chariot. When they awoke they were deep underground, without knowing where they were or how they had got there.

Clothilda's prison was a narrow subterranean chamber, with two low beds of seaweed, a stone table, some large benches, and a wax torch burning constantly in the darkness. But with her were her child and the faithful Janika.

Long hours dragged away, gloomy and sad, without her knowing when night ended or day began, without her finding out how the air was admitted into the sepulchre in which they were practically buried alive. Doubtless there were some secret crevices among the stones by which they were surrounded. Perhaps, from time to time, when they were asleep, some outer door was opened, but in vain Janika strove to discover the secret.

To whom could she appeal? Their keepers were reduced to two, and both were silent. Cormoran was dumb.

No longer did Morgana seem to desire her daughter's love. Hatred for the entire creation seemed to have possessed her. Her captives rarely saw her. For the child she had hardly a kind look, for the mother she had but a few icy words. In her haughty face

they read the keen resentment at the implacable pursuit to which she had been subjected, the rage at being driven to her last refuge, the humiliation at being unable to stir abroad except in the darkness, like a bird of the night.

She was engaged in a final, desperate struggle, intending to continue it to the end. She had braced herself to carry it through, fearing nothing but the fear of being conquered. She had become the ferocious sibyl of former days, the Morgana of her worst days, the true Morgana.

The ugly dwarf appeared at every meal, greeting Clothilda always with the same horrible smile. When he was not with them the captives felt that he was watching round them.

After two days of this imprisonment the child asked if it was to be always night, and began to cry to see the sun.

Clothilda, who had till then been absorbed in her thoughts, burst into sobs and exclaimed,

"My child! My poor, dear child! We shall both die here."

"Courage," whispered Janika. "We have now but two gaolers. Instead of giving way like this, think of escaping from their hands. I am thinking of it, and I have hopes."

"What hopes?" asked the countess, in astonishment.

"Hush!" said Janika, with her finger on her lips. Then she went and listened at all the walls of the cell, and returned to whisper in Clothilda's ear: "Did you not notice that I complained of your bed being so hard, and that tomorrow—yesterday was yesterday—Cormoran came with a heap of fern, reaching almost to my waist?"

"Well?"

"Silence! Hold the light and look!"

Janika cleared away the fern, and showed between the two huge flat stones below a hole dug in the sand.

Clothilda could not restrain an exclamation of surprise.

"Hush! You see the plan promises well. The mass of earth that shuts us out from liberty will not be thick enough to keep me from getting through."

"But," said the countess, "suppose you succeed, what is to become of us? What shall we do? Who is to take us to the count?"

"Do you forget that at Carhaix I heard Morgana mention Karnac before we fell into that strange sleep in which we lost our consciousness but did not lose our memory, and did you not engrave it with the point of my needle on one of your bracelets? The bracelet I threw under a stool, the count will find it. Be sure he is on our traces; perhaps he is near us now."

"Ah!" exclaimed Clothilda. "If I knew it! If I could believe it."

A sound as of distant thunder, as of galloping horsemen, passed over their



heads and shook the walls of the cavern.

"There they are!" said the trembling voice of Janika. "Do you not feel they are there? It is the count! Listen—

have two good knives. All I want is for you to take the sand in your apron as I pass it to you, and spread it equally over the ground, so that they can detect nothing."

to the horsemen. It was indeed the count and his companions who had just galloped round the tumulus.

But why should they think of stopping and profaning it? Was it not an



"Was it Bugh? Did you kill him?"

listen this side—now that—now near us. Listen, there is the dwarf in a state of excitement, and hear the angry imprecation of Morgana!"

"To work, then," said Clothilda, already conquered, "to work."

"Oh!" answered Janika; "my hands do not want your help; and besides, I

"Go on."

"I am going on. Talk to the child and run about, so as to make him laugh and drown any other sound. That is the way to lull Morgana's vigilance."

And the captives set to work accordingly.

Janika was right in her conjecture as

inviolable sepulchre, the sacred tomb of Nomenoe's father? Had not the bracelet said "Karnac," and not "Plouharnel?"

To Karnac the count went, and there he searched in vain for two days. Often had Efflam looked at the impassible dolmen outlined majestically on the



horizon above its mighty mound of sand, but little did he think that beneath it, where he thought there only lay the dead, there were kept captive those for whose deliverance he was striving.

Janika's task was more difficult than she expected. Not only was the sand of great thickness, but now and then it contained large flat stones, and these had to be dug round. Clothilda continued to spread the sand on the floor, but the layer began to thicken so fast that she feared the keen eyes of Morgana would detect the truth.

Fortunately, Morgana had something else to think about. The presence of Count Efflam and his companions made it necessary for Cormoran to be sent out at night to watch them. The dwarf was also her messenger, keeping up her correspondence with her remaining partisans, and he brought her important and disquieting news.

Janika's hazardous work, as fate would have it, took her, strangely enough, past Morgana's den. Only a thin flat stone separated the excavation she was making from the Druidess.

This discovery, alarming as it was at first, was soon put to good use by Janika. At the base of the stone was a narrow crack which permitted all that happened in the room to be heard, and much of it to be seen.

One morning—Janika thought that the dwarf probably returned at the end of each night—Cormoran appeared to gesticulate with peculiar animation, and immediately Morgana exclaimed,

"They have gone at last! Karnac is given back to me; Karnac is free!"

After this exclamation of joy there was silence, during which Janika, watching at the hole, saw that the dwarf was still gesticulating.

He jumped about excitedly. He went backwards to the wall, as if indicating some distant point on the horizon; then he ran towards his mistress, suddenly stopped, pretended to hide, listened, and made a gesture which might be taken to imitate the departure of numerous horsemen; then he went back again, crept on two hands, drew in the air the outline of an animal, made a sign of drawing a bow, and, by a triumphant opening of his huge mouth, seemed to celebrate a victory.

"Bugh!" exclaimed Morgana. "Was it Bugh? Did you kill him?"

Cormoran nodded his head affirmatively. It was indeed the death of poor Bugh that he had been describing.

"Go!" said Morgana; "return in all haste to her who has been waiting for a week at Carhaix. Make her understand that she can come here now; or, rather, bring her with you to Karnac. There you will find me to-night at the hour the moon attains her zenith. Go! But what would you tell me? That it is now broad daylight, and that to-night our prisoner will be without a guard? Well, it matters not, they cannot lift the mound. Go, I say, and find Bertrade!"

This last name was quite unknown to Janika, but the words that preceded it gave valuable information. She re-

ported them to her mistress, and concluded.

"This night, for the first time, Morgana and the dwarf will be away together. We must take advantage of their absence to break down the last obstacle between us and liberty."

"But if the count is going away from us?"

"He cannot be far yet," said Janika. "You have gold; we must find horses and follow him."

And she disappeared into the subterranean gallery she had dug. It was a wide passage in the sand, turned aside by several huge blocks of stone, and then rising at a sharp slope towards the surface.

When the time came for the meal to be brought in, Morgana appeared instead of Cormoran. Fortunately, this visit had been provided for; Janika was present, and the entrance to the gallery was hidden beneath the couch of fern.

Morgana exchanged but a few words with her daughter, and retired almost immediately.

As soon as the heavy door between the stone blocks was shut and doubly fastened, Janika paid it the honour of a grand salute, and said, in a low voice,

"There, we shall not be disturbed now. Unless I am mistaken I have only a little sand to get through. Only think, dear mistress, that this night, in a few hours, we shall be free, out of this tomb, under the sky, breathing the free air—as free as he is!"

And she went to work.

But when, as she thought, the hour had come for Morgana to depart, she went back silently as a snake to the crack through which she could see into her gaoler's cell, and there she watched and listened.

The Druidess was seated on a block of stone, and seemed to be reading a few slips of black parchment, on which strange characters were traced in red. By the side of this cabalistic manuscript were two vials of curious form, a few packets of dried herbs, some threaded snakes, still alive, on a ring of iron, and a few other objects Janika could not make out.

After a few minutes the sorceress rose, put the plants and vials in an otter-skin bag hung at her belt, took up the iron ring on which the snakes were writhing, and walked backwards and forwards, her face lighted up with a look of fanatic joy.

"The hour has come," said she, in a deep, measured voice. "You whose bones surround me, you, the old Kings of Brittany, come for a moment from your sepulchres, pass the gloomy bounds of the dolmens of Plouharnel, and join with me. Come, legions of phantoms, come and inspire me in the work of vengeance and liberation I shall accomplish this night! You, above all, my proud and terrible Morvan, come, and be the guide of the spectres of your ancestors, come with me! It is your memory that inspires your widow; it is you whom Morgana, before all others, evokes!"

Then wrapping herself in her mantle she disappeared.

Janika, shuddering with terror, hurried to rejoin Clothilda.

"Mistress," said she, "we are in the tumult of Plouharnel, in the midst of the dead!"

"Ah!" said the countess, veiling her face. "Ah! I am fainting! I feel afraid!"

"All the more reason to be brave and strong, to escape as soon as we can from this horrible grave. Come! Leave your child asleep for a moment and help me. Time presses. Come!"

A few minutes later they were at work at the end of the gallery, Clothilda holding the light, Janika digging into the sand.

But the thought of where they were, the fear of striking on human bones, the apprehension of being surprised before they had succeeded, the impatience to get away, the humidity of the earth in which they were buried, all contributed to make the light shake in Clothilda's grasp.

"Courage, good mistress," said Janika, herself pale and trembling with fear. "Do you not hear by the sound that we must soon be through? The sand is shaking, and will soon fall in."

But suddenly interrupting herself she exclaimed, in another tone:

"Listen! There is some one outside working towards us. Listen! There is some one digging and scratching. There! there! Oh! all is discovered! We are lost!"

She stepped back to avoid a mass of sand, which fell in at her feet.

In a moment the two women saw the starry sky, and then a dark body closed the aperture.

Then, by the light of the torch that Clothilda was letting fall, they saw a hand coming down towards them.

And the hand was enormous.

It was covered with blood!

(To be continued.)





## THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE.

BY SIR GILBERT CAMPBELL, BART.,

*Author of "Waifs and Strays," "On a Winter's Night," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXV.—SCALPED.

FOR some four miles the troop proceeded at a sharp trot, without meeting with any signs of the marauders; but as they emerged from a dense portion of the chapparal (thicket), through which they had been for some time advancing, they came suddenly upon a village which had evidently suffered severely at the hands of the plundering Indians.

The blackened rafters showed where the cruel fire had done its work, and the rolling smoke and the reddened embers were evidences of how recently the work of devastation had been accomplished. Here and there the bodies of the inhabitants who had been slain in the defence of their hearths and homes were lying weltering in their blood.

As the troop of avengers swept up at a gallop, and then halted in front of the scene of violence, a few of the miserable villagers who had managed to evade the researches of their terrible enemies crowded up to the lances, casting looks of apprehension and terror at the bronzed countenances of the children of the sun, who sat motionless upon their horses, apparently regardless of the cruel scene displayed before them.

Their story was a brief but pitiable one. Without the slightest warning, an armed band of Apache Indians had swept down upon them, killing all those who offered any resistance; had then fired the village, driven off the cattle, and departed, carrying away with them two travellers who had arrived in the village the night before, footsore and weary, and quite unable to proceed any farther upon their way.

"Why did the Indians carry off these men in preference to any of the others?" asked the lieutenant, suspiciously.

"Because," answered the villager, "they had made a desperate resistance, and had killed the second in command of the Apache troop."

"Do you know who the men were?" asked Bob.

The man hesitated. "Pardon, excellency," said he, "we are poor and defenceless, and when bad people come we are not strong enough to refuse to receive them, especially when, like Cifuentes and Simon, they are armed to the teeth."

"Cifuentes!" exclaimed Bob and Arthur, in tones of the most profound astonishment.

The party rode on, and traces of the marauders soon became plainly visible; bodies of over-driven cattle strewed the road, where they had fallen from exhaustion, and had been spared to death by their merciless possessors, whilst far ahead was a thick cloud of dust, in which spear-points glistened and feathers waved, showing the proximity of the marauding band.

Nearer and nearer they came to the cloud of dust, and they could more distinctly discern the half-clad forms of the savages, and hear their cries and yells, as they urged on the plundered beasts.

"Why, what is the matter in the Apache rear-guard?" asked Bob, peering into the dust ahead.

"They seem to be fighting amongst themselves," replied his brother, bringing his rifle into a more convenient position for use.

As he spoke two men fell heavily from a horse amongst the Apaches, and struggled for a moment upon the ground; then one rose from the dust, and, with agonised cries for help, ran backwards towards the pursuing band, hotly followed by three of the Apaches.

His flight was but a short one. Almost simultaneously the lances passed through his body, and with a wild yell he sank in the dust.

Meanwhile one of the Indians had leaped from his saddle and stooped over the fallen man, a bright knife gleamed, and he wreathed his hand in the long hair of the prostrate form, a quick turn of the blade, and a wild, despairing, hardly human shriek from the victim, and the Indian bounded upon his horse and galloped after the retreating troop, shaking in derision his gory trophy at his pursuers.

The wretched man had been scalped.

The agony caused by the wound made him rise to his feet and stagger wildly along the road towards the boys. His strength, however, soon failed him, and he would have again fallen to the ground had not Bob leapt from his horse and caught the tottering form in his arms.

It was that of Half-hung Simon.

The whole cavalcade came to a halt, and the Lancers swept by in pursuit of the Apaches.

"If they ain't raised the crittur's ha'r clean," muttered Joe, looking half pitifully at the miserable spectacle before him.

"Water, water," gasped Simon, and Arthur held a flask to his quivering lips.

The wounded man drank eagerly.

"And this is the end," groaned he.

"Where is Cifuentes?" asked Bob, sternly.

"Cifuentes is having a worse time than I am," he gasped. "You'll find him in the ravine you passed, with the blasted pine-tree at the entrance."

The wretched man fainted, and, in spite of all efforts on his behalf, he never rallied, and within a few minutes was dead.

## CHAPTER XXVI.—THE ANT-HILL IN THE RAVINE.

THE ravine which had been spoken of was now reached, the blasted pine-tree at the entrance affording a sure indication of its position, and, followed by Joe and Lopes, the boys rode slowly into it, leaving their escort on guard at the mouth with instructions to let no one pass.

They had not proceeded far when a strange sound struck upon their ears; it was a continued moan, but it seemed

in some way stifled and suppressed, and was piteous in the extreme to hear.

A few yards farther brought them in sight of a spectacle which caused the whole four to recoil with a simultaneous cry.

In parts of Mexico are found a very large species of ant, from an inch to an inch and a half in length, with a pair of mandibles with which a bite can be given which causes great pain. These ants attack any beast that may cross their path when they move, as they sometimes do, from place to place, and large snakes as well as small quadrupeds are frequently attacked and devoured by them. They throw up for their habitation large ant-hills some four and five feet in height, and are very jealous of any molestation of their premises.

One of the largest of these hills had been broken down, and amidst its ruins lay a figure which moaned and writhed in the extremity of the cruel torture to which it had been subjected. Sharp stakes had been driven through the palms of the hands deep into the earth, as well as through the ankles, holding the body in a cruciform position upon the ant-hill.

The unhappy man's body was covered with a crawling, seething mass of ants, and the sufferer lay helpless, absolutely being devoured piecemeal.

From the low moans that were audible, and from the convulsive movement of the hands, it was evident that life still lingered in the tortured frame, but it had almost lost all semblance of humanity.

"It is Cifuentes," whispered Bob. "We cannot leave him to this awful death."

"I guess, young master, you can't help the poor crittur," replied Joe. "He's past our help, and if you'll take my advice you'll clear out of this at once. Ants are skeary things, and they'll be on to us next."

And indeed several sharp bites warned the party that the malicious insects had become aware of their presence.

"But we cannot leave him like this," said Arthur. "It is too horrible."

Joe leant over to Bob and whispered in his ear.

"Yes, I suppose that would be the best, as we cannot possibly save him," said he, thoughtfully. "Yet I should hesitate to do so. Come, Arthur, we can do nothing here;" and followed by his brother and Joe he rode out of the ravine.

Lopes remained behind.

They had hardly reached their escort than the heavy report of the Spaniard's gun was heard, and in a few seconds the Tigrero rejoined them.

Bob looked at him inquiringly.

"His earthly troubles are over," said the Spaniard.

In silence the brothers rode to the camp and rejoined their sister.

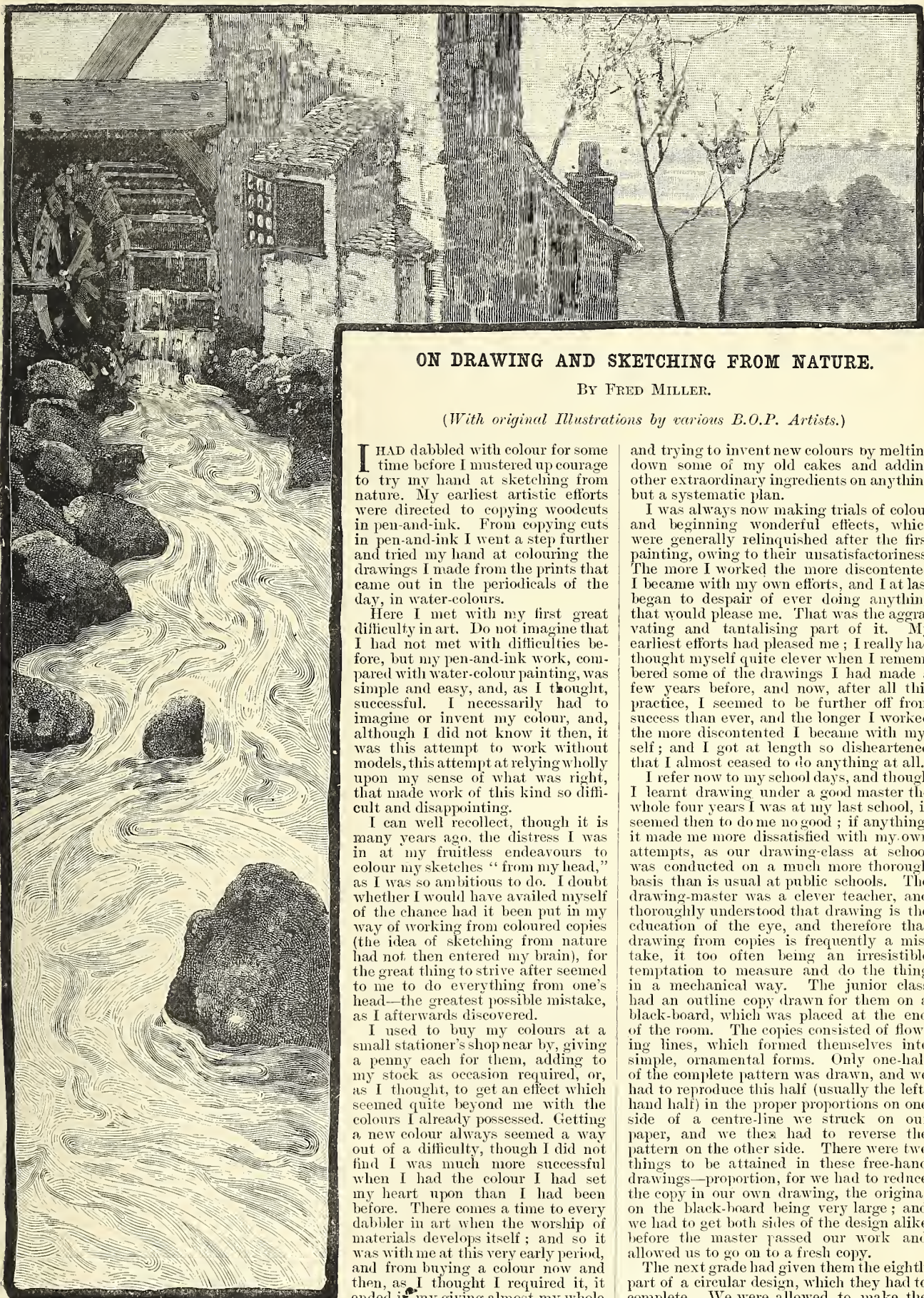
(To be continued.)





[Drawn for the Boy's Own Paper by WARNE BROWNE.]





Drawn by T. W. LASCELLES.

## ON DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

BY FRED MILLER.

(With original Illustrations by various B.O.P. Artists.)

I HAD dabbled with colour for some time before I mustered up courage to try my hand at sketching from nature. My earliest artistic efforts were directed to copying woodcuts in pen-and-ink. From copying cuts in pen-and-ink I went a step further and tried my hand at colouring the drawings I made from the prints that came out in the periodicals of the day, in water-colours.

Here I met with my first great difficulty in art. Do not imagine that I had not met with difficulties before, but my pen-and-ink work, compared with water-colour painting, was simple and easy, and, as I thought, successful. I necessarily had to imagine or invent my colour, and, although I did not know it then, it was this attempt to work without models, this attempt at relying wholly upon my sense of what was right, that made work of this kind so difficult and disappointing.

I can well recollect, though it is many years ago, the distress I was in at my fruitless endeavours to colour my sketches "from my head," as I was so ambitious to do. I doubt whether I would have availed myself of the chance had it been put in my way of working from coloured copies (the idea of sketching from nature had not then entered my brain), for the great thing to strive after seemed to me to do everything from one's head—the greatest possible mistake, as I afterwards discovered.

I used to buy my colours at a small stationer's shop near by, giving a penny each for them, adding to my stock as occasion required, or, as I thought, to get an effect which seemed quite beyond me with the colours I already possessed. Getting a new colour always seemed a way out of a difficulty, though I did not find I was much more successful when I had the colour I had set my heart upon than I had been before. There comes a time to every dabbler in art when the worship of materials develops itself; and so it was with me at this very early period, and from buying a colour now and then, as I thought I required it, it ended in my giving almost my whole attention to buying new paint-boxes,

and trying to invent new colours by melting down some of my old cakes and adding other extraordinary ingredients on anything but a systematic plan.

I was always now making trials of colour and beginning wonderful effects, which were generally relinquished after the first painting, owing to their unsatisfactoriness. The more I worked the more discontented I became with my own efforts, and I at last began to despair of ever doing anything that would please me. That was the aggravating and tantalising part of it. My earliest efforts had pleased me; I really had thought myself quite clever when I remembered some of the drawings I had made a few years before, and now, after all this practice, I seemed to be further off from success than ever, and the longer I worked the more discontented I became with myself; and I got at length so disheartened that I almost ceased to do anything at all.

I refer now to my school days, and though I learnt drawing under a good master the whole four years I was at my last school, it seemed then to do me no good; if anything, it made me more dissatisfied with my own attempts, as our drawing-class at school was conducted on a much more thorough basis than is usual at public schools. The drawing-master was a clever teacher, and thoroughly understood that drawing is the education of the eye, and therefore that drawing from copies is frequently a mistake, it too often being an irresistible temptation to measure and do the thing in a mechanical way. The junior class had an outline copy drawn for them on a black-board, which was placed at the end of the room. The copies consisted of flowing lines, which formed themselves into simple, ornamental forms. Only one-half of the complete pattern was drawn, and we had to reproduce this half (usually the left-hand half) in the proper proportions on one side of a centre-line we struck on our paper, and we then had to reverse the pattern on the other side. There were two things to be attained in these free-hand drawings—proportion, for we had to reduce the copy in our own drawing, the original on the black-board being very large; and we had to get both sides of the design alike before the master passed our work and allowed us to go on to a fresh copy.

The next grade had given them the eighth part of a circular design, which they had to complete. We were allowed to make the circle with compasses, and to divide it into



sections, it being quite enough to fill in the sections symmetrically. This work was splendid practice, both for the eye and hand, and gave one a freedom in handling a pencil and an ease in drawing a curved line. Those who did the best work in the junior division were, at the end of a year, sent down into the senior class, which was again divided into three grades. The first had to do simple forms in light and shade, such as cubes, pyramids, and other solid geometrical figures. From that we went on to simple casts, such as are familiar to students in Government schools of art, and the casts were increased in difficulty until we came to heads after the antique, and a few who exhibited more than average ability got into the painting-class, where "still-life" groups were arranged two or three times in a term.

It was the sight of these water-colours, executed by some of my schoolfellows, that so disgusted me with my own work, for I never got farther than the antique; and, although I had dabbled with colours for years, I never succeeded in getting any finish or texture into my work, such as I saw in the paintings of the talented few in our drawing-class at school. I often wonder whether many of my fellow-students then have followed up their early successes. I know of four who were with me in the drawing-class then who certainly have followed up their boyish success, and who have the gratification of seeing their works on the walls of the Royal Academy; indeed, two of them have taken high honours in the schools of the Royal Academy.

For a long time I gave up attempting to do anything in the way of landscape work, and, with the exception of a few illuminated texts, I hardly used colour at all. All this while I had never thought of sketching

from nature. The bare idea frightened me. I hardly, in fact, thought of it, so far off did it seem, so difficult did I imagine it to be. I don't know why I was so appalled at the thought of sketching from nature, for, as a rule, beginners are much more ambitious, and, like fools, enter in where angels dare not tread. I do not think I was particularly wise, but certainly it was not until I was fifteen that I tried painting out of doors from nature; at least, this is the earliest time I have any record of having tried my hand at this kind of work. I have before me as I write the first sketch-book that I ever bought, and in it, I believe, are my earliest efforts at landscape sketching. I shall always keep this old sketch-book, because it does one good to look back upon one's early work, and it may encourage other beginners not to despair of their own feeble efforts, for if they saw my attempts at the age of fifteen they would at least feel that there is hope for any one after this, and that one's first attempts are not to be taken seriously—at least, mine were not. It is marvellous, as I look at them now, after eleven years, how I could ever have thought them good, and yet I recollect how thoroughly satisfied I was with some of these sketches.

The first of them is a view of an old church that stood in a village I spent a holiday at. I sketched it in two positions: one where the spire was seen over a clump of trees, and the other showing the whole of the church. The second sketch was far more successful than the first, for I found the trees much more difficult to render than the stonework. In all my art experience nothing that I know of is more difficult to represent than a tree when one is a beginner. The multiplicity of leaves, the quivering light and shade, the broken out-

line, and the colour of the greens, utterly bewilder the sketcher. Instead of simplifying the work as the expert sketcher does, one attempts, vainly, of course, to get the effect of multiplicity by dotting the paper, and then, to give the effect of the broken edge of the tree as seen against the sky, one dots the outline of the drawing, and in the end you get nothing else but dots, and one need adopt Artemus Ward's plan of writing underneath, "This is A tree," in case the observer should not be aware of the fact.

Trees at this time were the plague of my art life. I tried various methods; I relinquished the dotting system, and in their place got dabs of shadow; but whatever plan I tried, success was just as far off. There is a sketch, too, done about this time, of a river and a bridge, with some willow-trees, but the effect is that of a toy village dipped in a nasty green dye. There is no light and shade, no distance, and, of course, no atmosphere. I have often wondered since how it is that one cannot get in one's early sketches any sense of atmosphere and distance, and I have come to the conclusion that a beginner, when he first attempts outdoor sketching, does not take in the general effect of the scene before him as a painter does, and so notices where is the mass of shadow and where the light falls. On the contrary, the tyro looks at each individual object without reference to the rest of the view, and by thus dwelling *individually* on every portion of his sketch he gets the same weight of colour in all parts of his work, and is only made conscious that there is such a thing as light and shade and atmosphere, by noticing that his work is flat and without relief, a confused jumble of colour, formless and meaningless.

(To be continued.)

## THE MASTER OF THE SHELL:

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "A Dog with a Bad Name," "The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XXX.—(continued.)

IT was a gay scene in the great quadrangle that summer morning—fathers, mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts were all mixed up in one glorious crowd, with their boys mounting guard over them and introducing them right and left to all the other boys within call.

Mr. and Mrs. Herapath, like their son, were up to the business, and quietly led the way through the throng towards the hall where the speeches were to be delivered, and where, as they knew by experience, it was better to look for a seat too early than too late.

Arthur and Dig, however, were by no means disposed to waste Daisy in so unprofitable an occupation, and therefore hailed her off to their study. Some of us, who knew the young lady, are able to excuse the pride with which these two gallant tenders towed their prize into port—for as Dig shared Arthur's study, of course he shared his sister on this occasion. It wanted a very few dropping and facetious introductions on the way, such as, "Daisy, you know, my sister," or "What cheer, Sherry?—ever hear of Chuckey?" or, "No good,

Maple, my boy, bespoke!" to set the rumour going that Daisy Herapath, Marky's "spoon," was come, and was "on show" in Herapath's study.

To her credit, be it said, the young lady bore her ordeal with exemplary patience and good-humour. She liked everything she saw. She admired the study so much. What a pretty look out on the old square—what a luxurious lunch—ah! Arthur had not forgotten her weakness for marmalade—and so on.

The boys voted her a brick; and Arthur went so far as to say he hoped she and Marky would fix it up in time for her to come and be dame of the house before he left.

All this time—would you believe it?—the poor Master of the Shell was sitting in his study, very bashful, and wondering whether he would get a chance of speaking to Daisy during the day at all. She had been spirited away from under his very eyes, in the most truculent manner, by her graceless brother; and it seemed very doubtful whether he would be allowed—

Mrs. Hastings at this moment knocked

at the door and handed in a dainty little note addressed to "Mark Railsford, Esquire," from the Doctor's niece.

"Dear Mr. Railsford," wrote Miss Violet, "will you and Miss Herapath join us at lunch before the speeches? I should so like to make her acquaintance. Yours, truly, VIOLET PONSFORD."

So Railsford, armed with this authority, sallied forth boldly to recapture his Daisy. He thought he knew where to find her, and was not mistaken. The little impromptu lunch was in full swing when he entered the festive study. He had rarely felt so embarrassed, and the manifest excitement of his two pupils at his arrival did not tend to restore him to ease.

And now occurred a wonderful case of presence of mind on the part of two small and tender boys. No sooner had Railsford entered, and somewhat hesitatingly advanced to the table preparatory to stating his business, than Sir Digby Oakshott, Baronet, winked at Arthur Herapath, Esquire, and Arthur Herapath, Esquire, kicked Sir Digby Oakshott, Baronet, under the table; after which both rose abruptly to their feet.



and bolted from the room, making the corridor echo with their laughter!

They explained afterwards that they wanted to bag front seats for the speeches; and that, no doubt, was a highly satisfactory reason.

At twelve o'clock, when the Earl of Somebody, and Sir Brown Robinson, and the other local celebrities and governors of the school entered the hall, that usually dingy room was packed from end to end by a brilliant and expectant crowd.

The radiant faces of the boys peeped out from among the phalanxes of their no less radiant people. The prize boys on the front benches kept up a running fire of talk and cheering; the masters in their gowns beamed right and left, as if all of them put together could not give a fellow a hundred lines if he asked for it; and the college servants, grouped at the doors, smiled as if no cloud had ever ruffled their temper since last speech-day; while the Doctor, as he rose, resplendent in his academical robes, and called for silence, looked as if no more solemn question had engaged his attention all the term than the arrangement of his strings and the droop of the scarlet hood on his back.

Then speech-day began. My readers hardly want me to describe so familiar a scene. They will be able to picture to themselves, better than I can picture it for them, how Smedley was cheered when he got up to deliver the English Oration in honour of the old school; and how he blushed and ran short of breath when he came to the quotation from Milton at the end, which had something about a Violet in it!—how, when Ainger rose to give the Greek Speech, his own fellows rose at him amid cries of "Well run, sir!" "Well hit!" "Well fielded!" and cheered every sentence of the Greek, though they had not an idea what it was about—how Barnworth was similarly encouraged through his Latin Oration with cries of "Jump it out!" "One inch more!" mingled sometimes with "False quantity!" "Speak up, prompter!"—how, after the speechifying was done, the examiners rose and made their reports, which nobody listened to and every one voted a bore.

How, next, Dr. Ponsford rose with a rustle of his silk gown, which was heard all over the hall in the dead silence, and proceeded to tell the Earl of Somebody and the other distinguished guests what everybody knew, namely, that the school had now come to the end of another year's work, and etc., etc. But how, when he took up his list, and the tables containing the prizes were wheeled forward and uncovered, attention once more awoke, the boys on the prize benches settled their cravats, and felt if their hair-partings were all right, and then sat back in their places with a delightful simulation of indifference—

The reader knows all about it; he has been through it. He knows the cheers which hailed the announcement that Smedley was going up to Oxford with a Balliol scholarship in his pocket, and that Ainger had won one of the minor scholarships at George's. He does not need to be told of the shouts which greeted the appearance of boy

after boy from Railsford's house on the platform steps to receive his prize; or of the grim smile on the Doctor's face as a youthful voice from the prize benches, forgetting the solemnity of the occasion, shouted, "Marky again, bravo us!" Nor when presently Arthur Herapath was called up to receive a piece of paper informing him that he was the winner of half the Swift exhibition, or when, close behind, Digby Oakshott—the Doctor scurrilously omitted his full title—trotted up to accept the Shell History prize—can anyone who has been in such a scene before fail to imagine the cheers and laughter and claff which the public appearance of these two notorious characters evoked?

So the ceremony went on—and the reader, I think, can bear me out when I say that, after an hour of it, I distinctly saw—for I was there, near the front—several ladies yawn behind their fans, and otherwise show signs of fatigue, so that when the poor little "Babies," who had done as honest work as anybody, toddled up to get their little prizes, scarcely anybody looked at them, and were glad when they were polished off. Which I thought a shame; and resolved, whenever I am head master of a public school, I shall turn my prize list upside down and call the "Babies" up first.

It was all over at last; and then followed that wonderful event, the Speech-day Dinner, when boys and visitors all sat down promiscuously to the festive board and celebrated the glories of the day with a still more glorious spread.

Arthur and Dig were in high feather. They had, I am sorry to say, "shunted" their progenitors up to the Doctor's table, and, in the congenial society of some of their own "lot," were jammed in at one of the side tables, with just elbow room enough to do execution. Arthur was comfortably packed between Sherriff's sister and Maple's second cousin, and, cheered by game pie and mellowed by ginger ale, made himself vastly agreeable.

"See that chap with the sandy wig?" said he, to Miss Sherriff, "he's a baronet—Sir Digby Oakshott, Baronet, A.S.S., P.I.G., and nobody knows what else—he's my chum; aren't you, Dig? Sherriff's sister, you know, make yourself civil, can't you? Dig can make you laugh sometimes," added he, aside, to his fair neighbour.

Then his genial eye roamed up and down the room and lit up suddenly as he perceived, with their backs to him, Railsford and Daisy dining happily at the next table.

He gave a whistle to Dig, and pointed with his thumb over his shoulder. Dig, who was in the middle of a pull at the ginger ale, put down his tankard suddenly and crammed his handkerchief into his mouth.

"Such a game!" said Arthur to Maple's second cousin on his right. "Look round, behind you. Do you see them?"

"See whom?" asked the young lady.

"Those two. Regular pair of spoons; look at him helping her to raspberry pie. Oh, my word!

"Who are they?" asked his neighbour, laughing.

But Arthur was at that moment busy attracting the attention of all his friends

within call, and indicating to them in pantomimic gesture what was going on.

"Oh," said he, hearing the question at last, "that's Marky, our house master, you know; and he's spoons on my sister Daisy—just see how they're going it. Do you want to be introduced to my sister? I say, I'll—"

"Oh, no indeed, not yet," said the young lady in alarm, "presently, please."

"All right. Dig, I say, pass the word down to those fellows to fill up their mugs, do you hear? And fill up Sherriff's sister's mug too, and all those girls' down there. Look out now, and keep your eye on me."

Whereupon he rose and made a little speech, partially audible to those immediately round him, but supremely inaudible to the two parties specially concerned behind.

"We're going to drink a toast," said Arthur. "I vote we drink the health of jolly old Marky and my sister Daisy; there they are behind, going the pace like a house on fire. Gentlemen and ladies, I vote we drink their very good health, and the sooner Daisy's the dame of Railsford's the better larks for us."

The toast was honoured with much enthusiasm; and there were loud cries for a speech in return. But the Master of the Shell was making speeches of quite another kind, and utterly unconscious of the flattering little demonstration which was taking place behind him; he was telling Daisy in whispers the story of the term, and feeling himself rewarded for all he had gone through by her sympathetic smile.

The dinner ended at last, and but one more ceremony remained. This was the time-honoured cheering with which Speech-day at Grandcourt always came to an end.

Smedley and the prefects walked in procession to the head table and ranged themselves behind the head governor's chair, while every one stood up.

"Three cheers for Grandcourt!" called the captain.

And you may fancy the earthquake that ensued.

Then in regular order followed

"Three cheers for the Doctor!"

"Three cheers for Miss Violet!"

"Three cheers for the Governors!"

Then, again, in regular order, the captain of each house stepped forward and called for three cheers for his own house, all of which were vigorously given—each house being on its mettle to drown all the others.

Last in the list, Ainger stepped forward and called for "Three cheers for Railsford's!"

Then Arthur and Dig and the rest of the house got upon their chairs and put their backs into the shout! and every one allowed that, whatever else Railsford's wasn't first in, it could carry off the palm for noise. At the end of the third cheer a voice called out,

"One more for the cock house!"

Whereat Arthur and Dig and the rest of them got on their chairs again and yelled till the roof rang.

Then amid a multitude of promiscuous cheers for "the captain," "the prefects," "the cook," "Jason," "the school cat," "Thucydides!" and finally for "Dulce Domum!" Grandcourt broke up for the holidays.



Let you and me, friendly reader, say good-bye here amid all the cheery bustle and excitement of the crowded quadrangle. It is better to part so than to linger about talking morality till the great square is empty—till the last of the cabs has rumbled away out of hearing—till the echoes of our own voices come back and startle us from behind the chapel buttresses. If we wait till then we part sadly and miss the promise

of a meeting again. But if we part now, while Arthur, on the box of his cab, with his "people" safely stowed inside, is whooping his noisy farewells right and left—while Smedley, with his Balliol scholarship in his pocket, is leaving Grandcourt for good, and casting his last shy look up at the Doctor's window—while Messrs. Roe, Grover, and Railsford are talking cheerfully of their Highland trip in August—while Mon-

sieur, humming "*Partant pour la Syrie*," is hurrying away to his own dear France and his still dearer little girls—while Ainger and Barnworth, the old and the new captains of Railsford's, are grasping hands at the door—if we part now, we part not as those who bid a long farewell, but as those who think and talk of meeting again.

(THE END.)

## A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE.

By THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "*Cacus and Hercules*," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER III.

A FORTNIGHT passed, during which time Hercules had steadily continued his training of the big donkey. By Dr. Porchester's permission he had extended the range of his rides. The first time he went outside the premises the ass and his rider occasioned no small stir in the rustic world. They had gone cantering across the common,



"Spratt, rushing towards him, brandishing his arms and shouting."

past Mr. Galpin's establishment, where the boy Simon came out and laughed so uproariously that his master had to come and see what was the matter; down Hangman's Lane, taking a few jumps here and there; and it would be hard to say which of the two enjoyed the excursion most. So expert had Hercules become in the art of asinine equitation that he performed this ride bare-backed, without a bridle or even holding the mane. The donkey, being stronger than most of his kind, there was no need to sit far back. Hercules sat him as he would sit a horse, and galloped along like a circus artist.

It was just after the return from this expedition. Cacus had been set free in the paddock, and Hercules was closing the gate, when he saw Spratt rushing towards him with the wildest expressions of joy. He was brandishing his arms and shouting, and behaving generally as if he had just escaped from

Broadmoor. Spratt made for his friend.

"Oh, I say, I'm top for the week! I've just heard it from Fields! Oh, I'm so jolly glad at last!" And the poor fellow was so overcome with emotion that he burst out in repeated explosions of laughter and tears.

Hercules slapped him on the back.

"I'm awfully glad, old chap! Hamperia for ever! Now for the deep dim vistas where oft my fancy sighs for tarts and buns and oranges, and cake and apple-pies!"

"I've never had a hamper yet," said Spratt; "and it will be so jolly to give the fellows some grub. They're so awfully kind to me always, and I've never been able to return their kindness. But now they shall have a rare feast! They shall all share it, from the senior monitor to the last chap in the lowest class."

"Ah, but if madam gets hold of it you'll have to keep it in the store-room."

"Oh, she mustn't get hold of it. We must manage to smuggle it away somehow. It would be too bad if she only let me have a slip of cake once a day and a pot of jam once a week. I think I shall ask her to let me give a grand feast to all the chaps."

"She would not let you. She's very particular not to let any fellow think he can change her horrid rules about grub. I would not ask her if I were you."

"Well then, we must manage to smuggle it safely, and then we can settle how to dispose of the contents."

The moment Spratt found an opportunity he seized pen and paper to write home, and composed a letter, in his best style, as follows:

"My dear Father,—I am glad to tell you that I am at last top in week's marks, so please send off the hamper at once. Please send four large cakes and at least twelve pots of jam, besides Devonshire cream and sardines, and lots of apples. I should like nuts and oranges, and mince-pies and buns, and two tins of mixed biscuits, and three or four potted-tongues and sausage-rolls; and you might put in a ham to keep the things steady. I hope it will be a real good one, and the sooner it comes the better. Please let me hear when it

will be at the station, that I may look out for it.

"I am, your affectionate Son,  
"J. SPRATT."

Before fastening up this important letter Spratt further consulted Hercules about the hamper.

"How can we manage to get hold of it before Miss P. pounces on it?"

"Well, the only dodge would be to be in the way when the carrier comes."

"But we are always in school then. How did Brown manage to get his, last term?"

"Oh, he asked one of the workmen to tell the carrier to leave it in the laurels; but it was a risky job, and the carrier wouldn't do it until the workman paid him. He said he should get into no end of a row, and he'd never do it again for any one."

"Well, look here, Hercules, the carrier must have nothing to do with it. The long and short of it is, that you must ride to the station on Cacus and fetch it. Now will you?"

Hercules was astounded at this proposal, and stoutly refused to undertake such a dangerous job. He said he could never carry it on the donkey's back,



"Hercules practises his part."

and if the Doctor caught him there would be trouble.

But Spratt said he could manage it perfectly; the hamper would not be



very large, and he could easily get to the station and back between dinner and tea on a half-holiday. Even if the Doctor caught him he would not say much, and all he could do would be to make him hand the hamper over to Miss Porchester. But with ordinary precaution they need not be caught.

Spratt's eloquence was so overpowering that Hercules at last expressed him-



"Hercules had cause to be pleased with his behaviour."

self willing to run the risk. He said he would go to the station on Cacus and, if possible, fetch the hamper back. If that was impossible, he would call and see the carrier, and try and make arrangements with him to deliver it surreptitiously.

"That's all right," said Spratt; "so I'll just put in a postscript. Here goes: 'I shall be able to send to the station for the hamper, so please put on the address, "To be left at Deepwells Station till called for," and be sure to let me know when it is sent off.'"

Hercules did not feel at ease about the part he had undertaken in this transaction. There was one ass, he said, concerned in it, and he hoped the result would not prove that there were two, or even three. But he made the most of the time to practise his part, for he went off and got an old hamper and filled it with a motley collection of cricket-pads and old jam-pots and various curiosities, and hoisted it on to the back of Cacus while he jumped up behind. At first the ass decidedly objected to the inconvenience of the extra burden. He turned his head round and tried to get a look at it, and flapped his ears and showed his teeth, and strove to bite the encumbrance. But Hercules spoke soothing words, and presented to the vicious teeth a carrot as a peace-offering. And Cacus, who could never resist such a tempting morsel, accepted it and seemed pacified, and consented to perform his task with more or less submission.

The next day the same performance was repeated with very satisfactory results. Dr. Porchester happened to come out while the exercise was going

on, and watched it with amusement and interest.

"You certainly have succeeded admirably in training the donkey, my boy. The next time I feel disposed to ride I hope to find him more tractable than I did the first time. I see you are accustoming him to carry luggage."

"Yes, sir, he goes so well that I think he ought to be of use in fetching things from the station."

"Well, I wish you would take him to-morrow to the station and fetch a parcel of books for me. The carrier does not go till the day after, and I particularly want the books. They will not be nearly so awkward as that hamper."

"All right, sir; I should like to go." No letter came for Spratt the next day, and Hercules performed his journey without let or hindrance, and much to his own satisfaction. The great donkey attracted no small attention as they passed through the streets of Deepwells, and when the train ran shrieking by, the animal seemed disposed to show alarm. Yet, even under such a trying ordeal, his composure was restored by a few caressing touches and soothing words, and Hercules had good cause to be pleased with his behaviour. It augured well for the conveyance of the hamper.

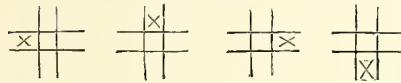
(To be continued.)

## THE SCIENCE OF NAUGHTS AND CROSSES.

BY A WRANGLER AND LATE MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

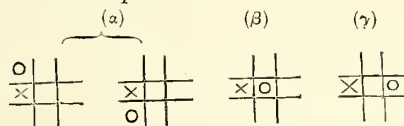
### PART II.

#### THE SIDE SPACE MOVE.



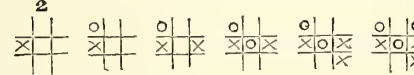
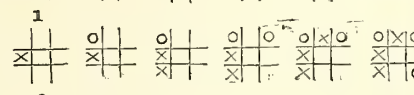
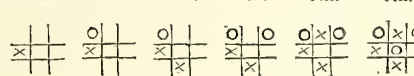
THERE are four correct replies (falling under three types), and four incorrect replies (falling under two types).

Correct replies—



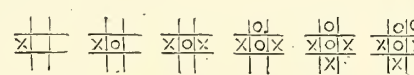
(a) Into one of the corner spaces adjoining X; must draw, unless X plays third move in either of following three ways, when O has a winning game. In all these, as well as in subsequent games, we shall adopt the plan of carrying the play up to that stage in which one of the players has two ways of completing the necessary row of three. The reader will then have no difficulty in perceiving which player wins.

1st Move. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th.



(b) Into a middle square; must draw unless X at the third move is foolish enough to go wrong in the one possible way, thus—

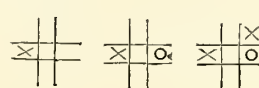
1st Move. 2nd. 3rd. 4th. 5th. 6th.



when O wins. Ex.—Show that, both at moves 4 and 6, O might have played otherwise equally well.

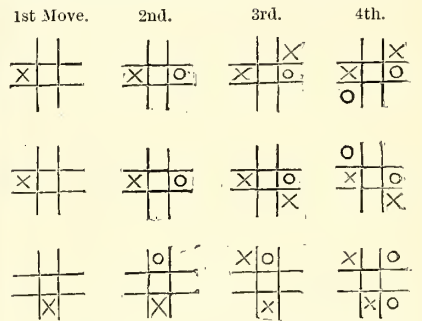
(c) Into the side space opposite X. All moves draw. Best third move for X is—

1st Move. 2nd. 3rd.



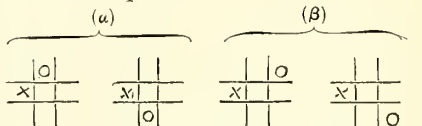
as O can then only avert certain defeat by going into one of the two left-hand corners.

Ex.—In the following games the fourth move (O's) is incorrect. Finish them so that X must win.



Remark.—Though all these three replies are correct, yet all are not equally good, from O's point of view. The order of merit is as they stand. For in (a) X has three ways of going wrong out of seven possible moves, and four of going right; in (b) he has only one way of going wrong and six right; while in (c) any move he may make is correct, and two of them moreover place O in a very critical condition.

Incorrect replies—



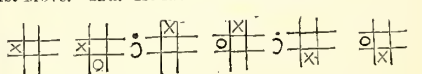
(a) Into one of the two side spaces adjoining X.



and X wins.

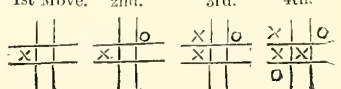
Ex.—Finish the following games in which X must win.

1st Move. 2nd. 1st Move. 2nd. 1st Move. 2nd.



(b) Into one of the two corner spaces opposite X.

1st Move. 2nd. 3rd. 4th.



X wins.

(To be continued.)



## RINGOAL.

By C. E. JOHNSTONE, KEELE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

THE game of ringoal is a development of the old-fashioned ladies' game of la grace; but, beyond the fact that in both cases the idea of throwing and catching a ring with two sticks is made use of, the two games have very little in common. La grace was a peculiarly mild and harmless amusement, about on a level with battledore and shuttlecock, which it also resembled in the fact that its object was to "keep up" the ring as long as possible.

Ringoal, on the other hand, in which the object of the thrower is to send the ring so that it may be as difficult to catch as possible, not only gives plenty of hard exercise, but also contains quite a sufficient element of danger to preserve the players' self-respect. Indeed people, on first seeing the tremendous pace at which the rings travel, very much exaggerate the danger of "standing up" to them, because they do not at first understand the way in which they fly, so that it seems to them almost impossible to avoid being hit. A very little practice, however, teaches one to judge the flight of the rings, which is very much more easily learnt than that of a cricket-ball, because, as will be seen from the rules, every valid throw must be a "full pitch." Moreover, it is not, as in cricket, "funktig" to step aside when the ring is coming right at one, because there is a much better chance of securing it if it is a little on one side or the other; and also because, if it is prevented from going through the goal by any part of the person, it counts, as it were, L. B. W.

A good player can throw a hundred yards with tolerable ease, and any one who is accustomed to using his wrist and eye together ought to be able to learn in half an hour to throw about half that distance, if he can get a good player to teach him the knack of it. This, while in itself extremely simple, is so difficult to explain clearly on paper that, although I shall attempt presently to describe it, I had better admit at once that I have not yet come across a single instance of a person who has learnt to throw properly off the printed instructions. Before, however, proceeding to discuss the art of throwing and catching, it will perhaps be advisable to give a short description of the game itself and its materials and rules.

Roughly speaking, it can be played on any piece of ground whatever that admits of the length of the pitch (78 feet by 10 feet). Turf, however, has one great advantage over gravel in the fact that the rings can be seen very much more clearly against the grass; but it may be quite rough turf, and does not require special levelling.

The goals have nets sloping down to the ground behind them, in order to stop the ring after it has passed through the posts; but these are only a convenience, because, when playing in the open, the rings often go fifty or sixty yards beyond the goal. In any place that is walled in, or provided with wire-netting to stop tennis-balls, the nets would be quite unnecessary. The rings are made of coiled split cane, covered with leather, and weigh three ounces and three-quarters. The sticks, which may be made of either deal or ash, are thirty-six inches long, and taper from a thickness of one inch at the handle down to about three-sixteenths of an inch at the point. The deal sticks are lighter than the ash, and can therefore be used more quickly in catching; but many people prefer the ash sticks on the ground that they get a better grip of the ring in throwing, and also because they certainly do not break as easily

as the deal ones. All the apparatus may be obtained at Messrs. Lunn and Co., of Horncastle, and 41, Berners Street, W.

Ringoal is a game for two players only. Each of them takes his stand in one of the courts in front of each goal, and the ring is thrown to and fro between them. Each time the ring is sent past one of the players through the goal the thrower scores one point; or if he misses the goal altogether his opponent scores a point. It will be seen from the rules that the receiver may only prevent the ring from passing through his goal by catching it on the points of his sticks. The catch is equally valid whether the ring is caught on one or both sticks, but there are two distinct advantages in securing it on both. Firstly, the ring can be kept from slipping up the sticks on to the hands, which is often rather painful; and, secondly, the receiver is at once in a position to return the ring without a moment's delay.

The rules of the game are as follows:

## REVISED RULES OF THE GAME.

- 1.—There shall be two goals, each 8ft. in height and 10ft. in width, with or without stop-nets; but connected by webbing from post to post if stop-nets are not used.
- 2.—There shall be two courts, formed by a line or crease in front of each goal, and parallel with it, at a distance of 6ft. from it, and completed by parallel lines drawn from the extremities of each crease to the adjoining goal-posts, and by the goal itself.
- 3.—The two goals shall be 78ft. apart, facing each other. The creases will then be 66ft. apart.
- 4.—The rings shall be made of split cane covered with leather, and shall be not less than 7in. nor more than 8in. in diameter, measured from the inside, and not less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. nor more than 4oz. in weight.
- 5.—The choice of sides and the right of serving

12.—If the receiver catch a throw which is clearly, in the opinion of the server (or umpire), off the goal, the receiver shall score a point for it as a wide throw; but in any case where it is doubtful whether or not the ring would have passed through the goal, it shall not score against the server, the receiver having stopped it at his own risk; and if the receiver then fail to catch it, it shall score a point to the receiver.

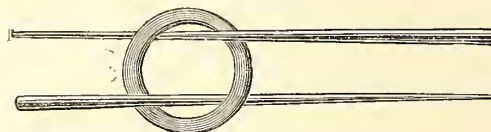
13.—If, in stopping a wide throw, the receiver, failing to catch it, shall turn the ring into the goal, it shall score a point to the server.

14.—The game being eleven points, if the score shall reach ten all, it shall be at the option of the player who is that moment the receiver to "set three," *i.e.*, to declare the score "love all," and regard the player who first scores three points as winner of the game.

15.—The present system of scoring at Lawn-Tennis may be adopted as an alternative method, if preferred.

If you cannot get any one to show you how to throw, observe the following directions:—Place the sticks in the ring exactly in the position shown in the accompanying illustration, carefully noticing these two points. First, both the sticks must go into the ring from above, and secondly, while the left stick is in right up to the handle, only about ten inches of the right stick should be in the ring. Hold the ring on the sticks in this position, straining the right stick away from the body and the left stick towards the body, so as to hold the ring firm and flat between them. The left hand should be near the left hip, the right arm stretched out almost straight in front of the body. Stand not quite facing your opponent's goal, but turned a little to the left, with the right foot forward. Then swing back a little to the left, and with the return swing sweep the ring off with the right stick, directing it with the left, in

Right hand.



Left hand.

(The above, when lying flat on the table, shows the position of the ring on the sticks.)

first shall be decided by toss; provided that, if the winner of the toss choose the right to serve, the other player shall have the choice of sides, and *vice versa*.

6.—Each player shall alternately serve and receive, and, both in serving and receiving, must have at least one foot within the court, formed by the crease and the goal-line.

7.—The game shall consist of eleven points.

8.—The server shall score one point by sending the ring past the receiver, through his goal, provided that the ring do not touch the ground before passing the receiver's crease.

9.—The server shall score one point if the receiver deliberately prevent the ring from going through the goal by stopping it with any part of his person or clothing, or by stopping it with the sticks, or turning it aside so as to miss the goal, without actually catching it.

10.—The receiver shall score one point if the ring, before it is touched by him, shall hit the ground between the two creases, or outside of the court, or shall altogether miss the goal, either by passing above the webbing or net, or by passing outside of the goals.

11.—If the ring hit the goal-post and glance off it through the goal, it shall score a point to the server. If, however, it bound back off the post, or glance off it outside the goal, it shall score a point to the receiver as a wide throw.

such a way as to make the ring travel through the air as flat and as horizontally as possible.

When you have learnt to throw a fair distance, and to aim with some precision, you should then try to learn to throw low, aiming to make the rings come in at about the height of your opponent's knee. In order to do this you must learn to put "right-hand side" on to the ring. This is done by holding the ring sloping slightly towards the body. It will be found that when it is started with this curve on, it resists the air better and counteracts the tendency both to rise and to turn off to the left, which is often noticed when the ring is started flat. The right hand side brings the ring in to the receiver with a curve from the "off," so that when it is put on the thrower should aim a little to the left of the goal. The reason for aiming low is that, when the receiver cannot see to get his points into the ring from underneath in the ordinary way, he must catch it from the top; this requires a very much quicker stroke than the other, which is not learnt without a good deal of practice. In catching, always try to take the ring when it is as



far off as possible, that is to say when it is about a yard and a half from the body. If once it gets "inside your guard" it is very difficult to catch. In catching from the top, do not attempt to lunge at it from the shoulder, but try to hit the near edge of the ring with your sticks about three inches from the point. You will find at first that you will play late in making this stroke, in which case you will simply knock the ring

flat on to the ground; but if it is practised steadily, with a quick wrist jerk, it will be found to be much easier than it looks. A good many sticks are generally broken in learning this stroke, but you will have the satisfaction of knowing, every time that you knock the point of your stick off against the ground, that if you had made the wrist jerk properly the stick would never have touched the ground.

## PRACTICAL HINTS ON STAMP COLLECTING.

**M**OST people have some particular hobby. It may be the formation of a gallery of pictures or a collection of old china or old coins to which they devote their spare time and money; but pictures and pottery take up a good deal of room, and are more or less expensive, so that large collections can only be made by the wealthy. Within the last fifty years, however, postage stamps have come into use, and as a not unnatural consequence there has arisen a fancy for making collections of them. This new hobby has certainly many advantages which ought to recommend it to popular favour. In the first place, stamps occupy but very little space compared even with coins, so that a large and valuable collection might be contained in a moderate sized album. Moreover, many stamps may be obtained at a price which places them within the reach of those who cannot afford to spend more than a few pence at a time.

Perhaps questions of portability and cheapness are those which cause the majority of schoolboys to become more or less ardent philatelists during some period of their schooldays, and we have seen very interesting and fairly representative collections of stamps which have been made by them at a trifling outlay.

Philately, as stamp collecting is called, must not, however, be looked upon as a mere schoolboy's amusement, nor must it be thought that the value of all old stamps is small. On the contrary, many philatelists value their collections at amounts which to the uninitiated would appear almost incredible. A few years ago a collection was sold for eight thousand pounds, and some are said to be worth much more than that amount.

A black penny English stamp containing VR in the upper angles will sell for about £5, and a blue ninepenny Natal for £15. Many other stamps are equally valuable—some in fact being much rarer—and ranging in market price up to a hundred pounds or more.

Most of the older stamps, which are no longer used, having been superseded by new kinds, are every year becoming rarer, so that some which can now be obtained for two or three shillings may in a few years' time be worth as many pounds.

It has been urged by some of its advocates that stamp-collecting greatly assists one in acquiring a knowledge of geography, and that for this reason, if for none other, it deserves support. Although personally we have not found our acquaintance with geography greatly influenced by means of stamps, beyond the fact that they have assisted us in remembering the various kingdoms and republics which issue them, and in fixing in our minds the colonies and dependencies of the United Kingdom and other countries, we have nevertheless derived, from the study of philately, other benefits which should not be lightly ignored. The necessity, for instance, of closely examining each stamp to detect any difference in water-mark, paper, perfora-

tion, or method of printing, and any slight variations in design or shade of colour, is excellent training for the eye, and causes one to acquire the habit of searching for and observing small details which might escape the notice of ordinary persons.

The object of the present article, however, is not to advocate the cause of philately, or to set forth its merits and demerits, and therefore we will not encroach further on the reader's patience with our preliminary remarks, but will proceed forthwith to give a few practical hints and suggestions, which we trust will prove useful and instructive to those who are interested in collecting old stamps.

The beginner invariably takes anything which may come to hand, but the advanced collector more often devotes his attention to one particular branch of philately. Stamps may be primarily divided into two kinds, postage and fiscal, and these, again, are capable of subdivision. Thus we have adhesive stamps, envelopes, postcards, and news-bands. But of course it is for the collector himself to decide what he shall gather together.

In the first place, the philatelist requires an album in which to keep his specimens, and books made especially for this purpose may be obtained at prices ranging from a few pence to several pounds; but we should not advise the purchase of an expensive one to commence with.

Most of the cheaper kinds have their pages ruled into squares of equal size, but such books, although they answer very well for beginners, are of little use for holding large collections.

Many of the larger albums contain catalogues of stamps, and have their pages divided into numbered spaces, the numbers corresponding with those of the catalogue, and each space being the size and shape of the stamp which is to be inserted in it. These albums are very convenient, saving, as they do, much time and trouble in the arrangement of the stamps; but, on the other hand, they have one great drawback, for they leave the philatelist no option as to what he must or must not collect. Besides, it frequently happens that there is no room for the insertion of newly-issued stamps, although this is of less consequence, as several of the better-class albums of this description have supplements to them published from time to time as occasion may require.

Advanced collectors, and those who do not wish to be restricted in any way, either in what they choose to collect or in the arrangement of their specimens, will no doubt find albums with blank pages most suitable for their requirements.

With regard to the arrangement of the stamps, a few words will probably be of service to our readers. Of course, our remarks will not apply to those who possess albums in which a numbered space is provided for the reception of each stamp, as they should experience no difficulty in this matter.

In order to know what stamps have been

In order to become a first-rate player you must have a very good eye, wrist, and nerve, but if you have not got these things to start with you will find that practice will give you a quick eye and wrist; and if you are inclined to "funk" the fast ones at first, your nerve will soon improve when you have learnt to judge the flight of the rings, and when you have been hit a few times, and discovered they do not hurt much.

issued by each country, a catalogue is indispensable; and a very good one, containing over two thousand illustrations, is published by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons and Co., the well-known stamp dealers.

The young collector with a small album will probably find it of little use attempting any complicated arrangement of his stamps beyond classifying them according to the countries by which they were issued; and, before buying a large album for the permanent reception of his collection, he had better wait until the latter has attained goodly proportions, and he has acquired a sound knowledge of philately.

We will assume, however, that he has already a moderately large collection, which he is about to mount in a systematic manner.

The stamps comprising each set should be arranged, according to their facial value, from the lowest to the highest; and the sets should be inserted in the chronological order in which they were issued. Moreover, it is advisable to keep the various issues quite distinct, and not place two different sets in the same row. Of course, a large set may occupy several rows across the page; otherwise, even if one contains but two or three stamps, it is as well, perhaps, to give it a line to itself.

Many collectors content themselves by inserting in their albums only one stamp of each distinct kind, but some collect also any specimens which may show a variation from the usual colour, or which may possess a different watermark. When the latter course is pursued it will, perhaps, be found most convenient to arrange the sets sufficiently wide apart to allow an additional row to be inserted between them. Each variety can then be placed immediately beneath the stamp from which it differs.

Postcards and envelopes, if inserted in an album with adhesive stamps, should be placed after the latter and not mixed with them indiscriminately. Where possible, however, it is a better plan to keep them in a separate book, as they occupy a good deal of space if inserted entire, and entering them detracts considerably from their value. When entire postcards or envelopes are kept in an album devoted exclusively to their reception, much space may be saved by mounting them on paper hinges in such a way that one partially overlaps another. Further on we will fully describe this method of mounting by paper hinges when dealing with that subject.

(To be continued.)





## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

### V.—Illuminating Competition.

SECOND DIVISION (ages from 15 to 19).

IN this class we increase the money value of the prize to Two Guineas, and divide it equally between two competitors, who run neck-and-neck.

Prizes—One Guinea each.

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## Correspondence.

C. W. BESWICK.—1. The articles on Egg-Collecting are out of print. They were in the second volume. 2. To preserve fungi, make a double vertical section through the middle from the top of the pileus to the base of the stem, so as to remove a slice. There will then remain the two sides, or nearly halves of the fungus, in which, before you dry, you must separate the stem from the pileus, and from the pileus scrape out the gills if an agaric, or the tubes if a boletus. Let all these parts be exposed to the air till they have parted with some of their moisture; but, before they shrivel, dry them between blotting-paper subject to pressure, as in the case of other plants, changing the paper daily till the specimens are quite ready to be fixed on the white paper and labelled. To preserve them from insects, the specimens should be washed over with a solution of corrosive sublimate in pyroligneous naphtha. Collections of dried fungi are not easy things to keep owing to their being so easily affected by damp. 3. The artificial rock-work in aquaria is made of concrete.

W. A. M.—The articles on ventriloquism and conjuring tricks will reappear in our "Indoor Amusement" volume of the "Boy's Own Bookshelf" series, published by Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster Row.

INVISIBLE INK.—1. We regret the delay. It may be, however, that the printer printed the answer in the ink you require, and that it has passed us unknown. Pray hold out the last year's numbers to the fire, and see if you can warm up the desired reply. 2. Dissolve a fluid ounce of oil of vitriol in a pint of soft water. When it is cool, write with it with a clean steel pen. The writing will be invisible till you hold it to the fire.

H. V.—You will get all three books from L. U. Gill, "Exchange and Mart" Office, 170, Strand, W.C.

ALLY SLOPER.—You will want a loft and an aviary. We have already told our readers all about this, and cannot repeat here. Go and see somebody's, and take notes.

H. T. M.—We gave a long account of the making of tracing paper a few months ago. See back.

TOFFEE.—We have given several ways of making toffee, butter-scotch, and hardhake. Refer to back numbers. Here is another way that may suit you if you omit the almonds. Oil a square or round tin with low edges—a canister-lid is as good as anything. Split some almonds, and put them in rows on the bottom, with the split side downwards, until the surface is covered. Then boil some raw sugar to "crack," and pour it into the tin till it covers the almonds. "Crack" is a technical term much used in confectionery, and is descriptive of a certain stage in boiling sugar. Get a jug of clean cold water and a round stick. Dip the stick in the water, then in the boiling sugar, then in the water again. If the sugar is slipped off the stick, and breaks short and crisp with a slight noise, it is boiled to "crack;" if it can be rolled into a ball between the finger and thumb in the water, it is at "ball," and is not done enough. The different stages are "feather," "candy," "ball," "crack," and "caramel." When you boil sugar, put the lid half on the pan as soon as the boiling begins.

F. L. O. P.—Write for list to Messrs. Butterworth, law publishers, Fleet Street. You might get the books secondhand at the corner of Carey Street and Chancery Lane.

TUBINGA.—There are guides to the Civil Service published by several firms, and there are guides to the professions. Your best plan would be to give your bookseller an order for one on the subject you want. In no profession will you do much good without friends. And the friends that would be of use to you are those you should consult instead of taking the recommendations of books.

A. S. T.—1. The explanation would be unintelligible without some knowledge of trigonometry. Any elementary manual on the subject will give you the solution you require; but you must know the symbols. 2. Whitewash your cage.

BADGER.—The badge of William Rufus was an eagle gazing at the sun; Stephen's badge was an ostrich plume, for which see our article on the Princes of Wales. Henry II. adopted, besides the broom plant, the carbuncle, and a sword and olive-branch. Richard I. had a star between the horns of a crescent, a mailed arm and broken lance, and a sun and two anchors. John had the crescent and star; so did his son Henry III. Edward I. introduced the rose; but Edward II. had a castle. Edward III. had rays out of a cloud, and the stump of a tree, a falcon, an ostrich feather, and a sword erect. Richard II. had the sun in splendour and the sun behind a cloud, and the white hart. Henry IV. had an eagle, a fox's tail, a crowned panther, and a crescent. Henry V. had an antelope, a swan, and a beacon. Henry VI. had the antelope and a feather. Edward IV. had the black bull, the white wolf, the fetterlock, and the sun in splendour. Richard III. had a falcon with a woman's face holding a white rose. Henry VII. had a crowned hawk-thorn-bush and a red dragon. Henry VIII. had a white greyhound. Edward VI. had the sun in splendour. Queen Mary a pomegranate and sheaf of arrows. Elizabeth had a falcon; but all the Tudors used the red and white rose. James I. had the rose and thistle. Since his time royal badges, in the true sense, have not been used.

FOWL KEEPER.—Eggs for setting are constantly advertised in the "Stock Keeper" and "Exchange and Mart." Twopence each paper, at any book-stall.

PERCY WEBBER.—Read our DOINGS for summer months. We will repeat the prescription in due time.

FANCIER.—*Vide* answer to FOWL KEEPER.

TOM.—Read the points laid down by Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N.; but only a practised eye can judge of pups.

S. L. W.—It depends on what you have to guard. A mastiff is good, but a bull-terrier will fill the bill. Yes, biscuits soaked with gravy, and meat scraps, and well-mashed greens twice a week.

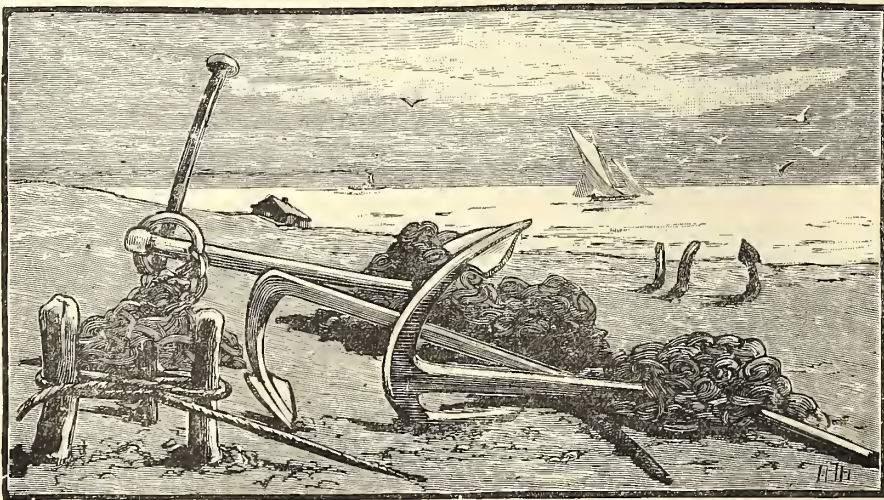
GUINEA-PIGS.—No; four and five are the usual number at a birth.

SHIP AHOY.—Go to the nearest chief post-office, and ask for the free pamphlet on recruiting for the Navy.

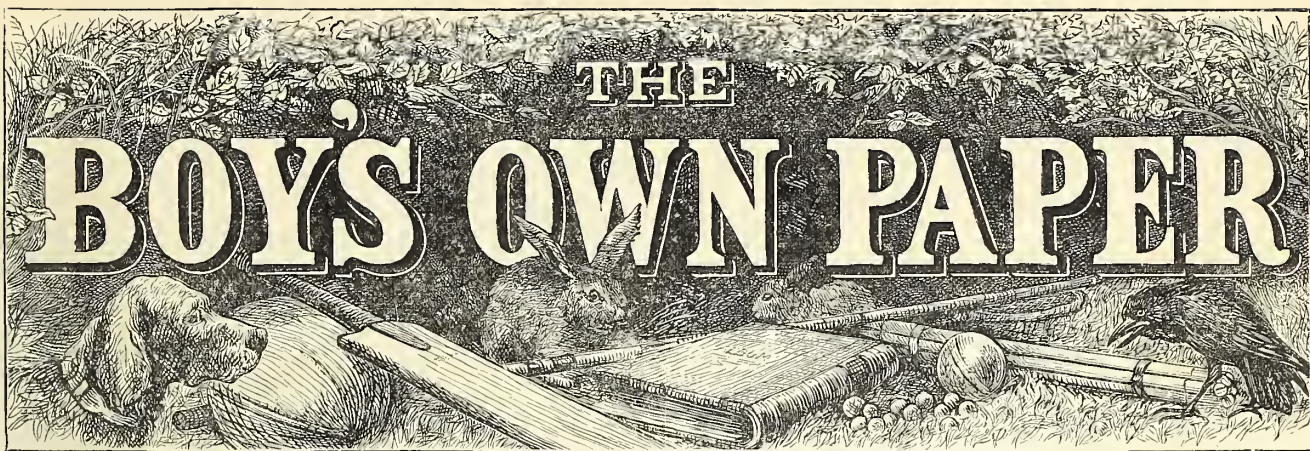
RECRUIT.—There is no book on the Cavalry. There is a "Life in the Ranks of the English Army," price one penny, published by Clowes and Son, 13, Charing Cross, and the other official publishers.

OBESITY.—For a boy of over fourteen, Indian clubs should weigh eight pounds apiece.

A. Z.—The School Board has instructions and forms which will be sent you on application. It is better to apply direct.







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## THE TREASURE OF THE CACIQUE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A LAST FAREWELL.

AT an early hour the next morning the camp was struck, and the children of the sun escorted the White Prince and his brother to the gates of Puebla.



"Every Indian vaulted to his saddle, and rode past Arthur."



Great was the astonishment of the Corregidor, the Alguazils, and all the civil officials of the city at the advent of so strange a cavalcade, and greater by far was the astonishment of Don Rafael Mosefa, the Hebro-Spanish banker, at being asked to take charge of the treasure.

All night long his clerks were kept at work, estimating its value, weighing it, and putting it to every test that human ingenuity could suggest; and large was the profit he made when he handed over bills for the value of the treasure to the brothers, drawn upon well-known banking-houses in London and Paris.

For it was to old England that the brothers decided to go, and see if they could not repurchase the Sedgwick estates, which had long ago been divided and passed into the hands of many different owners.

But, previous to this arrangement, the white-headed chief had signified to Arthur that the children of the sun would not halt within the walls of the pale-faces, but would form their camp some two miles from the gates of the city, where, at the rising of the moon, they would be glad to take a farewell of their Prince.

With a glad heart Arthur promised that he would be there, for, as a fact, though he was grateful for the honourable spirit that had led the savages to conform to the orders of their ancient Cacique, and to hand over the treasure to his heir-designate, yet he was weary of their fulsome adoration and of the foolish respect which they paid to him upon all occasions.

It was then with a light heart that, after bidding his brother and sister good evening, and accompanied only by Indian Joe, who insisted upon being one of the farewell party, he mounted his horse and rode off through the city gates in the direction of the rising moon.

A brisk trot of half an hour brought Arthur and Indian Joe to the camp.

The Indians had picketed their steeds in a semicircle, and each man had immediately in front of his horse lit the fire over which he had roasted the maize cakes, which composed his simple nourishment.

The old chief was waiting as Arthur and his companion rode into the circle.

"The Prince honours his servants by his attendance; the Scarred Warrior" (for so the Indians had been accustomed to designate Indian Joe) "is also welcome."

"Well, chief," said Arthur, "I have come to take a most grateful farewell of you all, and to express, in the deepest sense that I can, my gratitude for your kindness and honourable feeling in handing over to me the treasure of which the Cacique made me the heir."

"Hush, hush! Prince," answered the old Indian, "these are not words that should come from your mouth; we could but obey the words of the Cacique and the prophets; but come, certain ceremonies have to be gone through, and then the children of the City of the Sun and the White Prince will part for ever."

As he spoke he led the way to the centre of the semicircle, where a rude altar had been erected, upon which a small fire burned. A sound was then heard like that of a bugle, and every warrior started to his feet and stood to his arms.

In another instant a wild figure with its right arm swathed in bandages rose from behind the altar; an attendant stood upon his left hand, bearing in his arms a young kid with its feet tied together.

"Why, it is Otan Hari, the priest," exclaimed Arthur in surprise, as he recognised the new-comer.

"Going to knife Master Bob?" queried Joe.

"Hush!" said Arthur, "he is going to speak; let us listen to what he says."

He told them that their watch was over and their duty fulfilled; that now they could return to their families and abandon the land of the pale-faces; that the treasure was now lost to the children of the City of the Sun, and in proof thereof he would extinguish the fire and bid them all speed on their way.

As he spoke he plunged, with his left hand, the knife into the breast of the kid, and with the gushing blood quenched the fire upon the altar.

Hardly had he done so than every Indian vaulted to his saddle, and, headed by the old chief, rode past Arthur, and, lowering their spear points in token of salutation, passed away into the shades of night, and, silent as spectres, disappeared from view.

In ten minutes Arthur and Joe were alone.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE CURTAIN DROPS.

The good ship, the *Adetaulado*, had made a prosperous passage more than a

year ago, and had landed our heroes at Liverpool in safety.

By one of those startling coincidences that seem so unlike the chances of real life, Bob found nearly all the old Sedgwick estates for sale, and with the concurrence of Arthur, who eagerly placed a large share of the treasure at his brother's disposal, he purchased them and set up as a Cumberland squire, and was speedily upon the best of terms with his neighbours.

In spite of his fondness for field sports, it has been more than once whispered that the dark eyes of a young Northumbrian, who has been upon a visit to a neighbouring squire, have somehow taken Bob's fancy, and that the chime of marriage bells may shortly be expected to sound in the church adjacent to Sedgwick Hall.

Arthur, who has purchased a splendid estate some six miles off, is devoting himself to his studies; whilst Lily, the Fair-haired Priestess of the City of the Sun, has charge of his household, but if Miss Lily goes on increasing in good looks as she does, it will be a scandal upon the young squires of Cumberland if they do not speedily compel Arthur to seek for another housekeeper.

There is a tall old man, with a grizzly scar upon his head, who spends his days about Arthur's house, Melcombe Abbey, with no particularly defined duties, but who is treated with the greatest respect and affection by the whole family. He is already wonderfully conversant with the habits of every furred and feathered creature in the vicinity, and is an authority in the village, where he astonishes the parish clerk and the village school-master with some of the wild events that have occurred in the life of Indian Joe.

Lopes, the Tigrero, could not be prevailed upon to accompany the brothers to England. Munificently rewarded for his services, he has, with the mules which carried the treasure to Puebla, started a transport agency, which bids fair to speedily make him a very wealthy man.

And now, having led our heroes through storm and tempest, let us leave them to enjoy the pleasant sunshine of life, feeling sure that in their hands a thoroughly good use will be made of the

#### TREASURES OF THE CACIQUE.

(THE END.)

## A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "*Cacus and Hercules*," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE wished-for letter, announcing that the hamper had been dispatched, arrived at last, though not till some days after it had been expected. And now for the great question of transporting it to Highfield House.

It was Saturday morning, and Spratt

came running up to Hercules after breakfast with a letter in his hand.

"It was sent off yesterday, and it must be at the station now!"

"Well, I do not feel at all comfortable about bringing it back. Do you know at all what size it is?"

"A jolly good big one, I hope. I told them to put in lots of things, and they're sure to do it in style."

"I shall never be able to bring it if it's too heavy too lift."

"Oh, it will be all right. You will not have to carry it. The porter will



help you to get it up, and you will only have to keep it steady. You needn't go as if a pack of wolves was coming after you. Take it easy."

"Well, I will try my best, but I don't believe we shall get it out of the station-yard without a smash. I believe it would be best to tell the carrier to call for it."

"Bosh! my good man, I don't want it to get into the storeroom. I would not give sixpence for a hamper if I was only to have a slice of cake out of it a day, and a pot of jam twice a week. I want all the chaps to have a regular jubilation."

Dinner was over, and Hercules, fully conscious of the gravity of his undertaking, started for Deepwells station. It took him about three-quarters of an hour to get there, and the journey was accomplished without adventure. On his arrival Cacus was tied up in a shed which formed one of the outbuildings of the station, and Hercules, with beating heart, went to the parcels office to inquire for the hamper. There it was, confronting him upon a rack, and a portentous looking article it was. He was dismayed at the sight. It was a hamper that stood at least three and a half feet high, and he could not possibly encircle it with his arms. Truly the parents of Spratt had followed out their son's request, and done the thing in style.

It did not need two looks to make Hercules feel sure that he could not by any contrivance take it back on the donkey. He stood staring at the hamper with his hands behind him, the picture of blank disappointment.

"What is there to pay?" he asked, for want of something to say.

"Carriage paid to the station, sir," said the porter. "Be you going to take it?"

"Well, I wanted to, but it's too big. I don't want it to go by the carrier, but I suppose it must. When does he go?"

"Let's see: this is Saturday; not till next Tuesday. Tuesdays and Thursdays—them's his days, sir."

"What a horrid nuisance! Couldn't you send it over to-night?"

"Don't know as we could send it before Monday at soonest. The station cart is gone in the other direction."

"What would a fly cost?"

"Four-and-six, besides something for the driver. Did you walk over, sir?"

"No, I rode on a donkey, and meant to take back the hamper, if it had been a decent size, but it's as big as a small house."

"Oh, there, you've no cause to complain of the size. Young gents like you wants lots of good things. There's many that wouldn't mind packing you a smaller one for what's over from the big 'un."

"Jolly likely. But can't you wheel it over in a barrow? I'd give you a bob—that's all I've got."

"Couldn't wheel it four miles up all them hills. Did you say you came over on a donkey? You could borrow a cart and barness close by, and we could put the donkey to. What would be easier?"

"That will not do; the donkey has never been in harness in his life."

"Oh, he'd go if he knows you. A

donkey as one can ride will draw a shay-cart all right. Let's see him."

Hercules escorted the porter to the shed, where Cacus was standing half asleep.

"Well, if he ain't a whopper! talk about pulling a shay-cart, why, he'd



"He was dismayed at the sight."

pull a waggon. Bring him along, sir; the cart's close by. We'll put him to, and he'll run you over to the school in no time."

Hercules thought that the experiment was worth making, and it went through his mind that he had spoken to the Doctor about utilising the donkey for fetching things from the station, so that, if he happened to meet the Doctor on his way back, he could probably pass it all off without disagreeable consequences. So they proceeded to put him to, and he submitted to the operation with good grace. The hamper, which required two men to lift, was put on board, and Hercules, having arranged to bring the cart back on Monday, set forth on his homeward journey.

He thought it expedient to lead the donkey through the streets, and the animal proved very tractable. Perhaps the sultry weather had made him sleepy, or he may have had such confidence in his master that he did not care to dispute the propriety of this new form of service. The extra weight was nothing.

So they trudged on, the ass and the boy, with progress slow but sure. The hamper rode comfortably enough; no fear of the jampots being broken. Hercules regarded it with complaisance, and his feelings towards the parents of Spratt mellowed. He no longer wished them to have sent a smaller one—nay, so easily did the shay-cart go, that he would not have minded if the proportions of the hamper had been even

larger. He exulted in the fact that never had such a magnificent specimen been seen at Highfield House, and if the contents were at all commensurate in excellence with the size, truly Spratt might be congratulated upon the generous spirit of his race. So the first mile

of the homeward journey was successfully accomplished.

The village had now been left far behind, and Cacus had grown so accustomed to the work that Hercules thought he might as well ride as walk the rest of the way. So he brought the cart to a halt and climbed on board, pushing the hamper farther abaft to adjust the trim. Leaving him to jog along over the next two miles of road, we may return to Spratt.

He had seen Hercules start forth upon the journey, and encouraged him to give good heed to the accomplishment of his important mission. Many of the other boys were in the secret, and they also had assembled to see the valiant knight go forth. The excitement was great, and various were the surmises as to the success of the enterprise. Some said it would be all right, others that it would be all wrong. When, however, the donkey's tail had vanished round the first corner, the boys went off to their respective recreations, and soon forgot about the hamper. Spratt only continued thinking about it. He happened to have some lee-way to make up in his Greek, and rather a lengthy imposition to get through, and so he had gone to the schoolroom. As, with ink-stained fingers cramped around his fine-pointed steel pen, he transcribed the weary lines, he constantly uplifted his eyes to the schoolroom clock, which ticked away the lagging moments with stolid indifference. It took Spratt an hour and a



half to get through his work, and when it was ended he hastily put away his appliances and set out to meet his friend and escort him on the last portion of his return journey.

Spratt's excitement was intense as he hurried on towards the common. Such important destinies hung upon the thread of fate. It was a convoy of provisions for the school-army of juveniles, and Spratt, the comptroller of the commissariat, felt the full weight of responsibility with regard to its safe transmission.

It was now about 4.30 p.m., and a blithesome summer afternoon. Spratt soon reached the common, and followed the course of the road by a parallel route over the heathery ups and downs, through coppices of birch and fir. The road was always more or less in view, and, while keeping a sharp look-out for the first glimpse of his friend, Spratt was minded to keep out of sight as much as possible, in case any one should be coming whom it might not be agreeable to meet.

It was now about the time when Hercules had entered on the last mile of his journey. The donkey was trotting along at a very respectable pace, apparently desirous of bringing his labour to an end as soon as possible.

The cart now turned a corner, and there was disclosed to view a stretch of road extending straight ahead for a hundred yards or more. There was a hedge on the left side and open com-

mon on the right, separated from the road by a deep ditch. Now, at the farther end of this straight piece of road Hercules espied a female figure walking leisurely away from him. He came on a little nearer, and the view of the female figure became more distinct. No second sight was needed to see that it was Miss Porchester. Hercules instinctively tightened the reins with the intention of pulling up, that he might give the lady time to get farther out of range.

Miss Porchester was proceeding very

leisurely on her way. She had a taste for botany, and paused once or twice to gather some wild flower at the roadside, which arrested her attention. Spratt had his eye upon her from behind the friendly shelter of furze-bushes and birch-trees. He heard the sound of wheels, and, craning his neck in the direction of the sound, he saw the donkey cart approaching, and had his first enraptured glimpse of the hamper, rising in bold proportions behind the driver. It was an ecstatic moment!

(To be continued.)



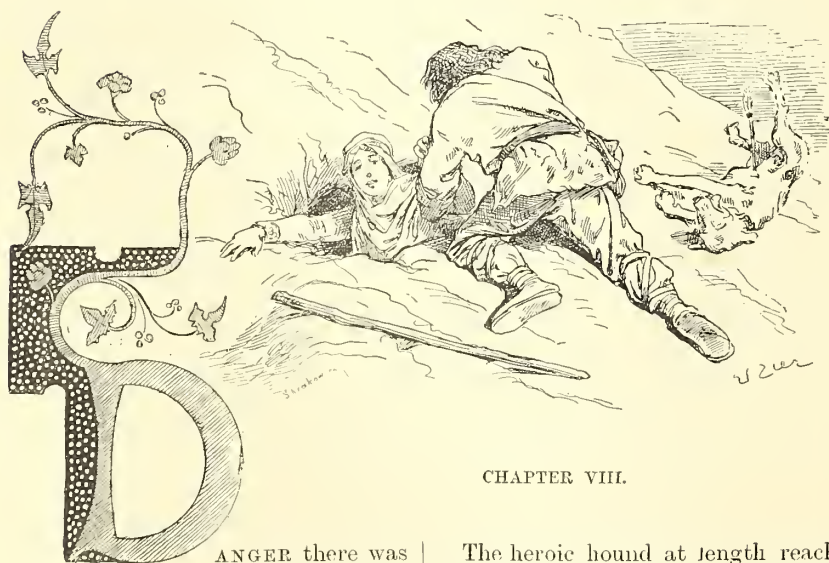
"Hercules espied a female figure walking leisurely"

## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART III.



CHAPTER VIII.

ANGER there was none. The hand was the hand of Romarik.

Bugh, as if galvanised by devotedness, had crept to Plouharnel, guiding, for the last time, the blind man, who crept by his side and sustained and encouraged him as he went.

The heroic hound at length reached the tumulus, and slowly and painfully made his way round it, listening to sounds that to his companion's ear were inaudible, and by a last effort, reaching a certain spot, and beginning in his last agony to scratch at the sand. And then, with a heartrending bark,

Bugh rolled over on his back and died.

After making sure that the dog no longer breathed, the blind man felt for the place that had been marked with his paws, and began to beat it in with both his fists. We know the rest.

At the cry uttered by the two prisoners he recognised them.

"Fear not," he hastened to say, "it is I! Romarik! But, as my eyes do not tell me, tell me quickly where I am and where you are."

Clothilda, already recovered from her fright, answered at once,

"My good Romarik, make this hole bigger with your stick. Fear nothing on our account. We are safe now. You, Janika, go and fetch my son; be quick!"

Soon the hole was large enough to let her through.

"Give me your hand Romarik," she said.

And the blind man obeyed; and she struggled out.

Already Janika had got back with the sleeping child, whom she passed to her mistress and followed out into the air.

"Now," continued the blind man, "do not lose a minute. Fly towards Vannes,



the road will take you there. Janika knows the country; she will find the way. You will reach Vannes at day-break; get horses and go straight to Laval. Laval, you understand? It is at Laval that you will meet the count."

"But," interrupted Clothilda, "are you not coming with us?"

"Think," said he, bitterly; "think! Do you not remember they destroyed my eyes? Think! I can no longer defend you—that I am good for nothing but to hinder your flight? No. I remain here. But if Heaven helps me, as I hope, no one shall pursue you. Go, go!"

In Romarik's words there was some strange, terrible mystery. What did he mean?

In vain the countess asked him to explain himself or go with her; but all she could obtain were renewed supplications to get away at once.

"Come," said Janika, at last, leading her off down the road indicated by the blind man. "Come, mistress, he is right. I will be your guide, and I will defend you if need be. I am strong now. Come!"

"Adieu, then, Romarik!" said the countess. "I will never forget what

you have done for me. We shall meet again some day, good Romarik, and the future will show that I am not ungrateful."

"Think only of the present," said Romarik, in a tone of deep melancholy; "and in the present, as in the future, God will bless all who are friends to Count Efflam."

Then, listening to the footsteps of the countess and Janika as they hurried away, until he could hear them no longer, he remained motionless.

But when there was no sound in the air but the sigh of the wind and the murmur of the sea, he crept again up the tumulus, and sought about, and found the issue by which the fugitives had escaped. And he glided into the gallery underground, dragging after him the body of the dog, saying,

"Come, Bugh! We shall both find a grave in the graves of kings!"

A few minutes afterwards he crept into the cell formerly occupied by the prisoners.

There he slowly rose, and laid down the body he had dragged in after him.

Feeling round the walls with his hands he found the doorway. Breaking away the lock by a powerful push

from his shoulder, he threw open the door, and behind it he stepped and leant against the column of stone.

"Now," said he, "we two shall meet alone! We two! alone, Morgana!"

And as motionless as the menhirs around him he waited for her coming.

(To be continued.)



## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.—A HAPPY REUNION—SERVICE IN IRELAND—PADDY AS A SCOUT—HIS STRANGE ADVENTURES.

ONE day, early in the merry month of May, 1798, while the Blazer was lying at anchor in Plymouth Sound, being under orders to sail for the coast of Ireland, Lieutenant Fairfax, who was walking on the poop, occasionally talking with the signalman on matters of duty, noticed a shore-boat pulling towards the ship.

As he came nearer he noticed something else, namely, that a tall young officer, in the uniform of a midshipman, occupied the stern-sheets.

He put his glass to his eye, and instantly took it down again.

"Why," he cried, addressing the signalman, who was no other than honest Allan Gray; "why, Gray, the dead has come to life."

"I know him, sir," said Allan, laughing, "tall and all though he be. That's young Mr. Trelawney, sir."

Peniston made a skip off the poop on to the quarter-deck, and was at the gangway to meet and welcome his old friend just as he clambered up the larboard ladder and jumped on board.

They shook hands, left to left and right to right; an ordinary shake would not have met the merits of this wonderful reunion.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am," said Peniston. "I declare I could dance. There's nobody on board, old man, to report yourself to but me; and Barry's below, he'll be up in a minute or two to take charge, then you and

I'll go on shore and have all the evening to ourselves. Here comes Hewitt."

"By the great King George, who'd have thought it!" said Barry.

After another double shake.

"When did you come?"

"Only from town to-day."

"Exchange of prisoners?"

"No, bolted."

"Good. Shot your gaoler?"

"Heaven forbid! Oh! I'll never forget him, nor his son and daughter."

"Been home?"

"Going to-morrow morning."

"I've been. Dear Dick, they'll be so pleased to see you. Girls are all famous. Such fun we had. I suppose you know your father has a command in Ireland, and that we're off there too. Yes; and I'm precious glad. I've been promised re-appointment to the Blazer, so I'll be with you."

"Hurrah!" from Barry.

"Hurrah!" from Dick.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" from Peniston, who waved his glass over his head as he shouted, "Call away the jolly-boat."

Allan Gray, the signalman, had to double up like a jack-knife with laughing at the enthusiasm of the young gentlemen. Then he lifted his hat to Dick, who jumped up on the poop and conversed with him while the boat was being manned.

"Why," said Allan, "the ship will be like her old self again now you're come back. Dare say you've heard, sir, that

I was condemned to swing at the fore-arm since you've been gone."

"No, only heard of the mutiny yesterday. Did you take an active part in it?"

"Oh, no; I was a prisoner. Fact is, I'd been seeing my Peggy—she's Mrs. Gray now, sir, thanks to Black Dick—and when I came hoff, sir, a-feelin' that 'appy like, 'twas like walking on thistle-down, why, that bad-blooded son of a harpy, Jim Transom, called my Peggy a bad name, and I up and let 'im have it straight! Well, he fell like, and broke his ugly nut, and they called it an attempt at murder—"

"Boat all ready, sir."

"Jump in, Dick."

"Good-bye, Barry, see you soon. Tell McNab I've come. Suppose he's all right?"

"Yes!"

"Good-bye."

And off went the boat shorewards.

They must go to the same old inn, where they enjoyed an excellent dinner, went for a stroll afterwards, then sat by the fire and talked about old times, and new times, and times to come, till long past six bells in the middle watch.

It really did seem an interminably long time since those friends had met. To the young even two years is an age, but then these two years had been so filled, so rife, with events and adventures.



Next morning at breakfast, who should pop in but McNab himself.

"I heard you were here, dear boy!" he said to Dick. "So, man, I could do nothing less than come. How you've grown, to be sure! D'ye mind our visit to Agincourt Hall? It seems long ago now."

"Good idea!" said Dick; "let us do the same again. It is the same time of the year, and all the woods will be green and the birds all in song—how often I thought of them when in Paris, lying in prison!"

"Agreed, then," said McNab. "I haven't many sick, and Mullins is clever, though lazy; I think we can manage three or four days' leave. But I say, boys, I dinna want to meet Miss Craibe again!"

They did manage the leave, and off the trio set, and as they trudged on, singing and talking through the bonnie woods, they might have looked a little older than they did when last on the same road, but I am sure enough neither of them felt any older.

Dick hardly knew his sisters, so much were they changed. But oh, the rejoicing there was at the old Hall when this dear lost brother walked in! Pen cannot describe it.

All next day Dick was almost a close prisoner with his mother and sisters, while Peniston and McNab were free as the wind to rove where they liked. Old Hal was as well and wiry as ever. He had, he said, given himself a new lease of life, and did not doubt he should live to see his boy Dick an admiral.

Miss Craibe was gone; she had taken a whim and sailed away to the West Indies, to throw herself into her uncle's arms. So the picnic, which was duly carried out, had to take place without her, and McNab had no need to requisition the services of a short-horned steer.

"Well, well," Old Hal said, "sich is life; and what a many queer ups and downs sailors do see, to be sure!"

His majesty's ship Blazer. Off the coast of Ireland near the Wexford shores, but blowing half a gale at the least. Impossible to land, though troops and stores and despatches, and all sorts of creatures and things, have to be put on *terra firma*.

Night falling, and the wind going round with the sunset and rising in force. That rock-bound coast will soon be a dangerous lee-shore unless the Blazer seeks an offing. So sail is set, and southwards and west she scuds on a beam wind that would have caused every heart to rejoice had the ship been bound for southern seas.

What did it matter, anyhow? The Blazers were happy. Perhaps the French had landed; perhaps they were cruising around. "Never mind," the Blazers said. "Only let them appear, anywhere on land or sea, and then there would be the piper to pay!"

After a week's dodging, lying off and on, the weather settled for fine, and the troops, ammunition, and stores were safely landed, with a strong detachment of marines, under the command of Captain Blaydon, and detachments of blue-jackets, officered by Lieutenant Fairfax and our redoubtable Dick, with big

McNab himself as surgeon of the whole party.

Lieutenant Spencer remained on board.

A capital and energetic officer was Spencer, too, with a deal of dash and fire about him, and quite a plethora of zeal for the service.

"I'd run right into Wexford," he said to Captain Dawkins, "and assist the garrison, which by this time are probably beleaguered."

"I think," was the reply—"I think that if the garrison is really beleaguered we will do more good by attacking the rascals in the rear."

"Who was the foe?" it may be asked by some one not well-up in history. The Irish rebels; and it was in no very respectful terms the English spoke of them. There were brave men amongst them, however, and men who loved their country and thought they were doing their best for posterity by trying to throw off the yoke of allegiance to England. So I am not at home with Captain Dawkins in applying the term "rascals" to these rebels. We ought to be both just and generous to the meanest foe, who, it is possible, may be in the right before God if not in man's eyes.

Now, as it turned out, the probability is that the lieutenant's proposal to land and assist the garrison at Wexford might have been the better one after all, instead of, with so small a force, endeavouring to effect a diversion. For in a few days after this Wexford fell into the hands of the insurgents, while scouts sent out from the Blazer's little camp on shore were unable to hear anything of General Lake, with whom it was hoped a junction could be secured. In his corps fought Colonel Trelawney, so Dick was naturally very anxious for a meeting of forces.

But the time wore on, every day seemed longer than another, and still no General Lake. Was he defeated, annihilated, or swallowed up in a bog? Nobody could tell.

Paddy Lowrie was one of the scouts, and probably he was the best of the lot. For Paddy's English had plenty of the real brogue in it, and besides this, he could talk good Irish, too, whenever occasion offered.

"We expect you," said Peniston, addressing him, "to go farther afield than any of our reconnoitering party."

"I reckon I'll try," said Pat.

"Hurry back with the first news of importance you can obtain; it is then our intention to make a reconnoissance in force."

Paddy, who was dressed like an Irish peasant, scratched his head with both hands, and tried to look wise, but he really was puzzled.

"I think," he said, with a wink, "I know what your honour manes, though, sorra' on me edication, big words is the plague av me life."

The first thing that Paddy did when he had fairly left camp was to cut a shillalah, the next—and might the owner forgive him—was to steal a pig. But stay, let me put the right word in the right place, and thus exonerate this funny but faithful Irishman from all blame. Paddy did not steal the pig, he requisitioned it. There was nobody

looking, either. Indeed there was nobody to look, for all this part of the coast seemed deserted.

"Come wid me, ye darlint," said Paddy, to the pig; "it's the King himself, sure, you're going to serve."

Paddy tied a long string to the animal's leg, then cried, "Hoo-roop!" and off trotted the pig, and off trotted Paddy after it.

When, after travelling thus for many miles straight towards the interior, the little thin morsel of a pig got tired and sat down, Paddy picked it up, threw it over his shoulder, and so continued the journey.

Paddy made direct for the west, the other scouts having borne northwards and west, in the hopes of falling in with the General's troops.

Towards evening, very tired and dusty, and very thirsty as well, for the day had been unusually hot and sultry, Paddy Lowrie drew near the camp of the insurgents.

Do not fancy, dear reader, that this camp was anything like those we are used to see at Aldershot. No long, neat rows of canvas tents, with bits of red bunting fluttering through the greenery of trees. For nearly all the insurgents were camped on the bare grass, except the officers, who occupied huts.

The first thing Paddy saw was smoke.

The first thing Paddy heard was the voice of song.

They were making merry in the camp before Enniscorthy.

Paddy put down the pig now and commenced driving it along, singing, as he went,

"My rival eyed Betsy McGuire,  
Fol-de-rol riddle-de—whack!  
Says he, 'At my heart I've a beating,'  
Says I, 'Then have one for your back,'  
Whack! whack!  
Fol-de-rol, riddle-de-whack!"

"Och! me darling young Betsy McGuire,  
Fol-de-rol, riddle-de-roo!  
Sure me heart and me liver's on fire,  
And it's all through thinking av you,  
Roo! roo!  
Fol-de-rol, riddle-de-roo!"

"Halt!" cried a ragged sentry, presenting a pike.

"Halt yourself," roared Paddy, "put up your pitchfork, me broth av a boy. Can't ye see you're frightening the pig, the crayture!"

"Give the word or ye can't pass."

Paddy handed him a half empty bottle.

"It's a drop of the real stuff. Finish it, finish it."

The sentry required no second bidding.

"Now," said Paddy, "I'm only a counthry lad; but tell me where the officers' tint is, because I've come to join, and to fight till Oirland is free. Hoo-roop!"

And Paddy gave a yell that startled the whole camp, and brought the General himself of this ragged regiment to the door.

Up marched the Blazer's scout and saluted this individual, who looked exceedingly smart and good-natured.

"Come to join the good cause, eh?"

"That same, sorr; but, troth, it's not



in the ranks I mane to be, anyhow, but an officer, by your lave. And yonder's the pig; it's often and often enough her mother's—the crayture—paid the rint, and surely the little thing will buy a commission? What am I, and where do I come from? A farmer, sure, and I come from the north. The English General would have hanged me, but I made my feet my friends, and here I am."

"Come inside."

Paddy was plentifully supplied now with "ating and drinking," and a hundred and fifty questions at least put to him, and duly answered.

He reported Lake's force as at least fifty thousand strong, redcoats every one of them, and that they might be expected at any time. Part of the force, he said, would attack Enniscorthy, and "make a nuisance in force," and the other half would "make a divairision in front av Wexford itself."

Paddy thought perhaps his journey for the day was over, but he was mistaken. He was made prisoner, though he was supposed not to know it.

"It's a letter, friend, we want you to take to the General commanding at Enniscorthy; but, to make sure that nobody molests you, two soldiers shall accompany you and carry it."

"All roight," says Paddy; "nothing could be fairer."

"You needn't mind taking the pig, my lad."

"Bedad, and I will, though! Next to old Oirland itself I'll fight for me pig."

So away went Paddy to the town with his escort, and his pig by the string.

About the first house they came to was a small shebeen.\*

"What a purty little house!" said Paddy. "What a pity it is to pass at all at all!"

"Indeed, and you needn't," said one of the pikemen, "if there's a king's sixpence on you."

"Come in," said Paddy.

Our scout took care to taste but little himself, but he plied his escort well, till they answered all his innocent questions freely; then they took to talking, then to singing, and next to quarrelling. But they quickly became friendly again. Paddy put more poteen on the table, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing his escort sound asleep.

Then he quietly subtracted the letter.

"Thanks to the schoolmaster," said Paddy to himself, "I can read."

"To the Commander-in-Chief at Enniscorthy,—

"We send under escort a young man whom we suspect is a spy. We are not sure, or would have hanged him at once."

"Thank you for that same," said Paddy, half aloud.

"We therefore send him on, as he may prove useful."

Paddy tore the letter into fragments, and placed them under some peats in a corner, then sallied out singing, with his pig.

"If they wake," he said to the landlady, "tell them I've gone back to camp. Good-bye. God save Oirland!"

The town was *en gala* to all appearance, and as the shades of evening now

fell, our scout met with but little molestation. But one woman said to him,

"A foine young fellow like you, in these throublesome toimes, should be wearin' a pike not driving a pig."

"Bless your purty face for the hint," replied Paddy.

In less than five minutes he had possessed himself of the suggested weapon, which he borrowed from a sleeping soldier.

"It's useful the bit av a pike'll be, anyhow," he said, "if only to prick the pig and make him run."

Night fell, and Paddy mingled freely with the boys, and spent money over them so energetically that he had not the slightest difficulty in worming plenty of news out of them without their seeming to be aware of it, for this wily Irishman really pretended to be giving instead of extracting knowledge.

When it began to get late,

Says Paddy to himself, "Now that there's a big lump av a moon in the sky, what's to prevent me having a look at Vinegar Hill. Troth, and I'll do it, then."

It was a lovely night, and ramparts, trees, and towers, and the rugged hill itself, lay basking in the brightest of moonlight.

But Paddy was not satisfied with a distant view.

He crept nearer, and finally tying the pig to a post,

"It's sorry I am to lave ye for a toime, me darlint, but I'm going to make a divairision, and ye might be out av place. Besides, your feet are not made for effecting a nuisance in force, so good-bye till we meet."

Paddy must have spent hours in making his "divairision" and crawling about the hill. He was about to retire when, from behind a rock, suddenly sprang up an armed man.

"Halt! The word."

"Buttermilk and sowans, ye spalpeen," cried Paddy.

Bang went the sentry's musket, and down went the scout.

Next moment the enemy stood over him staring down into his face.

"It's dead eno' he seems," he said, "whether he be fri'nd or foe. But I'll rowl him over the ledge and make sure."

He gave the corpse a kick, and then the corpse felt himself falling, falling, falling. He clutched at a bush, but it broke in his hands and down he went sheer to the bottom, and remembered no more.

Paddy was quiet enough now.

(To be continued.)

## PRACTICAL HINTS ON STAMP COLLECTING.

### PART II.

IN the arrangement of fiscal stamps, a plan may be adopted similar to that which we have recommended for postal adhesives, only instead of inserting them chronologically, it is better, perhaps, to classify them in the first place according to the purposes for which they are used. Thus we would have in separate divisions Bill Stamps, Law Stamps, Medicine Stamps, etc.; but of course in each of these classes the chronological arrangement of the sets should be followed.

Having decided what to collect, and

become possessed of an album, the next step is to stick the stamps into the latter, and this operation, simple as it may appear, is one in which the young collector stands in much need of advice.

To begin with, any pieces of paper adhering to the backs of the stamps must not be roughly torn off, but should be carefully removed, and this is best effected by floating them, face upwards, in water, until the

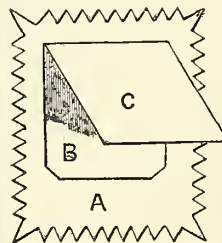


Fig. 1.

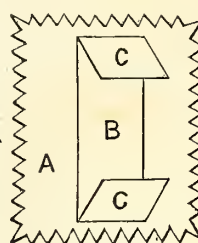


Fig. 2.

paper can be easily peeled away from them. Care should always be taken that the face of the stamp does not get wet, for, although many kinds may be plunged into water without injury, some, such as those of Russia, are printed in ink that will readily wash off.

When all pieces of paper have been removed and the stamps are quite dry, they are ready to be mounted in the album, and the best method of doing this is by what is known as the hinge system (Fig. 1). A strip of thin paper, B C, about an inch long, and rather narrower than the stamp, A, has half its length gummed to the latter, and the other half, C, folded back and gummed to the album, thus forming a hinge. The great advantage of this method is that the stamps can be easily removed from the album without the slightest injury to the latter or to themselves; moreover, those collectors who are interested in watermarks can easily examine them without detaching the stamps. Thin pieces of paper for mounting in this way, ready gummed and cut to the proper size, may be obtained from most of the large stamp dealers.

In Fig. 2 is shown another method of mounting stamps, which, if preferred, may be adopted by those collectors who do not take notice of watermarks, and therefore have no necessity for examining the backs of their stamps. The strip of paper in this case may be narrower than when used as a hinge, but it should be rather longer. The centre, B, is gummed to the stamp, and the two ends, C C, to the album.

On no account ought valuable specimens to be mounted by the rough and clumsy method of spreading gum over the backs of the stamps themselves, for, should their removal at any time be necessary, it could not well be effected without damaging them or leaving an unsightly mark in the album.

Whenever a chance may arise of making money by imposing on the unwary, there are always dishonest persons ready and willing to take advantage of the opportunity which presents itself. Thus philately opened up a good field to the forgers, and, consequently, numerous imitation stamps have been issued and sold as genuine ones; but let us hope that the trade carried on in these spurious articles is not so flourishing now as formerly. It is impossible for us to lay down any hard and fast rules for distinguishing the forged stamps from the genuine; but if the collector carefully examines each stamp that passes through his hands, and when possible compares doubtful specimens with those that he knows to be genuine, he will gain more practical knowledge in the detection of forgeries than could be conveyed to him in a volume of printed instructions. W. C. FLOOD.

\* A kind of inn.



## ON DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

BY FRED MILLER.

[With original Illustrations by various B.O.P. Artists.]

## PART II.



THE greatest step a young sketcher makes is when he takes in the whole scene before he puts down anything on his paper. He must do in his sketching what he is thought to do in his English studies—analyse. One can draw a parallel between sketching and grammar. In the latter you find out your verb, that being the most important part of a sentence. And in sketching find out first of all what is the most important point in the scene before you, the object that you want to give importance to. Then, when you have done this, those objects of secondary interest; and during the whole time you work keep comparing one thing with another, so as to get all parts of your sketch in their right proportions, and in proper relationship one to another.

Do not imagine that I reasoned out the question for myself then as I have been attempting to now. I worked on more or less blindly, and entirely alone, for I had as yet not even read a book on sketching from nature, much less had a lesson, and I had to find out everything for myself. I certainly waded through failure to whatever success I eventually attained, and I strongly suspect that most other people will have to do the same thing. There is no doubt that I could have been greatly helped

in my attempts in those early days if I had been told what to strive after in a sketch, and, above all, what not to do, and it is with the knowledge that my own experiences are the experiences of most beginners that I set some of them down here as being the best way of giving my readers a few hints on the subject of sketching from nature. I have no notion of art being made into rules like so many bye-laws which you can number and commit to memory. The truth of the matter is that painters do not know how they get their effects. They never think about them, and if you asked many painters how they did so and so, what colours they used in such and such an effect, they would in all probability tell you that they never thought about it. Art is intuitive, and the artist does what he feels to be right, or rather what experience has taught him is right. And my only chance of giving the readers of the B.O.P. any useful hints on the subject of sketching is to tell them what I did myself, and how I was led to certain conclusions.

I made little progress in sketching for two years. I was on the wrong track, and had begun by attempting subjects that were quite beyond my powers. I started trying to sketch many bewildering effects with very little relief in actuality, effects which a painter would, in all probability, discard, and failure was the only result of these efforts. It had not dawned upon me



A Wild Corner.—Drawn by F. C. BOULT.

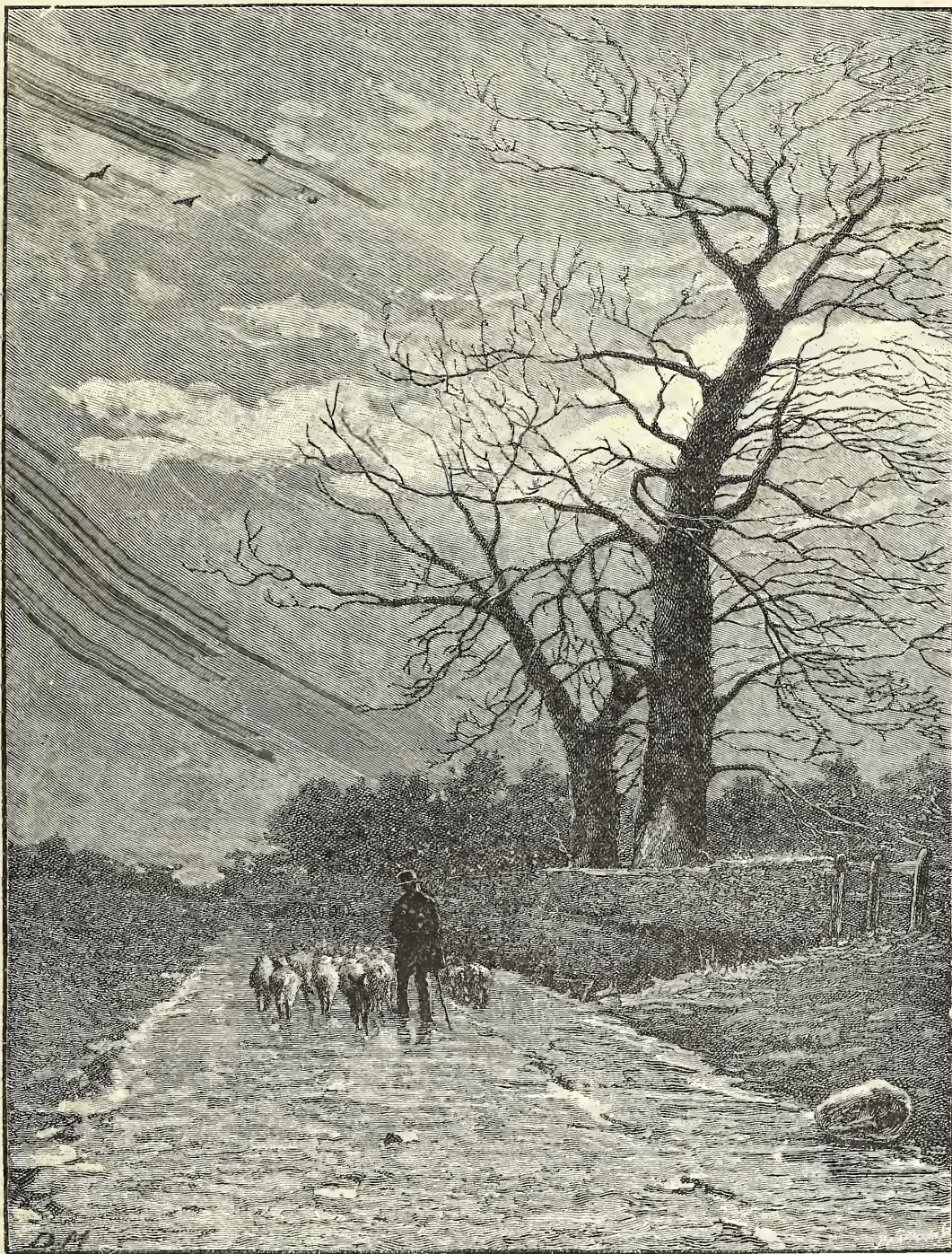


then that artists are as particular in selecting what they shall paint as they are in the methods they adopt to render what they see. An artist selects from nature what is most worth representing, and what is most effective when painted. A beginner, on the contrary, plants himself down anywhere

should fix on his canvas or paper effects which only a cultivated eye would see, and not "bits" which are to be found without trouble. And another thing about finding subjects to paint. I started sketching in a place I was not familiar with, and it was only when I turned my attention to a spot

was simple and direct, and there was no distance to confuse my foreground.

I thought about it some time before I attempted it, and one Saturday afternoon I took up my position opposite the "bit" I was to sketch, and started work. Bnt, besides a new locality, or rather an old locality



Evening.—Drawn by D. Muir.

and starts work, and, generally speaking, only finds out, when he fails to accomplish what he started to do, that another "bit" near by would have been much easier, because more simple, and consequently more effective. You cannot be too careful in selecting your material. I know men who take as much time in searching for subjects as they do in painting them when found, and it is wise of them to do so. An artist

I had known all my life that I touched success of any kind. I well recollect how I made up my mind to try a little bit I had often looked at. It was beside a small stream, not far from Epping Forest, close to Chigwell, to be more local. It consisted of a fir-tree and a hawthorn-bush, with an old wall that kept the bank of the stream from falling in, and the reflection of the trees and wall in the water. The subject

now used for the first time, I had determined to try a different method of work. Hitherto I had lost my drawing in my attempts at sketching, a very common fault with beginners. The longer I worked at my sketches the more clumsy they became. I resolved this time to attempt *drawing in colour*. I mixed up the nearest tint I could to the object before me, and, having first indicated the position and pro-



portion of the principal objects in pencil, started right off drawing in colour, trying to match each tint as I went along, and not as I had hitherto done, painting one tint over another. The sketch of that fir and hawthorn against the water was the best thing I had done up to that time. It was simpler in subject, simpler in treatment, and had some little relief about it, and it gave me renewed hope, for I remember my energies had begun to flag owing to my want of success. That sketch was the beginning of a new era, and I worked on with more or less success on this new method for some time.

Hampstead Heath, the scene of so many early efforts of landscape painters, received its share of attention at my hands; and I have still by me a sketch of those fir-trees on the top of a hill so well known to frequenters of the Heath. But you must not imagine that the sketches done about this time were good. They were only good by comparison with what had gone before. They were poor enough, in all conscience, as I look at them after nine years; and it is difficult for me to understand my enthusiasm for them then as I look at them now. My only wonder is, that of the few people who saw them then, they did not all utterly

condemn them, and put an extinguisher upon my art ambition by denunciatory criticism. I am thankful to those friends for the leniency—for their words of encouragement. I can never be too grateful; and when I think of all my early efforts, I ought to be taught one thing—leniency towards those who ask my opinion on their early works. My own early studies ought to teach me humility, though I am afraid I am apt to lose sight of it in viewing the productions of those who are like I was then—a beginner.

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO QUALIFY AS CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

“WHAT shall I do with my boys—all professions in this country are full to overflowing?”

This is one of the “bitter cries” of Britain which we hear every day of our lives if we happen to go beyond our own garden walls. It is the cry of the fond and somewhat peevish paterfamilias, and it finds but a very faint response, if any at all, in the breasts of the boys themselves. If the lads are worth their salt they possess hearts brimful of the hopefulness and daring of youth, and would far sooner go out and do battle with the world than stay at home and be coddled. Last summer a friend of mine took a nest of unfledged starlings and made a bed for them in a handbox, and determined to rear them and do great things with them. He intended to teach them to pipe and dance, and talk and sing, and do everything starlings may do, and a deal more.

Well, it was all very well till they got their feathers on; they stayed where he placed them, and did ample justice to the good things he rammed half way down their gullets. But when they grew older, and stubble burst into feather, they preferred going forth into the sunshine and picking up their own worms. Starlings do not care to be kept in a handbox. Neither do boys, my too indulgent pater. Oh! I am perhaps as bad myself as you. I confess I sometimes wonder what my lads will be, and how they will get to be it, and however they will be able to stand the storms of life when I am not near them to hold their heads above water and all the rest. There they are, I say to myself, in comfortable quarters, with plenty to eat and drink and no holes in the elbows of their jackets, and—ah! here is where the shoe pinches—in a good position of life, because I, their dad, made it for them. While under my roof they have the shadow of that position, when they go beyond it, when stubble bursts into feather, how much will it avail them at sea before the binnacle—I won't say mast—or behind a counter, that their father was that *cara acis*, a tolerably successful literary man? How much, I say? Why, not the weight of a snow-flake. They must do for themselves, as I have done. Therefore I say that the lines,

“Begin as your father began,  
And you'll end as your father ended;  
But begin as your father ended,  
And you'll end as your father began,”

should be remembered by us “dads,” for I feel quite certain the boys won't forget them. It is we ourselves that want to force our sons to be kings and bishops, and presidents of Republics, and all the rest of it.

It is we, not they, that have the stuck-up pride, which we find it as difficult to put in our pocket as it would be to swallow the garden hose.

Now, I am, thank goodness, not a betting man, but I am willing to lay two to one (two turnips to a leg of mutton, for instance) that if I call my eldest boy, and say to him, “Lovat, lad, I am going to give you as good an education as I can afford, but I can't start you in the world as a gentleman. You must go into business. You must be a chemist or something of that kind, and fight your way up,” he would reply, “All right, pa, I'll be a chemist or something of that sort, and I'll try to work my way up.”

And that is precisely the kind of answer any boy of spirit and good sense would make. If it is not so, then I do not know much about boys.

Now I am one of those who do not believe that this country is overcrowded, and I would take in hand to prove that there are plenty of good situations in Britain open for young men who set to work in the right way, and are willing to put their shoulders to the wheel.

But the law of the survival of the fittest is one which holds good in business. If we could only believe this, we would not find so much grumbling at the fact that an enormously large proportion of high situations are in England—London and Manchester especially—held by Scotchmen, and that Germans are crowding in, ousting Britishers from offices, and even from behind the counters. Englishmen would not be crowded thus if their education was of a more practical description, if they were not compelled to learn at schools on one day what they are bound—and *best*—to forget the next, and if they went into business with a determination to win a way in it, and learned business habits at sixteen instead of at thirty.

However, I do not mean to preach about this, I only wish in the present paper, and in one or two more to follow, to give hints to young men themselves, and to “old boys,” their fathers, concerning a few professions which I happen to have critical knowledge of. The drug business is one of these.

It is one that has many branches, from the chemist's shop round the corner, with its brilliant lights, that glare out on a winter's night like those of a steamer in a sea-way, to the tall and stately premises of the wholesale druggist.

Well, to begin with, every lad is not fitted to be a pharmaceutical chemist. Genteel and pleasant the business is, and genteel and pleasant must the young man be who engages therein. If I go into a “drug store,” as the Yankees call it, should it be

only for a pennyworth of Epsom salts, I want it neatly dispensed—I want it handed to me over the counter by a clean, white hand; I want the person who gives it to me to look smart, and be smart in manner, in dress, and in build. I am not going to go twice to that shop where the youth behind the counter is sallow-looking, languid, and inactive, or built like a Dutch lugger or a French fiddle, and who has to look all round the shelves before he spots the bottle containing sulph. mag.

If smartness is wanted in any business it is in that of the chemist and druggist. He need not be nervously smart, but he ought to be quietly, coolly active, and obliging without officiousness. He must be most polite, too, and have tact enough not to give offence by letting his politeness be over free. Moreover, he should have a certain amount of respect for himself and his calling. He is not a barber, therefore he need not enter into conversation about current events; he is not a draper, therefore he must avoid that most hackneyed question, “What'll be the next thing, please?” I have known this send custom from drapers, and from a druggist it is simply a piece of impertinence.

The young chemist must be healthy, and healthy-looking, as well as genteel. The hours are long; there is often Sunday-work and night-work. But for all that he must keep a clear head; if he does not, there is a possibility, however remote, that instead of my modest pennyworth of Epsom salts I may receive oxalic acid, in which case the druggist would be out of pocket, and the coroner's verdict might not improve his business.

Suppose, then, that a young man thinks he is fitted to be a pharmaceutical chemist, has good health, is temperate in everything, and does not desire to roll in wealth, but wishes a genteel competency, then he will do well to take the following advice:

He must have a good fair education to start with, even as a boy; he must have a groundwork in Latin, which after all is the key to our own language, be able to write well and legibly—smartly, in fact, and be well up in arithmetic. As to reading, I may give this hint: even when perusing a book or a newspaper for merely pleasure or curiosity, he ought to note down the words he does not know the *exact* meaning of, and get their sense and roots as soon as possible. This is a capital plan for any boy wishing to acquire good English. He should study also the styles of others, and graphic, original, and even pretty ways of expressing ideas. Big words should not be, as a rule, lugged into ordinary conversation: but a clear, concise, and telling way of rounding sentences is most important.



Until you acquire this, it is better to say but little, and think the more.

Get into a good shop at the outset. If your manners are urbane; if you look business-like without being fussy; if you appear willing to learn; if you dress genteelly, without apparent pride or show; if you are pleasant and willing, and think more about others than yourself, you will be sure to get on.

The shop you commence in must be one where there is time granted for study, and such time must not be spent in idleness; if it be, you will be losing that which you will never be able to regain; others will pass you in the race of life, and, instead of having a place of your own at eight-and-twenty, you will still be an assistant, and not much good at that.

Now, as to study itself. Supposing you have got what is vulgarly called "a good schooling," you must continue to read and study, not necessarily hard, but unremittingly. It is an excellent plan to have a few little note-books, and to jot down everything that is likely to be useful, but which is difficult to remember.

There is a Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, and you must pass the examinations thereof with as much *éclat* as you possibly can.

These examinations are three in number; called, (1) the Preliminary; (2) the Minor; and (3) the Major.

I will say a word or two about each of these, but must first remind the reader that the Society demands that the candidate for examination for membership must have been engaged for at least three years compounding medicines and translating prescriptions, either as an apprentice, student, or otherwise.

Now, it is best for the lad to be bound by indenture, but it is not absolutely necessary, and there may be cases where the premium that has to be paid, in England at all events, may be a matter of consideration with the parents or guardians. In Scotland, I believe, it is always the case that the very youngest shop assistant has an annually rising salary.

Be this as it may, the rule of the Society is clear enough.

Well then, supposing the boy is about to be apprenticed, or to enter a shop to learn the business, in either case he will consult his own interest by getting the Preliminary exam. over at first.

It is held in nearly all the important towns of England and Scotland. The fullest information regarding it is to be obtained from the Registrar, Mr. R. Bremridge, 17, Bloomsbury Square, London, who will supply the would-be candidate with a printed form, which has to be filled up and returned to him within fourteen days, with a fee of £2 2s. If the lad fails

to pass this examination he will have another chance on paying a guinea. If he fails in this he will have to pay two for another trial.

The examination takes place on the second Tuesdays of January, April, July, and October.

Nor is it a very difficult one. It consists first in English Grammar and Composition; secondly, in Arithmetic, viz., the first four rules, simple and compound; proportion, simple and compound; vulgar and decimal fractions; with a complete knowledge of the system of weights and measures, British and metrical; thirdly, Latin. This last is easy enough, perhaps, but very important. It consists in translating short and simple sentences of English into Latin, and reducing to English a passage or two, chosen by the examiners, of "Caesar's Gallie War," or "Virgil's *Aeneid*"—one or other of these at the option of the candidate, and I may say the first is the easier. It is wholly a written examination, and the handwriting and spelling are essential.

If, however, you have a certificate of having passed any one of the following examinations—provided it included among its subjects English, Latin, and Arithmetic—by enclosing such certificate with your fee to the Registrar you will get clear of the Preliminary. The examinations I alluded to are the Preliminary examinations of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and Ireland, the Apothecaries' Societies of England and Ireland, the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, or the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow; the higher examinations of the Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Queen's University, Ireland; the matriculation or entrance examinations of the Universities of London and Dublin, and Royal University, Ireland; certificates of the Oxford and Cambridge Schools examination, and first and second certificates of the College of Preceptors.

So much for your Preliminary exams. Having got this off your mind, you will settle steadily down to business for a time, and read up in your leisure hours for the next examinations—the Minor and the Major.

It is to be specially noted that each candidate must state at the time of giving notice to the Registrar whether he desires to be examined in London or in Edinburgh. Candidates will receive notice of the date on which they will be required to present themselves.

In the practical portion of the Major examination standard works of reference will be provided for the use of the candidates at the discretion of the examiner. But no other books or memoranda will be allowed.

To conduct these examinations the Board

of Examiners meet at 17, Bloomsbury Square, London, in February, April, June, July, October, and December; and in Scotland, at 36, York Place, Edinburgh, in January, April, July, and October. Fees must be paid and notice given to the Registrar in London during the first week of the month in which the exam. is to take place. Certificates of birth must accompany this notice.

For the Minor "go" the candidate will be examined—1. In the reading of prescriptions, and will have to translate English into Latin. He must also give proof of his ability to note unusual doses. This is all very important. A young man who receives a prescription in a shop should never be above asking questions if he does not thoroughly understand it, and calling the attention of his superior, or of the prescriber, to a dose which he may consider dangerously large. 2. In his ability to make up prescriptions neatly and ready for delivery. 3. In Pharmacy; in the prescriptions of British Pharmacopœia. 4. In Materia Medica. He must be able to recognise at once specimens of drugs used in medicinal preparations. 5. Elementary Botany. 6. Organic and Inorganic Chemistry. This last is probably the most difficult; but all are complete tests of necessary knowledge.

The fee for this examination is £3 3s., and the candidate must be twenty-one years of age.

After passing this test successfully he can commence business; but he is not a Pharmaceutical Chemist. There is still the *Major* examination, for which a fee of £5 5s. is demanded, and it may be passed not less than six months after the Minor. It is of the same nature, only higher and stiffer.

The candidate who has passed this is admitted as a member of the Pharmaceutical Society on an annual payment of one guinea.

Let me urge upon the would-be chemist and druggist, for his own sake, to be as perfect in his subjects as possible. Let study be constant and to the point.

Now, in this paper I have described the cheapest way of getting on, and I really think that to an energetic young man it is as good as any. But attendance at classes are useful, as well as an apprenticeship. This last may cost £50, and the classes, one way or another, £50 more.

Atkinson's "Chemistry" is a good book, and Bentley's "Botany." There are cases to be had also, from Messrs. Wells and Wootton, chemists, London, for about fifteen shillings, which contain specimens of all the drugs that are likely to be presented to the student during his examination in Pharmacy.

(THE END.)

## AMONG THE GEYSERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOLCANOES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS," ETC.

### PART I.

WHAT is a geyser? Some four hundred years ago a hot spring near Hancadal, in Iceland, began to leap in the air at irregular intervals, with much noise and turbulence; it obtained the name of the Angry Springs, and, to distinguish it from all other springs, it became known as the "Rager," or, in Icelandic, the "Geyser." It seems to have been the first of the spouting fountains noticed by Europeans, and for a long time it was the greatest, and all other similar springs were, after it, called geysers.

Year by year it grew more violent, and shot its column of water and steam higher into the air. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Olafsen tells us, it had three or four eruptions a day, and often obtained the height of three hundred feet. Now, it seldom plays oftener than once in thirty hours, and its height does not exceed eighty feet.

In 1789 Stanley found a rival close to the geyser. This was the Stokkr, or Churn, which the same year had its arrangements

disturbed by an earthquake, and became a mere reservoir of hot water. The name was, however, a good one, and when a new fountain broke out close by, it was transferred to it. In 1804 the original Churn began to work again, and sent up a fountain of nearly two hundred feet.

Iceland has now many of these intermittent hot springs. In the north-western district there are over a hundred within a circle of two miles. They rise through a bed of lava, which may have come from Hecla,



whose summit, thirty miles away, can be seen from their site. The rushing of water is heard in the chasms beneath the surface, for here, as at Etna, rivers flow in subterranean channels through the cavernous lavas. After earthquakes many of the geysers have increased or diminished in violence and volume, or entirely ceased, and new ones broken out, a fact easily explained by the opening of new fissures and the closing of old ones.

A grand sight is an eruption of one of these boiling fountains. Let Captain Forbes bear witness: "Twice during the night," he says, "I was aroused by the unearthly complaints of the geyser; but, beyond the vast clouds of vapour which invariably follow each detonation, and a gentle overflowing of the basin, they were false alarms. As morning was breaking it sounded an unmistakable reveille, which would have roused up the dead; and I had barely time to take up my position at the brink of the old Strokr before full power was turned on. Jet succeeded jet with fearful rapidity, earth trembled, and the very cone itself seemed to stagger under the ordeal. Portions of its sides, rent with the uncontrollable fury it had suddenly generated, were ripped off and flew up in volleys, soaring high above water and steam, whilst the latter rolled away in fleecy clouds before the light north wind, and, catching the rays of the morning sun just glistening over the Jökul tops in the east, was lustrous white as the purest snow. Discharge succeeded discharge in rapid succession for upwards of four minutes,

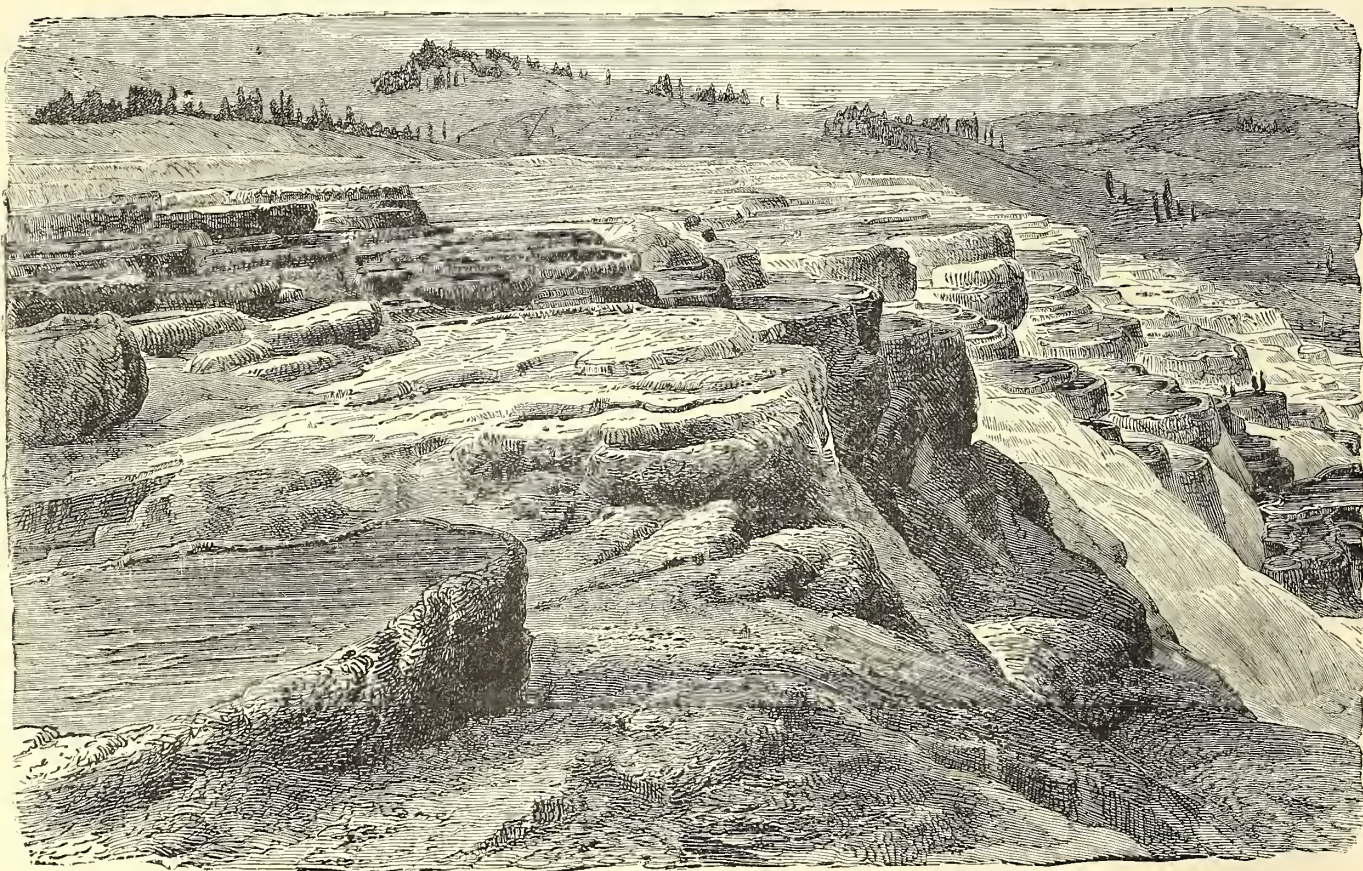
ing back to my former position, the basin filled rapidly, and I was just in time to witness the most magnificent explosion of all. Everything seemed to depend on this superhuman effort, and a solid, unbroken column of water, twenty-five feet in circumference, was hurled upwards, attaining an altitude very near a hundred feet. Here the column paused for a moment before reversing its motion, then fell listless and exhausted through the volumes which followed it into its throbbing cup, again to undergo its fiery ordeal."

For a long time geysers were unknown out of Iceland, but in 1810 a trapper on the forks of the Missouri was captured by Blackfoot Indians. In a marvellous way he escaped, and in his escape he found his way to the district we now know as the Yellowstone National Park of the United States. There he found hot springs and geysers in hundreds, and when he returned to civilisation he related what he had seen—and no one believed him. In vain he told his tale of the land of fire. "There are fountains of steam," said he, to quote from a recent story based on his adventures, "roaring and jumping away half a mile high, and the water in the pools is on the boil, spitting and bubbling as if it was in a camp-kettle at supper-time, and great splutters of hot mud go skyrocketing aloft as if they had been blown up with powder. It is a wonderful place. There is one corner of it where everything is turned to stone. All the sage-bushes done in stone; all the leaves and branches looking just natural like, and yet all turned to rock.

their insides, they are full of sham diamonds and rubies and emeralds!"

This sort of thing was too much for the average American; but Indians and others were met with who confirmed it, and at last, in 1869, an expedition was organised to inquire into its truth. And they found the Yellowstone district even more wonderful than the trapper had said, and the chief of the wonders were the geysers.

But for a general view of the geysers of the Yellowstone we cannot do better than again turn to "The Pursued": "Next day," begins the chapter on Firehole Valley, "they journeyed down the north side of the river flowing to the west, and early in the afternoon came in view of the lowermost plains of fire. Beyond were dark pine woods, and in front of them, against the background of dark green and the deep blue sky, were scores of steam columns rising from the earth as if the plain were the coat of a boiler which had been riddled by shrapnel. Regularity in arrangement there was none; here, there, and everywhere the vast seething spouts were rising and falling, playing steadily and collapsing, one after the other soaring aloft as its neighbours sank. Through the plain of steam-jets ran the Firehole river, up which lay their route for another dozen miles, and beyond the trees were the snow-white mountains, from which its cold waters came to mingle with the boiling products of the springs. Some of the columns rose from basins, some from craters built up of the silica they had held in solution and thrown down as these waters evaporated; for all the springs are



Mammoth Hot Springs.—Hot Wells on Gardiner River, Upper Basin.

when, apparently exhausted, and its basin left empty, I scrambled up to the margin, intending to have a good look down the tube, which I imagined must also be empty; but the water was still within a few feet of the brink, and boiling furiously. Hasten-

And under the bushes you see the rabbits and sage-hens just as if they were all-alive-oh, but all stone. And there are stone trees with stone fruit—ahem—proper stone fruit with stone flesh and stone stones; and when the trees fall, and you can look at

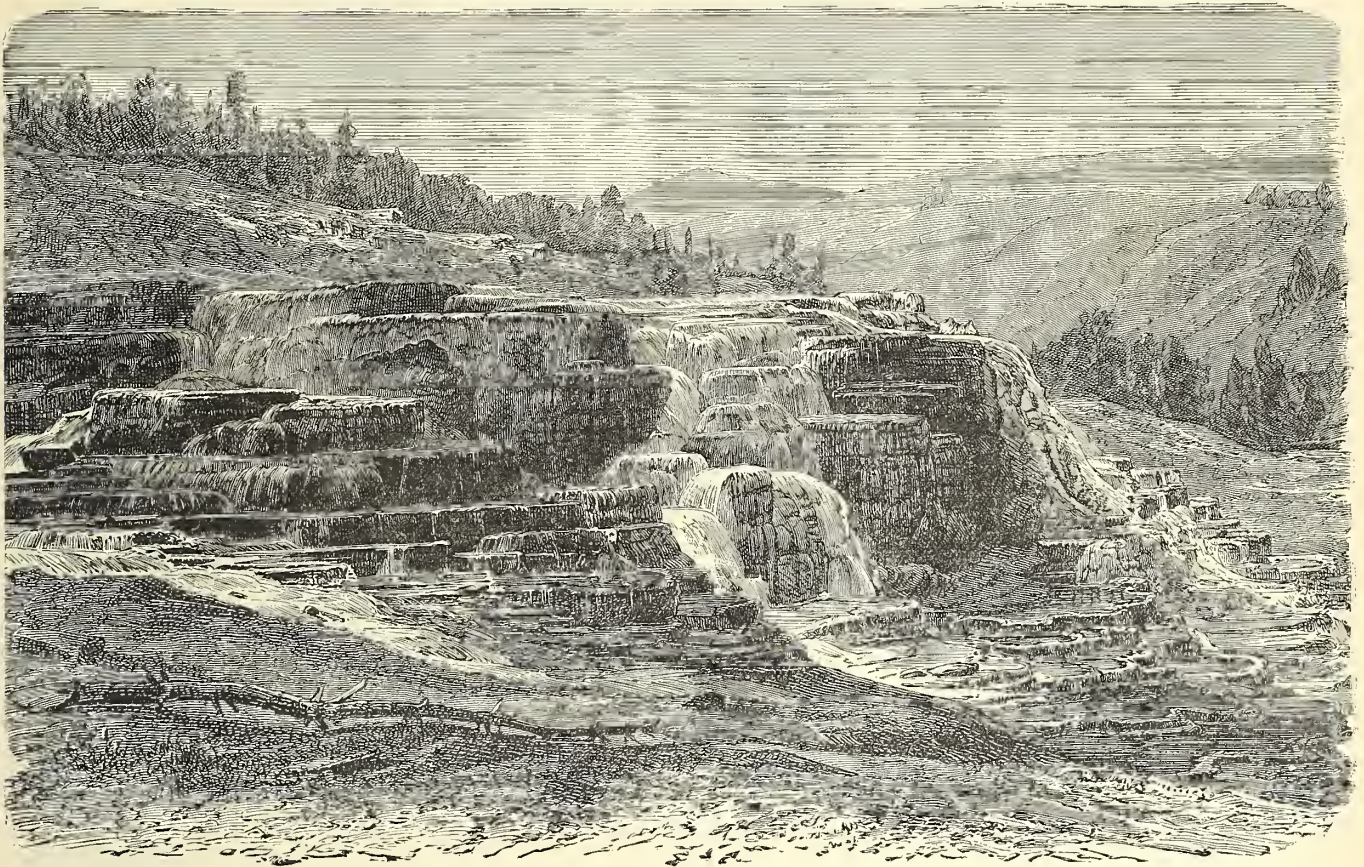
mineral. Here was a group with circular basins having overhanging rims covered with flinty lace and leaf-work. Here, amid a group of smaller jets, shot up a giant fifty feet high from a pool a hundred feet across. Every spring swayed in the wind as it



thinned aloft, and showered down its spray from which the layers of silica were spread, transparent when thin, translucent when thick—filmy, glassy, pearly, milky, and then deepening to tints of rose and blue.

in width, and the steaming stream was overflowing its banks in its rush towards the throat of the valley. And all around, out of the trees and among the trees, great spouts were rising and paying tribute to the

water some three miles by two in area, with shores paved with trachyte and obsidian. Pines grow on the mountain sides around where the slope is too steep to be scaled; and ten thousand feet above the sea lake-



Diana's Bath.—Hot Wells on Gardiner River, Lower Basin.

How lightly and swiftly the films are laid may be guessed from the fact that in one thick mass of solid rock Sequoyah found a butterfly. The insect had lost none of its beauty; not a leg or a feeler was injured, and the wings were as bright and soft in colour as if they had not lost a scale. About an eighth of an inch of transparent silica had formed upon them, and there they lay imbedded in the rock for ever. Soon the valley narrowed and the high-timbered hills closed in on it. For two miles or more Salter headed the procession, and then another group of geysers came into view, from the centre of which rose the highest steam column in the world. The tumult was tremendous; the mighty wars of boiling water, sixty feet through, rose for three hundred feet before it broke, rising in huge throbs, higher, higher, higher. Rock masses as big as hats and saddles were being hurled aloft and pitched off to leeward. The water as it fell in a torrent swept into the river, here a hundred yards

aply-named river. Again Sequoyah and his friends entered a peaceful valley, and again they came out on a scene of force and fire. Now they had reached their goal, and the steam springs were in full fury. The air seemed heavy with sulphurous fumes; the vapour was thick enough to veil the sun as it sank behind the western mountains. The ridges and knolls on every hand were covered by clouds which floated in long plumes over the tree tops. There was a branch to the river, and in the angle formed as branch and river met, the battery was thickest; but along the main river, on either bank, was an unbroken line of nature's artillery. Roaring and thundering, the tons of water shot aloft, breaking into crowns of steam, which condensed into spray as it fell, and gave all the colours of the sunset as it split and bent the beams of light."

The Firehole, herein named, is the main fork of the Madison river, which comes from Madison lake, one of the highest of mountain lakes, a heart-shaped sheet of

lets nestle in the mountain tops, girt to the very water's edge with the sombre trees. Down the sides and ridges from the lake and its lakelets drops the water in cascades to feed the Firehole; and ten miles from the source, just before reaching the geyser basin, the stream rolls through a deep trachyte gorge, and emerges in two cataracts—one twenty, one fifty feet high.

It was in 1871 that explorers first found the geysers. Hastening by the river-side, thinking that all worth seeing had been left behind, and anxious to reach the settlements in the Madison valley, they were astonished to see a column of clear water spring into the air in front of them. "Geysers! geysers!" was the shout, and on the horses were spurred, and soon they stood round the spouting spring, to which they gave the name of "Old Faithful," which it still bears, owing to the regularity of its eruption. Erratic as the other geysers may be, the visitor is sure of a display to time from Old Faithful.

(To be continued.)

## AN ALLIGATOR ADVENTURE.

BY ARTHUR MONTEFIORE, F.R.G.S.

THE night was deliciously cool and clear, as all summer nights in Florida are, and the doors and French windows of our bungalow were wide open to admit the slight air which was stirring and bringing to us the fragrance of the orange-blossoms

in the grove. Our house stood in the centre of an orange-grove, which gently sloped towards a small but beautiful lake; and this lake, sheltered by the grove and a belt of pine-trees beyond, was always a refreshing sight through the long, hot summer days.

Cool though the night was, somehow or other I was unable to sleep. I was lying under my mosquito-net, and consequently safe from the external irritation produced by those pests the mosquitos, but I was bothered in my mind, and its colleague, my



body, would therefore take no rest. The grove was a continual source of worry, and the difficulty of negro labour an unceasing nuisance. My "coloured help" had left me that very evening, simply because I had remonstrated with him for ploughing so carelessly as to injure my best orange-trees.

"Waal," he had said, "if I can't suit yer, I guess I'll git."

And "git" he did; and what on earth was I to do in the morning? I knew of no reliable man in the neighbourhood whom I could get as a substitute; and the grove needed harrowing, and the bananas transplanting, and the young lemons budding, and any amount more had to be done, and the weather was too insufferably hot for me or any other Englishman with self-respect to do any work worth the name. Then the English mail had arrived, and there were no letters for me, and the week before my budget of newspapers hadn't turned up. And so, what with one thing and another, I was feeling rather sick of the whole life, and getting a bit sentimental over "the old country," when suddenly I heard heavy but rather stealthy steps on the piazza.

"Is that you, Jack?" I called out. Jack was my friend, and he and I were "batching" together—that is to say, we were endeavouring, in double harness, to practise the noble art of housekeeping.

No answer, only more steps.

"Then it's the dog come back," I thought. My dog was a Floridian, and consequently an utter brute—perfectly faithless to everything but his own stomach. After alternately sleeping on the piazza, and gorging food to bursting-point all day long, he had a regular practice of going off in the evening to the neighbouring settlers and getting more grub on the strength of the multitude of bones which the Florida dog, in his base ingratitude, always exhibits.

I whistled. Again no answer. No; it was not the dog. Rather astonished, I

jumped up, and, in my flannel pyjamas, hurried across the large central room, which we used as hall and sitting-room in one, to Jack's bedroom. I found him sleeping a most unmistakable sleep of the just, with his mouth wide open; but I soon shook him back to this world, and asked him to come and find out with me who our nocturnal visitor might be. He grumbled fearfully at first, but at last, taking his gun in his hand—I had a revolver in mine—he followed me.

When we reached the central room we paused and listened. The steps were clearly audible, and, without the shadow of a doubt, they were now in my bedroom. We hurried across and entered the room. At first nothing was visible, but in a few moments, by the dim moonlight which glimmered in under the broad piazza, we made out, horribly clearly, an immense alligator, swinging and flapping his huge tail from side to side and viciously snapping his cavernous jaws.

Jack, without a moment's hesitation, let fly both barrels, but his sportsman-like sense was evidently lost in that of self-preservation, for he never brought his gun to the shoulder, but blazed away from his hip. Moreover, as the cartridges were only loaded with quail-shot, the effect on the alligator was *nil*, at least as far as damage went. But it clearly annoyed him, as swish, bang, whop, went his tail, and down came my camp washing-stand to the ground. As it seemed evident he was making up his mind to go for us, we beat an orderly retreat to the door. My revolver, in the dim light, was not likely to be of much use, and as my Winchester rifle stood in the corner behind our foe Jack rushed back to his room for his. In the meanwhile the alligator moved in a strategic manner on my position. As I had not formulated any plan of campaign, I fairly made a bolt for it, and banged to the door.

Jack now returned, and we held a council

of war. Our mode of attack was soon decided on. I got the stable lantern, lighted it, and fastened it to the end of a long pole, and then we both crept softly out on to the piazza, round to the window of my bedroom. The idea was to hold the lighted lantern well into the room and right into our visitor's eyes, so as to temporarily blind him while Jack took a good aim. This, we flattered ourselves, was *la guerre* indeed, and a manoeuvre worthy of a Wolseley!

Well, to cut the story short—the whole thing was over in a few minutes—I thrust my lantern several feet into the room, right over the alligator's tail. Round he swung in a second. Up went his hideous head and wide gaped his jaws—just in front of the lantern—a splendid shot.

Bang! bang! went the rifle—aimed true and steady for his mighty mouth. A rush—swiss-sh, whop! went his tail. Crash! went my lantern; and we, well, we went, too! He was bound to die, we knew; but why on earth did he make such a disturbance about it? And, above all, why should he be so particular about dying in the open air? Jack's bullets told, however, and before the alligator had got off the piazza he rolled over once, twice, and, with one last stroke of that terrible tail, expired. When we measured him we found he was eleven feet six inches long, from the snout to the tip of the tail—a monster indeed. Of course, his visit could easily be accounted for. In the cool of the night he had left his usual habitat—the lake—and waddled up through the grove to the house; and was doubtless as much surprised as we were to find himself in such unwonted quarters.

I clearly recollect each incident of that night's adventure, and the feelings of each successive moment, but it took place more than two years ago, and as I write, my feet are now resting on the very handsome mat which I have had made from the skin of our unbidden guest—that Florida alligator.

(THE END.)

## PRACTICAL ETCHING.

BY ALFRED WITHERS AND FRED MILLER.

### PART VIII. (and last).

#### PEN-AND-INK DRAWING: ORIGINAL SUBJECTS FOR ETCHING.

BEFORE concluding this series of papers it may add to their practical value if we touch on pen-and-ink drawing as the best preliminary study to original work in etching.

The whole effect in etching, as we have seen, is obtained by a series of lines of varying depth, according to the time the lines have been exposed to the action of the acid. There will at first be a certain feeling of awkwardness in using so inflexible an instrument as a needle to draw with, and as a pen allows of much less freedom than a pencil, it stands to reason that if we make our original sketch in pen-and-ink before beginning the etching, we shall have gained some idea of the effect of our etched plate.

Now, pen-and-ink drawing, to be effective, should be simple in method, *i.e.*, we should not make two pen-marks where one is sufficient, for the fewer lines one uses the better for our drawing as well as our etching. Bristol board is the best material to draw upon, as the surface is hard and smooth, and the pen runs over the surface without catching in anything. This is an important consideration, for every time you put the

pen on the board it should mark *freely* and *at once*. On ordinary paper the pen often fails to mark, or marks only partially. Lightly pencil out the main lines of the drawing, or, better still, make a rough sketch in pencil, and trace this on tracing-paper, that is, trace the main features, so that when you come to make your pen-and-ink drawing you can go at your work right away, and not be trying experiments half your time. Rub the back of the tracing with a little ordinary stove black-lead, and clean the surplus lead off with a rag or piece of wool. Place the tracing on to the Bristol board, and go over the design with a hard pencil or other pointed instrument, and you will find you will have a faint outline of the drawing on your board, just sufficient to guide you in employing your pen.

Now, the first thing to do is to put in the principal forms with a few certain strokes. If there are any buildings put these in, but try and draw the horizontal and perpendicular lines, as ruled lines are apt to look hard and mechanical. If there be water with buildings reflected, put these reflections in by a series of lines running in the same direction as the wavelets, *i.e.*, from left to right. In all drawings done in lines, let the lines follow as far as possible the

grain or surface of the material. The wavelets flow horizontally, so keep your lines in the water horizontal. The light and shade should be got, not so much by putting the lines closer together as getting the dark places by thicker lines. This reminds me as to the pens to be used. The best (Gillot's or Mitchell's) crowquill pens should be used, except where very dark lines are to be drawn, and then a good ordinary steel pen may be used. Liquid Indian ink is the best fluid, as, if mistakes are made, Chinese white will efface them, whereas, if ink of other make be used, nothing but scraping will efface faulty passages.

Recollect that pen-and-ink drawing consists of suggestion. A brick building, for instance, is best rendered by introducing a few carefully drawn bricks at the edge of one particular part of the building, rather than in covering the building all over with bricks. So, too, a slate, or tile roof. If you are drawing from nature, *half close your eyes*, and note where a patch of slates or bricks is prominent, and put this in. By half closing one's eyes the mass of intricate detail is somewhat lost sight of, and only the prominent features—the very ones we ought to seize upon—are seen. If we think over the matter for a moment it is evident we cannot put in all we see. In rendering



a field of corn we suggest the effect of myriads of ears by noting some part of the field where a few distinct forms are visible, and putting them into our drawing. I don't mean to imply that to do this is not difficult; artists will tell you that it is most difficult to do well, and requires years of training for the eye to seize upon the salient features, and years of practice to enable the hand to carry out the bidding of the brain. But I know, in my own case, that it was often for the want of knowing what I ought to try and do that I failed to do anything, and I would have my readers avoid the pitfalls that beset your humble servant.

To return to our cornfield. Looking at it with *half-closed eyes*, we note the bands or waves of shadow passing over the wheat, and we indicate these with broken lines running from left to right. If the field is some distance off, we can only treat it in *this* general way, either as a space, light or dark, as the case may be, in the rest of the landscape. If it come near the eye, then we might individualise a little more, and where a few ears come against the sky, or are thrown into relief by a dark hedge or tree, carefully draw these in.

We have left our chief difficulty for our final consideration, and that is tree-drawing. I know nothing more perplexing to the young artist than the rendering of a tree. Well do I remember when I first essayed to sketch from nature how hopeless the task seemed to suggest the multiplicity of leaves and branches. Experience has taught me that to render this appearance of multiplicity the *simplest* treatment is necessary. Dotted the tree all over will not render the effect of leaves, and it is quite impossible to put in every branch. We must simply look at the tree as a *shape*. Half-close your eyes again, and look at it against the sky, or wherever it comes, and think of it simply as a shape—a sort of irregular square. A photograph of a tree reveals to a certain extent what I mean. A good many of the details are lost in the general mass, and we can think of it as a shape. In drawing a tree, put a sort of outline round the tree, being very careful to follow the *prominent* angles, just as you would if you were drawing a map of Scotland. Get in your important promontories, and let the minute details take care of themselves. If you can get in the chief branches and trunk, and get the *shape* of the tree, you will not be far off success. Take in the trunk and main branches, and then look where the masses of light foliage come, and where the masses of dark come, and then fill in the shape with a series of lines. If the tree is far from the eye, a series of perpendicular lines will give a good effect; but if the tree is near, then a series of short touches may be better, but keep the work simple. You will find you will get a better effect by a series of lines taken right across the tree than if you attempt to imitate foliage. Of course, it is desirable to suggest what sort of tree it is you are drawing, and this can be done by preserving the general shape and the growth of the branches, though it can be helped, of course, by the sort of work you fill in the tree with. Willow-trees, for instance, can be easily rendered by almost perpendicular lines. Be careful to preserve the important *holes of light* seen through the tree. The whole effect is often got by getting just a hole or two of light in a mass of dark. Again let me repeat, let your work err on the side of simplicity. Don't attempt to put in too many details.

Skies are very difficult to treat in pen and ink. Little more can be done than suggesting the principal cloud-forms. Elaborate skies in pen and ink are rarely successful, even when done by an artist.

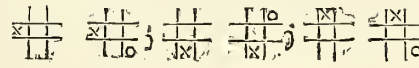
F. MILLER.

## THE SCIENCE OF NAUGHTS AND CROSSES.

BY A WRANGLER AND LATE MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

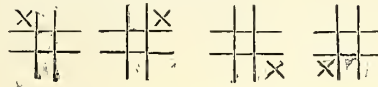
(Continued from page 717.)

Ex.—Finish the following games in which X must win.



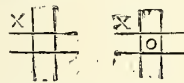
### THE CORNER SPACE MOVE.

The corner space move—



If the adversary opens as above in one of the corner spaces, there is danger ahead. You have only one correct reply—*medio tutissimus ibis*; by which precept Virgil would admonish you to put your O into the middle square. The seven other possible moves are one and all fatal.

Correct reply—



when a draw should result. The position, however, may require care on O's part. Thus if X now moves

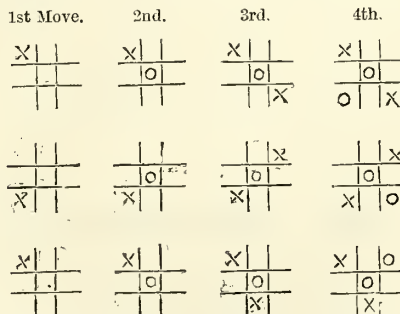


O must avoid the two remaining corners; and if X moves

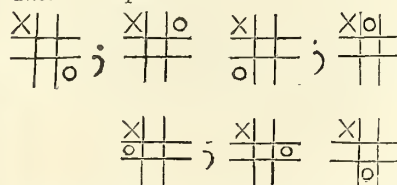


O must go anywhere except into the right-hand top corner. Conversely X, when it becomes his turn to make the third move, should go into these two positions as often as possible in order to give O the greatest chance of falling into the trap.

Ex.—Verify this by showing that in each of the following three games, after O has made the incorrect fourth move X must win.

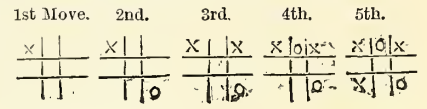


Incorrect replies—

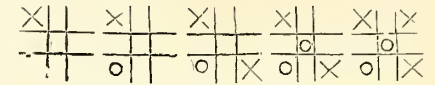


These are seven in number, which, for convenience, may be arranged under four heads.

(a) Into the corner space opposite X. X plays as follows to win.



(b) Into one of the two other corner spaces.



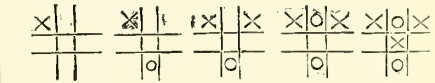
(c) Into either of the two side spaces adjoining X.



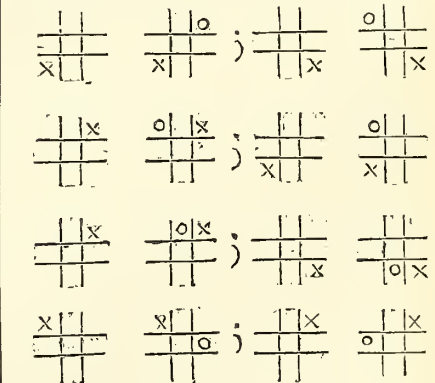
or,



(d) Into either of the two other side spaces.



Ex.—X to win in the following eight games.



The whole subject has now been thoroughly thrashed out. Our results may be very simply and conveniently summed up, and arranged for reference in the tabulated form which will appear in our next issue.

(To be continued.)

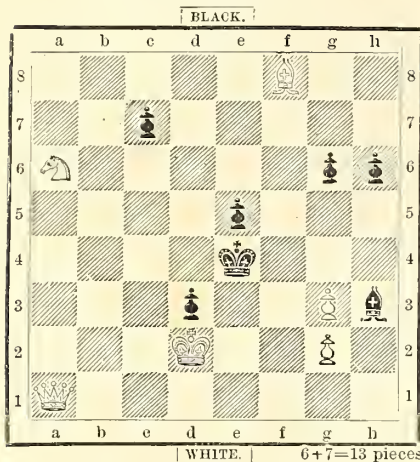




## CHESS.

## Problem No. 211.

By J. POSPISIL.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

CESKE ULOHY SACHOVE.

(Continued from our last Chess Column.)

The Bohemian notation of the board is the International, as indicated on the frame of our diagram, and the names of the pieces in the usual order, omitting accents on some of the vowels and consonants, are K = Kral, D = Dama, V = Vez, S = Strelec, J = Jezdec, P = Pesec.

The Bohemian text of 38 pages, explaining the fundamental principles of composition, is cleverly written by Josef Pospisil, and well translated into German by Jan Kotre. Another lover of chess, who has had a good share in the publication and the excellent printing of the work, is F. Moucka, editor of some Bohemian chess columns. Pospisil refers to the German, English, and American schools of composition, praises the first for thoroughness and depth, the second and third for difficulty and originality, and indicates the aim of the Bohemian school as striving after the ideal of beauty.

The 322 problems are nearly all gracefully constructed, not one of them can be called crowded, only three by Kondelik contain 24 pieces each. The Kt plays a predominant part, for it is absent in only 18 of the 322 problems. As the best dozen we would select Nos. 1, 57, 171, 182, 186, 224, 231, 252, 260, 263, 283, and 302; and would add the following: Nos. 30, 39, 43, 58, 60, 71, 77, 86, 90, 91, 94, 97, 99, 105, 110, 121, 142, 149, 151, 167, 170, 188, 222, 240, 267, 275, 295, 300, 303, 304, 310, and 318. —Variations, which produce symmetrical play, are amusing, and occur most characteristically in Pospisil's No. 182, 280, 283; Dobrusky's 39, 224, 231; Chocholous's 86, 245, 252; Kondelik's 259, 318; Koutnik's 123; Traxler's 210; Pilnacek's 276, and a few others.

No. 186 appears on the above diagram, and will be found remarkable on account of the four mates with the Kt.

(To be continued.)

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

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THIRD DIVISION (ages from 11 to 15).

IN this class we do not feel justified in increasing the value of the prize, which is divided between two competitors.

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

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[The names are arranged in order of merit.]

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PERCY STANWAY TAPP, Idle, near Bradford.

ANSLEY TAPP, Idle, near Bradford.

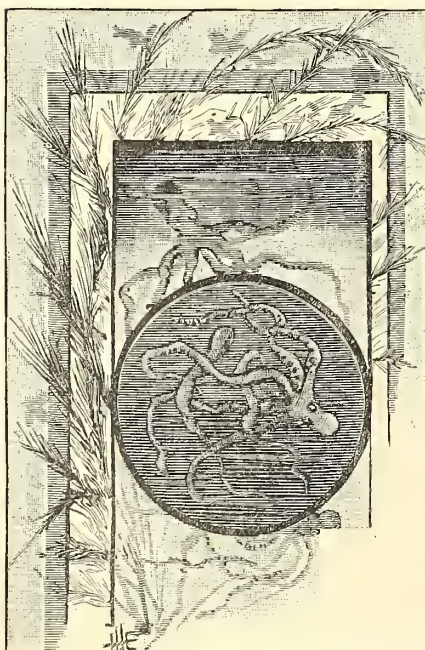
WILLIAM HUGHES, 48, Malvern Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

S. H. HEATSMAN, Delaware House, 15A, Park Road, Bromley, Kent.

WALTER GEORGE JOHNSON, 80, Chalk Farm Road, N.W.

FRANK CRAIG, 13, Burma Road, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington.

## Correspondence.



J. E. M.—The Museum of Practical Geology is open all days except Sundays and Fridays. It says so on the notice-board at the door.

A. MARSHALL.—To make a jelly-bag tail for a kite, cut out of calico a circle eighteen inches in diameter; cut this into quarters; take each quarter, and sew the straight edges together so as to make a sugarloaf, round the edge of which hem a ring of split cane. This forms one of the jelly-bags, and you should have about eight. To fix them, tie three strings to the ring, and tie them into one about a foot away from it; let the single string be a yard long, and tie it on to the bottom of the bag above it, or the kite, if you are dealing with the top bag.

FRETSAW.—You can get price list of fret-sawing machines from Melhuish and Co., Fetter Laue, E.C.

VIOLIN.—You should first stain the fiddle yellow, but do not stain the neck till all the rest is finished, and varnished. To get the yellow stain, dissolve gamboge in spirits-of-wine for two or three days. Use a camel-hair brush, and do not go over the same place twice. When the gamboge is dry, apply varnish darkened to suit your fancy with dragon's-blood gum.

A. J. THOMPSON.—1. A licence is required for all firearms. It costs ten shillings. 2. The Customs dues are twenty-five per cent., or ninety per cent. of the cost.

AN EARNEST READER.—You must consult a physician for neuralgia, because it depends on so many different causes.

HERBERT STANLEY DEAN.—You must keep reading our monthly DOINGS to know what food to give pigeons and all pets. It is impossible to keep on repeating week after week.

A. WHITE.—Yes; one egg is first fully formed, and either retarded or thrown back the egg-tube, allowing another to form round it. We found the other day a blackbird's egg which had been discarded from the nest, and which contained one egg inside another.

A. C. LANGTON.—1. Take a course of iron and quinine to purify and strengthen your blood. Any chemist will tell you the dose. 2. The bird has caught cold; put a little glycerine in the water every morning, and a bit of gum-arabic as big as a pea. 3. Yes; writing is fairly good.

H. H. H.—Guinea-pigs. See our monthly DOINGS.

A. E.—Rub the canary's leg with a little lauoline ointment.

HEABOLE and Others.—We are constantly being asked the prices of birds, etc., and where they can be procured. One would think a bird-shop would naturally suggest itself. Well, when this is not handy, birds, and also small cattle of every kind, will be found advertised in such papers as "Live Stock Journal," "Stock-Keeper," "Poultry," and more especially in "Exchange and Mart."

S. G.—Wash the dog's feet with Sanitas soap, and use Sanitas veterinary ointment. They must be kept clean. Feed very well, and give green food mashed.

FRED.—You say your pigeon was sick the other day, and want us to say what was the matter. Funny lad! Pigeons suffer from fifty ills, and you do not name a symptom.

J. G. THOMPSON.—Cassell's "Book of Birds," thirty shillings.

F. SANDERS.—The bat will die. Do not try taming old ones.

SENECA.—Stand straight while at work, and take plenty of good food and fresh air, with a morning tub.

T. G. O'DONOGHUE.—You might try the application of nitrate of silver as one would dispel a wart. But we fear it is no good.

FRECKLES.—Freckles are not disfiguring. They are a healthy sign. The quackery you have been trying will do no good.

M. WESTON.—Rabbits should have an opportunity of drinking water if so minded. They will not touch it unless they need it.

E. G. L.—Ask any naturalist or bird-stuffer. Make your own butterfly-net.

G. E. G. ST.—Give the jay a large cage, or, better still, give it liberty to run about. Feed on table-scraps, insects, oatmeal paste—anything, in fact, and everything.

C. CARTER.—Try Spratt's worm-powders for cattle. We know their composition, and can recommend them.

READER.—Squeeze the black ticks out, and rub face well when drying it.

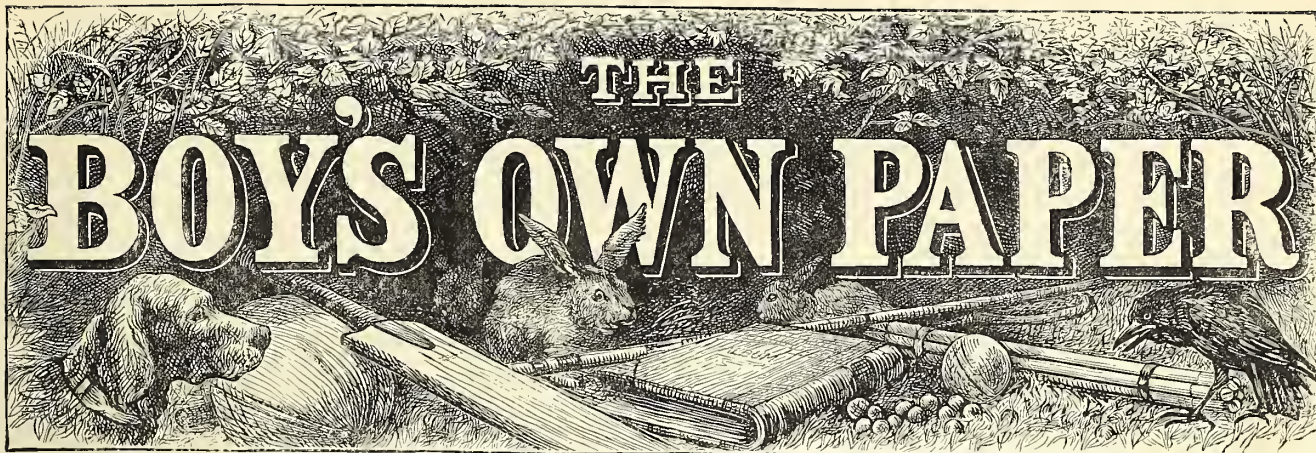
OLANDOR.—Better have your feet seen to. Bunions may become a dangerous trouble, and destroy joints.

VICTORIA B. C.—Leave the tumour in ear-flap alone; it will dry up, but not if you keep lancing it. Rub it daily with bline ointment.

STANLEY.—Feed parrots on oats, Indian corn, canary and hemp seed, sop of bread-and-milk, ripe fruit, biscuit, toast, and nuts. Bird-fancier boys, please note.

F. O. G. — 1. Sanitas soap. 2. Consult a doctor. 3. We do not approve of the use of bird-lime.





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SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888.

Price One Penny.  
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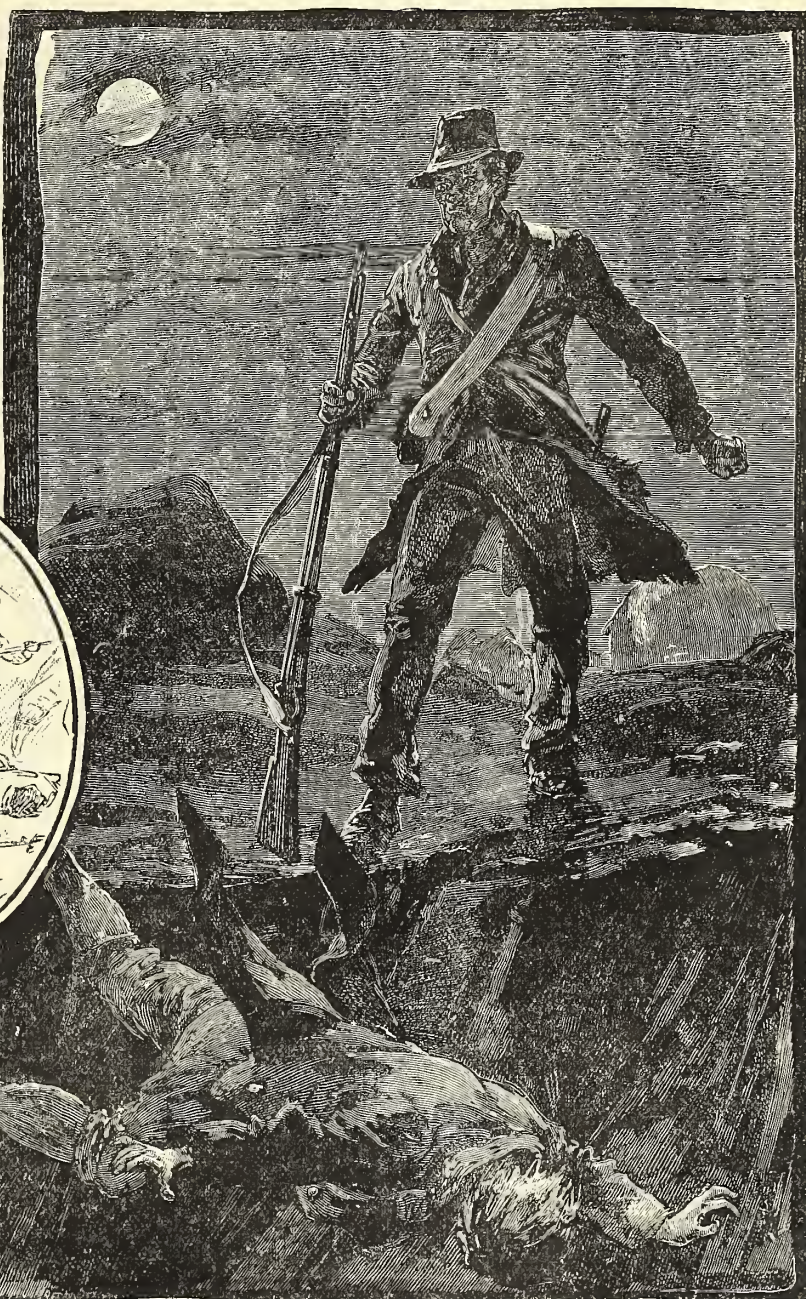
## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY.

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY  
YEARS AGO.

By GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,  
*Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild  
Adventures Round the Pole," etc.*

CHAPTER XX.—DOWN AMONG THE DEAD  
MEN—ON THE "TENTED" FIELD—THE  
OLD IRISH HARPER—THE FIGHT AT  
VINEGAR HILL.

PADDY was not dead. It took a deal  
in those days to kill a real Irish-  
man.



"Down he went sheer to the bottom."— See page 727.



He came to himself in about an hour, but had not the slightest idea where he was.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes and looked about him, and recollection soon returned.

"It was making a divairision I was, sure enough," he said to himself, "and the villain shot me; and to make sure av me rowled me over. Bad scan to him. But it isn't all alone I am, either. One, two, three—why, there must be more than a dozen av us. I'll get up and move away, for it's sound asleep they all are. I won't make noise enough to wake a weasel."

Yes, Paddy Lowrie, those men are sound enough asleep; they sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

Paddy stood up and felt himself all over for his wounds.

"Good luck to that sintry," he said, "for there isn't a hole in me anywhere."

His foot touched the nearest figure. He bent down and put a hand on its shoulder, then examined the rest, while his hair began to creep most uncomfortably under his cap.

He stood in a large pit or hole, alone among the dead, and looked around him for a time in vain for a place of exit.

He clambered up and got clear at last, and with a shiver glanced back. Next minute he was walking along at a pace that superstitious fear alone could have prompted,

"Like one that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And having once turned round walks on  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread."

Three days after this "divairision" of Paddy's, a British soldier captured him, and, at the Irishman's own request, brought him before General Lake and his staff, pig and all.

"It's a spy I am, your lordship, and nothing else."

"Indeed," laughed the General. "Well, my man, you're frank, at all events. Sorry to tell you we'll have to hang you."

"Hang me, sorr. What next, I wonder. Hang Pat Lowrie, av the British ship Blazer? Is it draming I am?"

"Here, Trelawney," cried General Lake; "you can tell us if this man be honest or not."

"You belong to the Blazer?" said the Colonel.

"Sure and I do."

"And why in these clothes? Have you deserted?"

"Didn't I tell ye I was a spy, and the pig and myself have been making a divairision."

Trelawney smiled.

"Who are the officers, and where did you leave her?"

"Not many miles north of Wexford Roads, sorr. The Captain av her is Captain Dawkins, and Spencer's the first luff, and big Dr. McNab's the surgeon, and sure, sorr, if I am not mistaken entoiirely, there's a purty little boy, just come from Paris, and if you're not his father, sorr, you've no business bein' so like him."

"This is a true man, and he has brought us good tidings."

"Thru, indade. Yes, it's throe enough I am, and, beggin' your pardon, but here is a letter for yourself, Ginral Lake, and it's throuble enough I've had to find ye."

Paddy now found himself in clover. He was king in the camp, in a manner of speaking, but next morning found him once more in route for the Blazer's camp, with letters from General Lake and from Trelawney as well.

Three days after, without further adventures, he arrived safely at his destination. So perfect was the intelligence he had brought, and so thoroughly well had he done his duty, and made his "divairision," that the Captain not only thought fit to promote him to the rank of chief petty officer, but made him a present of a purse of twenty golden guineas.

The presence of the Blazer on the coast became known, and deserters from the rebels, both Catholic as well as Protestant, began to pour into the camp.

A week afterwards the little force brought by the ship managed to amalgamate with the main body of General Lake's *corps d'armée*, and the whole body commenced marching upon Ennis-corthy.

The meeting of Dick and his gallant father was of a very affectionate nature, but soldierly on the whole.

"I think," said the Colonel the same evening, "you have done well, my boy. You certainly have brought no disgrace on our old family name. At the same time, I must tell you that you are somewhat headstrong, and—"

"And what, father?"

"Well, I was going to say erratic, but that is rather a strong expression. What I do mean is this—people in the services, whether Army or Navy, should not go out of their way in search of adventures."

"Quite true, father."

"Yes, but you're smiling all the same."

"So are you, my gallant sire. Do you know, sir, I think that fighting is more in your way than preaching."

"Perhaps so," said the Colonel, laughing. "Well, boy, how did you like Paris? I hope you learned something, even there."

"Indeed I did, father."

"Well?"

"I learned to catch the rats like winking."

"Dick, you're an incorrigible."

"But you're glad to see me, all the same?"

"That I am, boy."

"And, I say, father, won't it be fun, you and I fighting side by side!"

"I don't know about the fun, Dick. I shall be somewhat anxious."

"You would rather I was at home playing the flute with my sisters, or frightening the wits out of old Squire Scarecrows—tut! I mean Squire Square-toes?"

The mess-place that night was an old-fashioned barn, or rather granary, but the dinner was good. It was solid and substantial; a roast sucking-pig and a huge round of beef were the principal dishes, while fowls, ducks, and turkeys

were looked upon as mere tit-bits. For a soldier's appetite in the tented field is something there can be no mistake about.

Every one was in good form and excellent spirits. Peniston, Dick, and Dr. McNab were looked upon in the light of guests, or at most honorary members of the mess, so they were made much of accordingly. Not that either of those young officers required much drawing out to make them talk.

Besides, there was cause for all hands to be in good-humour—the Irish rebels had condescended to fight for once in a way. The troops had had a skirmish or two with them already, and looked forward with hope and joy to some really solid warfare.

"They are everywhere five to our one," said Trelawney, in reply to a question from Dick.

"Then," said McNab, addressing his friends, "you youngsters will come in for all the more honour."

"But surely, doctor, you'll be covered with glory yourself," said Dick.

"Covered with gore, you mean; and that depends upon how you fellows fecht. You see, neither of ye ever faced a foe on dry land before, and I'm told those pikemen are terrible tearers."

"Well, McNab," said Peniston, "if they'll only stand up, I'll be bound Dick will do his best to knock them down."

"If you please, sir," said a sergeant, coming up and saluting the General, "there is an old harper outside, who desires to know if he can favour the company with a song."

"Let him come in, and we'll have a look at him. See first that he has no arms concealed about his person. They are up to all sorts of tricks, those Irish spies."

"No, sir, he has no arms," reported the sergeant.

"No need to be afraid," said the harper, in good English, though with a perceptible brogue. "No need to fear. I carry with me neither dagger nor poison—nothing more terrible than this good old harp. And if a dagger was in my hand, much as I might wish to sheath it in your heart, I have not the strength. For fifty years and over have I sung the sorrows of my country, and, before I close my eyes for ever, I hope to sing of its triumphs."

"You are bold, my man. Do you remember where you stand?"

"I stand surrounded by the hated enemies of dear old Ireland, and yet I fear not. I am shielded from harm by the very weight of my years."

"Play, my good fellow," said General Lake; "and if you sing as well as you talk, we will listen with pleasure."

The old man, whose face was almost kingly in its expression, bent him over his harp, and the first touch of its chords sent a strange thrill through every one there. Indeed, this harper was one of a race that, even in those days, had almost died out of the country.

His voice was of wonderful compass, and had no touch of age in it.

The words he sang were Erse or Celtic, but their meaning could not be misunderstood. The tale his voice and harp together told was a history in



itself. It took the listener away back to the days when Tara's halls were thronged with beauty and heroism, where all was gaiety and festivity, with never a thought of coming sorrow, treachery, or gloom, when the merry laugh and the joy-song went round the banqueting-table, and happiness beamed in every eye.

Then it struck a strange, discordant note, and all seemed changed; you could have fancied you saw the frightened looks of beauty, and heard the bustle and babel of tongues, and the hurrying on of armour, the rattling of spears, the clang of shields, and the trumpet's tongue sounding the alarm and summoning the heroes to action.

We are in the battle now, wilder and wilder runs the music and the song every minute, wilder and bolder and louder swords rattle, men fall on every side, there are shouts of triumph, shrieks of pain, and at last the cry of victory woefully mingling with moans of the wounded and the wail for the dead. Then a pause of seconds; the old man bends more over his harp now, his long, white hair falls on it; its strings are moist with his tears, and he ends his wild medley in strains so sweetly sad and pathetic, and in a plaint so mournful, so hopeless, that when the cadence dies away there is silence round the mess-table for nearly a minute: and when these officers burst at last into applause, and clap their hands in true Saxon fashion, it is as much to shake off the weakness that has taken possession of them as anything else. Indeed, to boldly tell the truth, the old harper had raised feelings in their hearts that had brought honest tears into the eyes of more than one.

Then the aged bard disappeared as quietly and quickly as he had come, nor could he be prevailed upon to eat or drink, or touch a Saxon coin.

\* \* \* \*

About the 19th of June a skirmish took place that at first appeared likely to develop into the magnitude of a battle. But the enemy melted away, the pikemen disappeared, preferring

perhaps to harbour their strength for another day.

That day came in less than forty-eight hours, for General Lake made up his mind to strike a decisive blow and capture the stronghold of Vinegar Hill itself.

It was well fortified, and it swarmed with the insurgents, who were evidently determined to hold the hill against all comers or die in its defence.

But nothing could stop the wild onrush of the English, no power that the insurgents could wield was strong enough to stay their advance. Rocks and loosened stones hurled down, with the rapid fire of musketry, thinned their ranks, it is true, and many a gallant soldier bit the sod; but still the fight went on, and rampart after rampart fell, the slaughter of the rebels being fearful.

No quarter would have been given to the English had they been beaten back; no quarter was asked by the insurgents, who died where they stood, pike or musket in hand, even the wounded springing like tiger-cats at the throats of their foes, and seeming to court death rather than try to avoid it.

It was a fight between well-fed, well-disciplined troops against a poorly-drilled and poorly-armed, though brave and fearless mob; and it ended, as all such battles ever did and ever must, in victory for the assailants.

In a very short time Vinegar Hill was in the hands of the English, and the Irish insurgents who had not fallen were demoralised, routed, and running.

Not being to-day in the thick of the fight, Colonel Trelawney had time to note how well and determinedly not only the English, but even the enemy, fought. And there was many a hand-to-hand encounter, too, in which the former got the worst.

But there was one figure in the fight that above all riveted his attention whenever for a single moment it could be taken from his other duties. Need I say it was that of his son Dick. And the lad, in his turn, appeared to feel that his father's eye was on him. No champion of old in tournament ever did

more to command praise and applause than Dick did.

"I will show my father," he said to himself, "that I am a true Trelawney!"

But, remembering the words of Sir Sidney, he kept calm—he kept his excitement under even when charging; and when face to face with a foe, whether pikeman or swordsman, he showed that his cutlass-drill was as perfect—thanks not only to the instruction received at sea, but from old Hal previously—as perfect could be.

Once, when opposed to three men, all on the hill above him, he suddenly disappeared. He had fallen.

"Farewell, my brave boy!" cried the Colonel, aloud.

But this had been but a feint of Dick's, suggested on the spur of the moment, for next second one of his attackers was pitched over his head, to be seen to by marines in the immediate rear; and another almost at the same time fell forward—dead. In the third antagonist Dick had evidently met his match. It was sword and cutlass, and these two fought for a full minute on a piece of level sward. Trelawney saw the men pause in their rush hillwards, as if to witness the contest. At last naval science triumphed, the sword flew—not fell—from the hands of the insurgent officer, and it is needless to say he dropped.

The enemy were pursued for some distance, but most of our troops rested on the ground of their victory.

The surgeons had work enough to do now, having the wounded of the rebels to attend to as well as their own; and the moon, late of rising now, found them still at their ghastly work, and when the sun's advancing rays heralded day's approach, the good work was scarcely yet accomplished, though more than one doctor might have been seen, worn with fatigue and want of nourishment, sound asleep on the blood-stained grass.

Such is civil war, young readers, which may Heaven in mercy keep far from our island and Ireland in the future!

(To be continued.)

## A SMUGGLING ADVENTURE.

BY THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "*Cacus and Hercules*," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER V.

Now Cacus was but an ass, and although judicious training had done much towards softening and civilising the evil traits of his asinine nature, yet he still shared in some degree the obstinacy characteristic of the more degraded members of his race. Hercules had tightened the reins with energetic hand at the sight of Miss Porchester, and Cacus was startled out of a dreamy trot by the sudden tension of the bit. There smote upon his senses a consciousness of restraint which was offensive when he had fixed his heart upon reaching the cool pastures of freedom. The ass shook his head and turned back his long

ears with a flap by way of protest, but his master showed no inclination to take the hint, and only tightened the reins with stronger force. But Cacus was possessed of prodigious strength and was evidently determined to have his way. He moved his head with violent jerks and took the bit firmly between his teeth, and after a few preliminary kicks and plunges, he pranced forward with a jump and commenced to gallop.

He was a good one to gallop. He had received such frequent practice in that exercise under the grape and canister of fives-balls and other missiles. And now he plunged forward in a wild

stampede, with contemptuous disregard of the rein. At the first plunge, crack went one of the traces!

Now Spratt, when he first sighted the convoy, feeling secure of observation from Miss Porchester, ran forward, picking his way among the furze-bushes, and came up to the cart just as Cacus had settled into his stride at full speed.

Hercules was holding manfully to the reins, jolted and bumped till his jaws rattled, the hamper swaying ominously behind, the cart wheels wobbling over the rough road most uncomfortably. The hamper rocked from side to side, and serious sounds issued from its



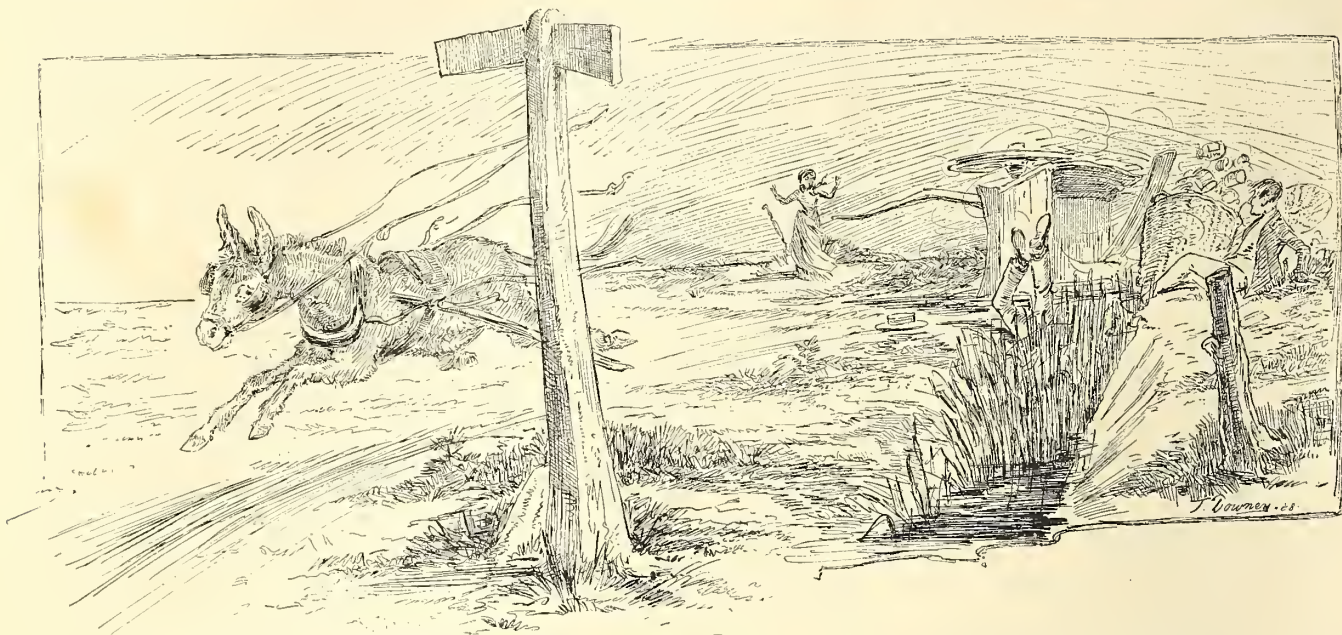
interior of grinding and colliding jam-pots. Hercules saw Spratt close in front, and shouted to him to catch hold of the rein and stop the runaway ass. But it was no easy matter. Spratt made a

wards the scene of the wreck, and called out, in a piteous, wailing voice,

"Oh, dear, I hope you are not hurt ; are you killed ?"

Strange to say neither of the boys

cap, and he had pulled it down over his ears during the drive. His right hand and arm had been imbedded up to the elbow in the black mud, and, as he slowly collected himself to rise, he



"He found himself in the ditch amidst the ruin."

valiant dash, but Cacus swerved to avoid him, and in a moment the cart was whirling past in a cloud of dust. But Spratt made a successful grab at the hind-rail and got a firm hold with both hands. And now it was a race of life and death. Spratt, taking long strides, hung on behind ; Hercules, leaning back with all his weight, tugged mightily at the reins ; Cacus, in nowise hindered by their combined efforts, pressed on in his wild career. The cart was an ancient rattletrap, the harness in the last extremity of decay. It was only a question how long things would hold together, for catastrophe seemed certain. And it came quickly enough.

Cacus, beyond all control, chose his own path, and decided to take a short cut across the common. And just as the cart was near enough to Miss Porchester to cause her to look round, there was a tremendous jerk—bump—SMASH ! Over went the cart, snap went the other trace, out flew Hercules, heels over head, in a sprawling heap into the ditch. Spratt was whisked off his legs in a trice, the hamper flew past his eyes, ten thousand sparks seemed to flash through his brain, and after a moment of blank darkness he, too, found himself in the ditch amid a ruin and wreck of hamper and cart.

Miss Porchester was startled, terrified, paralysed by the sudden alarm. She saw nothing but a cloud of dust, and the heels of an infuriated animal disappearing among the furze-bushes. She would have fainted if she had had time to think, but the noise and confusion were so sharp and decisive that she could not even faint. She was simply petrified with the conviction that some terrible accident had happened.

She took a few trembling steps to-

was seriously hurt. The ditch was full of soft black mud, and thickly grown with reeds and rushes. Hercules had not lost his presence of mind, and, in the

brushed his muddy arm across his face thereby tinting it with the complexion of a dissipated negro. Then, whispering to Spratt to keep quiet, he



"Cakes and pies were saturated in jam."

brief fraction of a minute, he had resolved upon a bold line of policy. He remembered that he had on a blue jersey

laboriously rose upon his legs and presented himself to Miss Porchester in a disguise which prevented recognition.



"Beg pardon, marm, but did yer 'appen to see the dunkey go by?"

"Oh, yes; he galloped across the common. I'm so thankful you are not killed."

"Thank 'ee, marm. Could yer tell me if oi be var vrum the vullidge?"

"No, only a little way. I hope your companion is not hurt."

"Oh, 'e's all square, marm. Get up, Jarge, you lout, and speak to the lady."

Spratt, who had been watching these proceedings with extreme interest and amazement at his friend's audacious imposture, now slowly emerged from the ditch, and contrived, during the process, to assume a negro-like disguise, even more grotesque than that of Hercules.

"There, marm, he be all right. Not hurt, are you, Jarge?"

"Noa, I bain't hurt that I knows of—only a bit muddled up."

"It's all right, marm. I'll just go and fetch that old ass of a dunkey, and Jarge'll stay here and mind the cart. Thank 'ee, marm, for your kind inquiries."

"Well, I am thankful the accident was not more serious. I am also glad to see that you do not seem the worse for liquor. Here's a shilling for you, and mind you do not spend it at the public-house."

Miss Porchester had taken out her purse and handed a shilling to the blackamoor.

Hercules pulled his forelock; and telling Jarge to stop and mind the cart, he set off to trudge across the common with the best imitation possible of the lumbering slouch of a country bumpkin. Not till he was well out of sight of Miss Porchester did he quicken his pace to a run, and then he gave vent to his pent-up feelings in explosions of mirth.

But he had some unpleasant apprehensions as to how it would all end. He ran on towards Highfield House, feeling sure that Cacus would make for the paddock. Nor was he mistaken. For as he made the last turn in the lane that led to the back entrance of the school demesnes he saw the great donkey quietly browsing by the gate. He looked through the hedge, and saw the boys leaving the cricket-field to get ready for tea, for the first bell had rung. He waited till they were all gone, and then, quickly taking off the reins and harness and hiding them in the ditch, he turned Cacus into the paddock and shut the gate.

Then with the utmost caution he made his way unperceived into the house and reached his bedroom safely. It did not take him five minutes to change his things and hide his muddy jersey under the bed. And then he left his room, ran down the passage and staircase and out of the house, meeting a few boys on the way, but not stopping to talk.

With all speed he raced off to the scene of the accident, and found Spratt sitting in the cart looking very glum and lamenting over the destruction of the jam-pots. For Spratt had occupied himself during the interval with investigating the condition of the hamper.

Alas! the damage was irretrievable.

Five large glass jars of jam and three pots of marmalade had been shattered to atoms, and their contents poured ruthlessly throughout the rest of the eatables. Cakes and pies were saturated in jam.

It was no use crying over spilled milk. Spratt washed his face and arms in the clearest puddle he could find in the ditch. He brushed the mud off his coat as well as he could, and then the two boys hurried back towards the school.

On their way they stopped at a cottage, and enlisted the services of a man, who for the sum of two shillings consented to bring the hamper in a wheel barrow to the back entrance of the school premises, and take back the cart and harness and settle matters with the owner.

The two boys were late for tea—a

very serious offence. They were set a long imposition and not allowed to go out for a week. And further misadventure attended their attempts at smuggling the hamper. For that same evening during preparation Spratt and three other boys stole out with the intention of fetching in all the provisions that had not been spoiled. But they were detected in the act by Miss Porchester, and compelled to deliver up the goods, which were at once consigned to the storeroom.

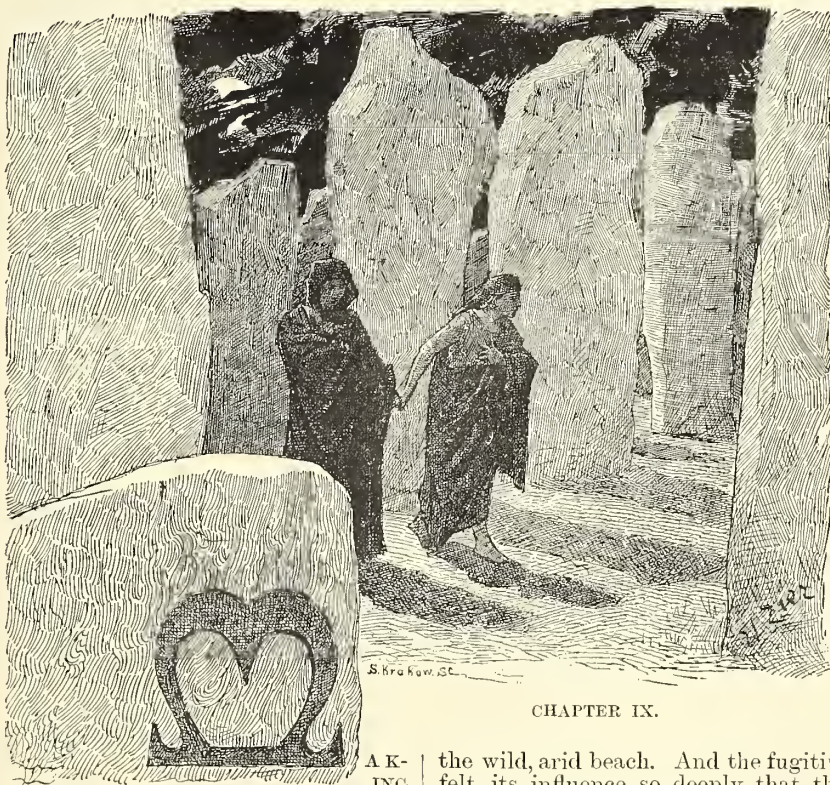
In talking over the matter afterwards Spratt admitted that "the game was not worth the candle," and resolved on the next occasion to let his hamper arrive in the ordinary way, for a jam-pot at tea once a week is better than an ocean of jam which cannot be enjoyed at all.

(THE END.)

## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS; OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.

PART III.



CHAPTER IX.

halt and taking no rest, Janika led the countess rapidly away, Clothilda carrying her sleeping child wrapped in a mantle.

It was a cold and eerie night, sometimes bright and starlight, sometimes obscured by the thick vapour that came drifting in from the sea. Never had the surf groaned more mournfully on the Breton coast; never had there been such sinister silence on

the wild, arid beach. And the fugitives felt its influence so deeply that they dare not exchange a word.

Suddenly, by the wan light of the moon from between two dark clouds, Clothilda saw in front of them quite a legion of white phantoms.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a shudder; "what is that?"

"Be calm," said her companion. "Be not alarmed. Those are the Stones of Karnac."

The countess had heard of this terrible place and did not hide her unwilling-



ness to cross it at such an hour and on such a night.

"It must be done, however," said Janika, "or we must go a long way round and lose a great deal of most precious time."

"Then go straight on," said Clothilda, boldly.

But as they advanced the tall, straight stones seemed to grow larger, and even to come to life in the fantastic rays of the moon. And she again murmured,

"There is a curse about this place. Oh, let us get past it!"

"Those who haunt it only the wicked need fear. The stones themselves once had souls and limbs—so they say—but now these have been taken away by the true God, and they stand motionless, and do hurt to no one."

"Yes, I know, Janika; but all the same, I am afraid. I am afraid for my child's sake. If one of these stone spectres were to fall and crush us as we passed."

"Do not look at them. I'll guide you by the hand. Shut your eyes. That is the best way to save you from giddiness; and here is the moon going to bed again and the mist coming round us. We shall soon see them again."

The black clouds, like huge birds of the night, passed across the sky, and the ground was hidden in a mass of fog, so thick that Clothilda could not even see Janika, who led her by the hand.

They tried to make the best of this truce of darkness to thread the group, but the menhirs became so numerous that at almost every step they had to take a turn to the right or left. And when, from the gaps in the clouds, a furtive ray shot through the fog, they could see the threatening phantoms in front of them, behind them, to their right and their left, as if they were gathering from all parts of the plain to obstruct their way.

The countess struggled with valiant energy against fear. With her teeth chattering, she said,

"I will not be afraid! I am not afraid."

But it was not so with Janika, whose step became more and more hesitating. Forced to advance in zigzags, she could not make sure of her course amid the darkness, and began to think she had lost her way. At last she confessed she had done so.

"Mistress," said she, in terror, "I do not know where we are. We must wait till the fog rises."

And they stopped.

Immediately afterwards, owing, probably, to the profound silence around them, they heard the sound of voices.

Thinking they were dreaming, they listened attentively.

There were human voices speaking amid the darkness in the Druidic camp—there—there—quite near them!

"Let us run away!" said the countess. "They must be enemies; let us get away from them."

And she was the first to run. But whether it was that terror troubled her steps, or that the menhirs against which she ran turned her always into the same circle, the voices seemed to get nearer, and even seemed to be pursuing them. And Janika tried in vain to hold back her mistress, for she dared

not speak to her for fear of being overheard.

Suddenly, a few yards in front of them a red flame flared up in the fog.

Janika had only just time to catch her mistress by the arm and force her into the shade of a huge dolmen that rose by her side. For some seconds the poor women remained without moving a muscle.

Then, as no sound was heard, they lifted their heads up, and looked out from under the dolmen.

Almost in front of the dark cave that served them for shelter, burnt and leapt the flame that had so frightened them.



"Blow harder!"

On the other side of the flame lay Cormoran blowing the fire with his mouth.

"Oh!" thought Clothilda with a shudder, "Oh! If my child were to wake and cry!"

And with her hand on the lips of the child, which fortunately slept soundly on her knees, she and Janika watched the strange scene in progress before them.

Above the fire, which the dwarf continued to blow as if he were an animated bellows, was a large tripod supporting a vase of antique form.

In this vase, which was nearly red-hot, for the flame was fierce, there was heard a sound as of bubbling and boiling.

"Blow harder," suddenly ordered the voice of Morgana, who, like a spectre, appeared in the lighted circle.

Behind her came in silence another shadow, a woman also clothed in black and equally sinister and pale in look.

Then only did Clothilda and Janika remember the rendezvous they had given. The other widow must be Bertrade.

But why this meeting at this hour in this place?

"For the seventh time," said Morgana to Cormoran, "put beneath the tripod seven handfuls of dried fern; and for the seventh time let us begin together the invocation to Zvertha, the goddess of evil!"

The dwarf threw on the fern, and it

burst immediately into a blaze. The Druidess began to circle round the fire, holding out towards it sometimes her golden sickle, sometimes a long branch of holly with seven faded leaves at the end. And in a language unknown to those who were listening she began to chant a strange incantation, every verse of which ended with the same refrain. This refrain Cormoran could not repeat, but he accompanied it, so to speak, with strident cries and squeals, and contortions and somersaults, that made him like some monstrous human-headed reptile. His gloomy mistress seemed in turn to address each of the elements, and called them to aid her in her work.

Then she seemed to call on all the dolmens and menhirs of Karnac and all the powers of the night.

At last she stopped.

"Enough!" she said to Cormoran, "Scatter the embers! Put out the fire! The spirits that obey me have ended their task!"

The dwarf hastened to obey with a haste that savoured of delirium, and, as if by enchantment, all the light from the earth vanished. But the fog had lifted, the sky had won back its stars, and the moon shone overhead.

"It is midnight!" said Morgana, triumphantly. "The very hour when the philtre should cool in the pale rays of the stars of the night. Uncover the vase, Cormoran, set out the flasks of lava. Good. Give me my mask and iron gloves, and go! We have no further need of your help, and your guard is necessary below. Go!"

The dwarf bowed to his mistress and disappeared at a bound in the direction of Plouharnel.

"He will discover our flight," whispered Clothilda, "and return."

"No," said Janika, "you forget Romarik."

And now Bertrade raised her voice and asked,

"Morgana, what is in that philtre? What is your object?"

"Listen," said the Druidess, solemnly: "the Emperor Lodwig was once a leader of great valour and high gifts. He seemed to be the worthy heir of Karl



the Great ; he was—until the day after his victory over my husband. That day, in the cup I myself presented to our conqueror, were a few drops of this same philtre. Of it I discovered the secret ; it is Morgana's poison."

"It is not, then, a poison that kills?" asked Bertrade.

"No," said the Druidess, disdainfully. "It does better than that. It takes away all vigour, all will, all intelligence, it renders him who takes it mad! Lodwig was so for nearly a year. Wise men from the East came and saved him from complete insanity, but you know what he remains. You understand now the cause of all the sorrows of his life, of all the humiliations of his reign. Had he not sacrificed Morvan, he would have been Lodwig the Glorious, Lodwig the Happy ; by the vengeance of Morgana he has become Lodwig the Hopeless, Lodwig the Debonair!"

"Well?"

"Well, what he was, his beloved Karl is to-day. What he is to-day, his beloved Karl shall become!"

"Ah!" answered Bertrade, with enthusiasm, "you are right! I thank you. That is indeed a reprisal which will suit us both. It is crueller than death, and worthy of those we mourn."

"The poison is cold enough," said Morgana. "It is time to pour it into these two flasks made from the lava of the dead volcanoes of Brittany."

And she put on the iron gauntlets to preserve her hands from contact with the venomous liquid.

"But," asked Bertrade, "why two flasks?"

"Because I have other enemies than Lodwig!" said Morgana, with an expression of intense hatred ; "personal enemies, whom I must destroy."

And as she put on her mask near the dolmen, when she crouched Clothilda heard her hiss these names:

"Nomenoe—Count Efflam!"

It took all the sudden, vigorous grasp of Janika to keep her silent.

In a few minutes the flasks were filled and sealed.

Putting one in her bosom, Morgana gave the other to Bertrade.

"But how am I to use it?" she asked.

"I have thought of that," said Morgana. "Lothar will not be able to withstand the forces that are uniting against him. He will probably make an apparent submission. Let him salute his brother with the title of King, and offer him, as a present, a crown of gold. That crown you must rub inside with my poison, and if Karl will only keep it on his head for an hour, he is lost!"

"What! a mere touch?"

"Yes, the enervating liquid will by the warmth of his forehead penetrate his flesh and make its way to the brain. His senses, his future, will be annihilated by it ; it may bring him his death, a slow and painful death."

"I go," said Bertrade. "Can I?"

"Yes. It is better so. In my retreat I have left my prisoners alone too long."

Bertrade blew the bronze whistle that hung from her belt, and soon a dozen horsemen rode up. One of them held by the bridle the ex-Queen of Italy's hackney.

"You will soon hear of me," said she, with her foot in the stirrup.

"Adieu, Morgana!"

"Adieu, Bertrade!" said the Breton. "May our old Gaulish divinities guide you and inspire you! Adieu!"

And they rode off—one towards the coast, the other towards the mound of Plouharnel.

A few minutes afterwards Clothilda rose and came out of the shadow of the dolmen.

It was time. The baby awoke and uttered his first cry.

Could Morgana hear the cry?

The countess no longer troubled if she did. She was now calm, intrepid, and resolutely impatient to resume the road. Janika was astonished at the change.

"Do you not see that we must not only find the count, but, before all things, prevent the triumph of this odious plot? We must be before this woman. We must!"

And this time she took the lead and hurried in the track of Bertrade.



(To be continued.)

## THE SCIENCE OF NAUGHTS AND CROSSES.

By A WRANGLER AND LATE MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL.

### PART III.

#### COMPENDIOUS ANALYSIS OF MOVES.

First Move.	Correct Replies.	Incorrect Replies.	Chances against Second Player replying correctly.
Middle square ..	One of the corner spaces (4).	One of the side spaces (4)	Evens.
Side space .. .. {	One of the corner spaces <i>adjoining</i> × (2)	One of the two corner spaces <i>opposite</i> × (2)	} Evens.
	The middle square. (1)		
	The side space <i>opposite</i> × (1)	One of the two side spaces <i>adjoining</i> × (2)	
Corner space ..	The middle square. (1)	The opposite corner space. (1)	} Seven to one
		One of the two other corner spaces. (2)	
		One of the two side spaces <i>adjoining</i> × (2)	
		One of the two other side spaces. (2)	

(N.B.—The figures in brackets give the number of moves which can be made of each kind.)

### CONCLUDING HINTS.

The best opening is in the corner space ; it gives the adversary seven chances to one of going wrong.

The side space and the middle square openings are of equal merit ; it is evens in either case that the adversary will go right.

Do not always use the corner opening, though it is the best, lest the adversary should perceive your system.

The second move is the hardest to get right. It can never make certain of victory, but often ensures defeat. Try to remember which moves are fatal and avoid them.

It is always safe to choose the middle square (if unoccupied) for the second move.

Never let the adversary have a choice of moves if you can help it. By constantly threatening to complete a row, force him to lead up to a situation unfavourable to himself.

You should always aim for a position in which two ways of winning the game are open to you.

Indeed, if you come to think of it attentively you will see that it is only by getting into a position of this sort that you can

really *win*; though of course the adversary may at any time *give* you the game by his own stupidity. The following are a few such out of many. X being supposed to have the next move wins in every case.

X O O	X O X	O O	X X	X X
O O	O O	O X	O O	X O O
X X	O X	X X	O O X	O

But, observe, if your adversary has already two men in an otherwise unoccupied row, your first duty is to fill that row up. This is a simple precaution ; but an ambitious, careless player neglects it, and loses.

A good player ought never to lose a game, but the best cannot always win.

The fun of the game consists in playing rapidly and varying the openings. Players who deliberate, or always open in the same way, should be sent to Coventry by the force of a wholesome public opinion.

Lastly, a move once begun cannot be retracted.





## ON DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

BY FRED MILLER.

(With original Illustrations by various B.O.P. Artists.)

### PART III.

UP to this time I had worked quite unaided, and whatever I had found out was the result of practice, and, of course, of innumerable failures. But I at length thought that I might save myself much vexation and disappointment, as well as trouble, if I bought one of the many books published by our leading artists' colournen on Sketching from Nature. The work I had fixed my eye upon was written by a painter named N. E. Green, and was published by Rowney and Co. It was divided into three parts—Drawing, Light and Shade and Composition, and Colour. I went carefully through the work, copied most of the illustrations, and having thoroughly saturated myself with N. E. Green's opinions, I thought all would now be easy, and that I had only to sit down out of doors on a camp-stool with block and colours to succeed. There were many hints that were undoubtedly useful in Green's book, but on the whole it perhaps did me more direct harm than good. I say perhaps, for, according to some people, all experience is useful, and bears fruit later on, when often least expected. That I may have received much indirect good from "Hints on Sketching from Nature" is more than probable. My enthusiasm was increased; I was led to think more about my subject, and in some cases put on the right track of thought; and the fact of copying the illustrations in the book was helpful to one who was, like myself, a perfect ignoramus.

Where I received harm, and where, as I have since discovered, so many receive harm from handbooks on art (that is the reason why I am not attempting to write a handbook here), is that the reader abandons his own eyes for those of the writer, and goes to nature with the intention of seeing nature as *figured in handbooks*. At least, that was my case. The small chromo-lithographs in Green's book on Colour struck me as being just what I had all along been

vainly attempting to produce. My sketches were all horribly green. In the "Hints" Mr. Green introduced some nice warm colours in the foreground of his pictures, with charming blue distances. Although I could not see nature as Mr. Green saw it, I determined in future to see these warm tints which looked so well in a sketch; at all events, I made up my mind to introduce some warm colour into my work. Here, then, was the harm that these handbooks were doing me. And my sketches for the next two or three years, though prettier, were far less true to nature than were those done before the "handbook era." I did not know then that the landscape painters of the last generation were what our young school of painters would call conventional and chromo-lithography—i.e., they introduced into their work colours that were not to be found in nature; and thus their work, though "pretty" to the ordinary observer, was false and exaggerated, and quite untrue to nature; and that in following their advice (for I bought other handbooks on the subject besides those of Green's), and copying their mannerisms, I was getting on to a wrong track, which the longer I followed led me further and further away from nature. I was really telling deliberate untruths in my work, for I never could blind myself to the fact that, look as I would, I could not find in nature the colours I saw in the chromo-lithographs; and so, in introducing in my work colours that I could not see, I was nothing better than an artistic liar. And whatever good I received technically from a perusal of handbooks—and I think there can be little doubt that I was made more dexterous in the use of my materials—I on the whole received more harm than good. If one could get the sketches of a good and faithful artist to copy from when one begins sketching from nature, one would receive much good, as one would learn how best to translate the

effects of nature on to paper or canvas—how to suggest in the simplest possible way the aspects of nature; for good sketches suggest, *by their very simplicity*, the marvellous variety and delicacy of nature. I saw in nature nothing but its marvellous detail, and wealth of form and colour, and light and shade; and, in trying to reproduce these in my sketches, I only got an unintelligible, confused mass of work.

To have had the sketches of a good man to study from would have shown me that it is impossible to *imitate* nature. She can only be represented, and, therefore, the sketches that are the simplest and most direct are the truest. I can better explain what I mean by reference to a tree. It is very evident that it is quite impossible to paint every leaf, or even one leaf to every thousand in nature; we only see countless leaves, because we know from experience that the leaves of a tree are countless. To the artist a tree in a landscape is a blot of colour, and the two facts that he registers are the general colour of the tree, or, as artists call it, the *local* colour, and the portion in shadow; and the best plan in sketching from nature is to look with *half-closed eyes* at the scene before you, and by that means you only receive the impression of the *leading* features of the scene, and so escape the detail which it is impossible to reproduce. The next time my readers go sketching try this plan of looking at the *whole effect* you are going to paint with half-closed eyes, and I believe you will find your work made simpler for you.

And by half closing the eyes you see too the general colour of nature. Early sketches are always too green, because one does not see the half tones. Look steadily at a landscape for a minute or two with half-closed eyes, and you will probably see how blue the distant objects are in comparison with the near ones, and how warm and pur-





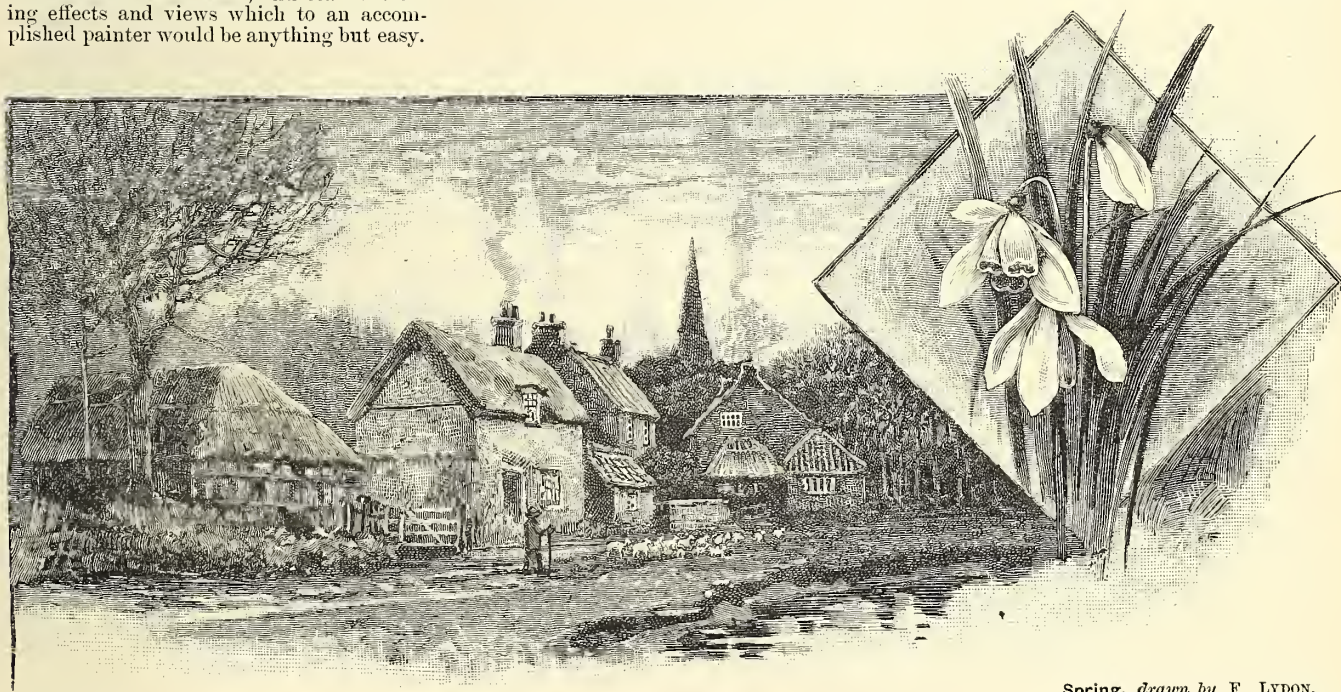
Winter, drawn by F. LYDON.

ple the trunks of trees are (and not a dirty brown, as I used to paint them), and how, where sunlight strikes an object or falls athwart a field, how full of rich colour everything is. *Take every advantage of these opportunities for colour.*

Then again, beginners are, as a rule, too ambitious in their work, and start sketching effects and views which to an accomplished painter would be anything but easy.

every few minutes, required a very skilful sketcher to fix in ever so fragmentary a manner. Grey days are the best for sketching, especially for young sketchers, as the colours are seen in their proper relation, and the "local" colour of every object is

being of more importance than correct local colour. And, besides this, the effects are so fleeting that only an expert can hope to make his sketch intelligent under such conditions. A grey sky distributes the light uniformly over the whole landscape, and it



Spring, drawn by F. LYDON.

Begin with simple foreground studies, with only a "peep" of the distance showing, and not as I did, stretches of hill and dale, with wonderful effects of light breaking over the scene, effects which, changing

more readily seized upon. In bright sunlight or strong cloud effects the colours depend wholly upon the way the light falls, and consequently it is much more difficult to seize upon the local colour, the *caricature*

is possible to work longer before shifting one's position. This is another point I did not value when I began sketching, that the light is changing every moment, and, though it makes no material difference for an hour



or two, yet it is easily seen that as the earth moves round, the light that was at your back in the morning is in front of you later on. A sketch should therefore rarely be continued longer than for two hours at one time. Painters who go on regular sketching tours have two or three works in hand, so that they can paint at various times in the day and under various conditions of light and shade.

When I began sketching I used to make elaborate preparations in the way of washing in grounds and putting on ground colours to work upon. I have come to the conclusion that in sketching you should go the simplest way to work, and try and get the effect you are aiming at *right off*. When once you destroy the white of your paper you have committed yourself irrecoverably, for you can never restore it to its pristine condition. A study of the sketches of De Wint, Constable, Turner, and Cox, all of them great water-colour painters, has convinced me that their sketches were done

right away, the right colours being put on the paper in their proper depth, *and there left*.

The best sketches are those which are painted rapidly and without much labour, and it is doubtful whether a sketch ought to be worked upon more than two or three different times. A sketch should remain a sketch, and not attempt to be a picture.

I am not addressing my readers as though they were training to become artists, for it by no means follows that because a boy can make a sketch he has sufficient inborn talent to become a painter. Sketching from nature is a most enjoyable and fascinating pastime, and when one goes for a holiday it is very nice to bring back a few records of the places you have seen. Many a holiday is felt to be long and tedious because of the lack of any definite occupation, and I recommend those of my readers who can draw to try their hand at sketching the next time they have a holiday. Even those boys who live in London can easily

get out to Hampstead or Harrow at a very small cost, where they will find plenty of material to exercise their artistic faculty upon. Our work in the world may lie quite outside art circles, but there is no reason why we should not have a "pet study" upon which we can devote some of our leisure time. There are many doctors who, in between their professional engagements, find time to paint. Busy men take their relaxation not in idleness, but in a change of work, and we should all lead healthier lives if we each of us had some occupation congenial to our tastes which we can follow in our spare moments. Brain-workers find great relief and benefit from engaging themselves in purely manual labour in their leisure; surely those who spend much of their time in more or less mechanical pursuits might find the same relaxation in taking up a study which brings into play their fancy and imagination and hand-cunning.

(To be continued.)

## THE CANONS' VERGER.

ALL persons who are at all acquainted with the southern counties of England must have visited the vast and magnificent cathedral church which is the chief pride and glory of the wealthy commercial city of Richborough; nor can any of those who have been conducted over the building have failed to be told of the damage done to the sacred edifice in those terrible riots some fifty years ago, when the palace of the bishop was burnt to the ground, and the interior of the church greatly damaged, though the large sums recently expended on restoration have obliterated all the more obvious traces of the violence of the mob.

When I myself last passed through this ancient and interesting city, there might still be seen at the morning and evening services, carrying a silver verge before the canons of the church as they entered or left the choir, an aged verger who had performed the same duty on the morning of the riot in which the events I am going to relate took place.

Richard Dallas, who was old, feeble, and grey-headed when he told me the story, was at that time a young and active man, not much over thirty, who, after serving for some years in the family of the Archdeacon of Richborough, had recently been appointed to the post of verger on his marriage with a favourite maid of the Dean's wife. He was a person of considerable courage and presence of mind, much esteemed by all the inhabitants of the Close, and generally liked by the congregation and by the visitors whom he conducted round the building. In his later years he was very chatty and talkative, and willingly entered into any details of scenes that he had witnessed in former times, and would recall many interesting reminiscences of some celebrated ecclesiastics who had held office within his recollection at Richborough; but though he was generally communicative on all subjects, and would speak readily of his family history to any one who cared to listen to him, he seemed always unwilling to talk of the great riots which were really the most memorable event in his life. I do not know what peculiar sympathy he may have felt to exist between himself and me, but, though my acquaintance with him was founded only on the intercourse we had when I paid occasional visits to the church in passing through the city, he was induced, the last time I ever saw him, to speak of

those dreadful days to which he was usually unwilling to refer, and that so fully that I seemed able clearly to depict to my mind's eye the scene in which he played a painful and terrible part.

Though knots of hungry and desperate men had been parading the streets from an early hour in a threatening manner, morning prayers were sung as usual in the choir of Prior Henry de Beckenham, whose splendid carved oak stalls were doomed that day to perish. Scarcely any of the usual congregation were present, and as soon as the appointed worship was concluded, all who had taken part in it returned to their homes. There was not, as on almost all other days, any group of curious strangers waiting to be shown round the eastern part of the building, which, as you most likely know, is raised at a considerable height on the famous crypt, the most extensive in England. Dallas, therefore, according to custom, closed and locked the gates of the screen and seated himself, wearing his gown and holding his silver verge, on a bench to the right, at the top of the stately staircase which leads up from the nave. I will endeavour to continue my narrative as nearly as I can in his own words.

"I had been seated some time, sir," he said, "in the lonely and empty church, listening to the shouts and tumult which were continually increasing in the yard outside, when suddenly the great north door was thrown violently open, and an excited and angry mob rushed with terrible cries into the nave. As the foremost rioters came from behind the thick pillars into the middle of the building they caught sight of me sitting at the top of the steps, and in their ignorance, taking me, because of my gown, for one of the dignitaries, who were at that time very unpopular, they flew towards me, cursing, and shouting for my blood. It would have been useless for me to take refuge in the choir, which they proved easily able to storm, and which offered no favourable opportunity for concealment; to go down the stairs to meet them would have been certain death. One last resource occurred to me: flinging down my verge and tearing off my gown, I sprang over the parapet behind my seat, and dropped to the floor beneath. The fall was at least fifteen feet, but by clinging to the carvings of the stonework I got down safely, and was for the moment out of my enemies' sight.

Before me was an arched passage running under the platform from which I had leaped, and along this I ran.

"As I reached the centre I saw in front of me, through the opening at the farther end, some of the rioters, who, having turned straight up the church the moment they entered, had reached this point more quickly than my first pursuers. It was impossible to go on, and equally impossible to return; but at my side was the door of the crypt, and in its dark and gloomy recesses I might find some safe corner in which to hide. I had in my pocket the key which I used when conducting parties to view the chapels, and this key would open a great part of the myriad doors which are to be found in all parts of this immense structure. It opened that of the crypt, which belongs to my regular round. Drawing it out I unlocked and opened this stronghold. The massive oak, strengthened with many bars of iron and studded thick with nails, would long have resisted any force that could be brought to bear upon it in that narrow and confined space, if I had had time to shut it; but the footsteps were too close behind me, and drawing out the precious key, I sprang at once into the crypt, and turned to the right towards a dark recess which branches off close by from the main body of the vault. Had the chase been hot I should have been lost; but, happily for me, the two streams pouring in from each end of the passage met at the door, and, dashing against one another, the first to follow me fell down the steep and awkward steps inside; others, pressed from behind, fell over them; those who clambered down over their prostrate bodies had not seen which way I ran, and before the others could rise, and while those who came in on their feet were losing themselves in the intricate labyrinth of massy pillars, I had gained a spot where I was hidden by the shadows. This, however, could be but a temporary shelter; the corner in which I stood held no hiding-place of any profound secrecy, and with a feeling of despair I leaned against the wall beside me. The touch of wood against my forehead roused me. I remembered that in this corner there is a door leading to a staircase by which I could gain the roof, and in the upper part of the church I could hardly fail to light upon some place of concealment from which nothing but fire could dislodge me. My key made me master of all the lower doors.



Hastily I felt for the lock, inserted the key and opened the door. The wild whoops of the rioters drowned the noise with which I closed it after me, and when I had locked it on the inside I was safe for some minutes at least.

"I paused but for a very short space, and then began to go up the winding stairs. I should only have lost breath by too much haste, and slowly and anxiously I crept up the two hundred steps that led to the top, straining my ears anxiously to catch the sound of my foes battering against the door below. I soon passed an entrance to the church itself; it offered me no means of escape, but neither was it likely that a confused and furious horde of ruffians would calculate that it gave access to the turret I was ascending. The next door would have taken me out upon the sill of the great south window, at no great height and in full view of the rioters, whose cries I could hear as they dashed themselves against the iron gates of the rood-screen, tearing its slender bars in pieces, as wild beasts would rend their prey. Another door. I paused. The din of resounding blows hammering heavily on the oak that hung between me and death came up the stairs. I even thought I heard a creaking as if the planks were parting, but I doubted if I could escape by the triforium gallery, broad and well lighted as it is, and I went on. The light streaming through the chinks of the next door told me that it was an approach to the leads of the flat roof of the aisle, where there would not have been the slightest shelter, and whence I might easily have been hurled into the graveyard below. At this moment a sudden crash, an echoing yell, a sound of struggling and of trampling feet told me that my pursuers had gained the stairs, and were already ascending after me. An arch without a door. No, how could I escape along the narrow and perilous passage which at a giddy height leads without barrier or protection before the topmost windows of the transept and the nave.

"Another minute and I was on the last step trying the door by which I could have gained the roof of the main fabric, acres in extent, and bristling with towers and turrets. It was locked, and my key did not master it; my authority was confined to the interior of the building, and I had no power to obtain access to the roofs. With hurried steps I stumbled down again, falling from wall to pillar and from pillar to wall as I turned round to the doorway I had last passed. Some one was coming up. In spite of the din arising from the church without, through the crashing of the painted windows stormed by the shattered fragments of the throne and the stalls, I could hear the clang of a man's iron-heeled boots on the stones. I had no time to go farther down; I did not remember where my key would admit me. One enemy had evidently distanced the rest, and I shrank into the dark arch—darker even than the turret I was leaving—and then ran. A few feet forward, round a turn of the passage, and I appeared in full view of the mob as I crossed the great south window on the narrow bridge at the foot of its upper lights. The traceried parapet enabled me to flee as quickly as my breath, exhausted by the climb, would let me; but a hideous roar rose as I was seen far above the reach of anything that could be thrown at me, and, no doubt, conspicuous enough against the coloured glass behind. I was thankful to reach the dark corner on the other side, where for a short distance I was totally concealed. I came out again on the window-sills of the west side of the transept, and once more the roar of the angry mob arose from below and made me shiver, though I knew that it was not they that I need fear just then. I dared not go

at full speed. Fear followed respite, and respite fear, as I passed before first one window and then another, or threaded the dark but short passages between. At times I was in the very core of the massive walls, at others I was on a narrow ledge, from which I did not venture to look down, with no protection but that of here and there a slender column. In happier days I had passed coolly enough along the mile of galleries that run round the cathedral at various heights, some far greater than that of the one I was in. But it was very different to hasten along such a way for very life, in the presence of an angry and murderous crowd, amidst those harsh and terrible cries. Once I heard something that had been flung at me strike against the carved angels just below. At the farther corner of the transept I stopped for a moment and looked back. Across the gulf I saw a man emerging from the arch at the top of the staircase by which I had fled. He was tall, dark, powerful; his head was bare, and in the full light of the great window I could see his face plainly—savage, unshaved, unwashed, hung about with long, unkempt hair. His look was gaunt and wild, and the long green robes of the tall St. Rumbold in the painted glass threw a ghastly and sickly hue over his features. He shrieked and raised his hands when he saw me, rushing furiously on. My glance had been but momentary, and I plunged into the dark passage turning round into the nave. I ran as hard as I could, or as hard as I dared, for still my way lay along the narrow sills of the windows sixty feet above the pavement. I had the start, but my pursuer was swift and reckless, and the nave is long. I was not more than half way down it, hoping to find some means of escape by the western towers, when the sound of footsteps warned me that my adversary had already traversed the two sides of the transept, and now had me full in view as he dashed after me past the windows of the nave. There was a sudden lull in the din below; I could still hear the crash of the woodwork in the choir, the shouts of the destroyers, but the cries and trampling ceased in the nave. One thought came of hope. I had only one pursuer; the steepness of the stairs, the hindrance that their windings presented to the movement of a crowd, a mistaken assault on some of the many doors, or mere caprice or accident, had withdrawn the rest from the chase or left them far behind.

"I hurried on. My foot struck some obstacle, and I fell. I was not much hurt; it was only a kind of step that I had forgotten. It comes between two windows, where they say the work was stopped for a time when the clerestory was rebuilding, and where the levels and the patterns of the carvings change a little. And so when I fell, I fell safely in the narrow passage, where I was close shut in. But the fall meant loss of time, and the footsteps were close behind me. I knew now that I could not reach the tower before I was overtaken. I would stop where I was; better let the struggle be in the dark passage than on the open sill, where both of us must be killed.

"I rose and turned; the man was facing me across the bay, still running fast. I was desperate. A moment I stood still; in that moment, flying headlong forward, the man reached me; he could not stop himself, he dashed against me and we both tottered and fell. I think as he touched me I flung myself forward from the step on which I stood with some instinctive movement of resistance; we fell outwards from the passage towards the window sill. I saw the glass near me and clutched despairingly at the iron frame-work and held it fast with my hands; my feet dropped over the edge as I lay across the narrow gangway. A

silence followed that seemed minutes long, then came a thud, a sullen roar from below, and I felt that I was alone. I struggled up, sprang into the passage, and then turning back looked out from its entrance down into the nave; a crowd was gathered round a blood-stained form that lay huddled on the pavement beneath the arch. All eyes were on it and I was forgotten. I shrank back out of sight, and leaned cold and shivering against the cold stone, while thoughts of thankfulness and prayers for mercy hurried through my brain. I felt like a murderer, and yet I was glad.

"I do not know how long I stood there before I roused myself to remember that I was by no means out of reach of danger, and that, if I was caught now, I could expect no mercy. Hardly able to walk along that giddy path, and afraid to be seen, I crawled shrinkingly westward till I reached a safe, dark corner where a door opens into the Desford tower. This time again my key served me; unlocking the door and locking it again behind me, I found myself in a large, light chamber only joined to the body of the church by a glazed window matching those past which I had crept. In the nearest corner was another door at the head of a staircase going down to the cloisters. I opened it and listened, all was still; I could hear a confused noise in the cathedral, but there was no one on the stairs and no sound came up them. Once more locking the door after me, I went cautiously down; passing two doors still uninjured, through which sounds of tumult reached me, I came to the last at the foot of the steps. I listened, but I heard nothing that indicated that any entrance had been made or was being attempted into the cloisters. I ventured to peep out, and the huge square seemed perfectly empty, still and cold as the graves beneath the turf in the snow-clad garth. Again securing myself against the chance of pursuit, I ran down one of the alleys to a gate leading into the garden of the Deanery, and when that was re-fastened I felt myself safe at last, and I was soon in the barred and shuttered servants' hall of the Dean's house, where an attack was every moment apprehended. The household wondered at the state of terror to which I was reduced; they thought I was afraid of what might yet occur, and I could not tell them what I had done; I hardly knew myself. Whatever noises were heard by the rest, to me there was always silence, only broken again and again by the sound of a corpse falling upon a marble floor. Only when the soldiers, who were sent to guard the house, brought the news of the death of one of the rioters who had been hurled from the sill of a lofty window, did I disclose the story of my strange adventure in the cathedral galleries, and I have seldom told it again."

As the old man ceased he looked up; I followed his glance and observed where it fell, and I knew, as he shuddered and turned away, that he had looked at that luminous image of St. Alban the Martyr, at whose feet a life had been saved and a life had been lost.

#### A HELPFUL THOUGHT.

GOD'S presence is enough for toil and enough for rest. If He journey with us by the way, He will abide with us when night-fall comes; and His companionship will be sufficient for direction on the road, and for solace and safety in the evening camp.—

*Rev. Dr. Maclaren.*



## AMONG THE GEYSERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOLCANOES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS," ETC.

## PART II.

THE crater is an oblong opening six feet by two on the inside, and eight feet by four on the outside, placed on a mound of geyserite measuring at the base 215ft. by 145ft., and at the top 54ft. by 20ft., and rising 12ft. above the surrounding level; the mound composed of layers of deposit in terraces full of shallow basins. The rock at a distance is the colour of ashes of roses, but near at hand is a metallic grey, with pink and yellow margins of great delicacy. Being constantly wet, the colours are brilliant beyond description. Sloping gently from the rim of the crater, the rocks have their little pools with margins of silica the colour of silver, the cavities being of irregular shape, constantly full of hot water, and precipitating delicate coral-like beads of bright saffron. These cavities are also fringed with rock around the edges in meshes as delicate as the finest lace; and diminutive yellow columns rise from their

ing lasts three or four minutes, each cough being more violent than the last. Then comes a rapid succession of jets escaping with a roar, and soon reaching the maximum height; clouds of steam coming up with the water, and rising above it. Then the water drops and the steam drops, and gradually dies away, leaving the crater empty; the water eruption lasting about four minutes. The performance takes place at intervals of eighty minutes at the outside, and the column varies in height from 106ft. to 135ft. The temperature of the water in the crater a few minutes before an eruption is 200° F., and that of the pools just after 170° F., the boiling-point at the elevation being 199° F.

When General Sheridan passed through the Yellowstone in 1882 his men washed their clothes in Old Faithful, the warm water coming in handy. Strange to say, all the linen and cotton shirts were un-

begins to work the clothes are tossed and worried about, and when the eruption takes place away they are shot aloft, all clean and rinsed, and you catch them as they fall! One man threw in his shirt, expecting it would behave as other shirts did. Alas! it was drawn down the gullet into the interior of the earth, and disappeared. Great was his grief and annoyance. But an hour or so afterwards, during an eruption, the missing shirt was shot on high, and fell at the feet of its sorrowing owner!

Another famous geyser of these parts is the Beehive, of which we also give an illustration. Old Faithful stands alone, surrounded by a number of old geyser-cones, but just across the river is a very symmetrical affair like a straw beehive—as quiet, unpretending, innocent-looking a mound as you can see in these parts. "Not one of our company," says Mr. Langford, "supposed it was a geyser, and



Feeding the Strokr, or Churn Geyser.

depths, capped with small tablets of rock, resembling flowers growing in the water.

When Old Faithful begins his performance, he clears his throat with a dozen spurts or splashes. This preliminary cough-

injured, but woollen shirts were torn to shreds. A geyser is the laziest washing-machine known. All you have to do is to throw in your clothes when the pool is still, and leave them there. When the geyser

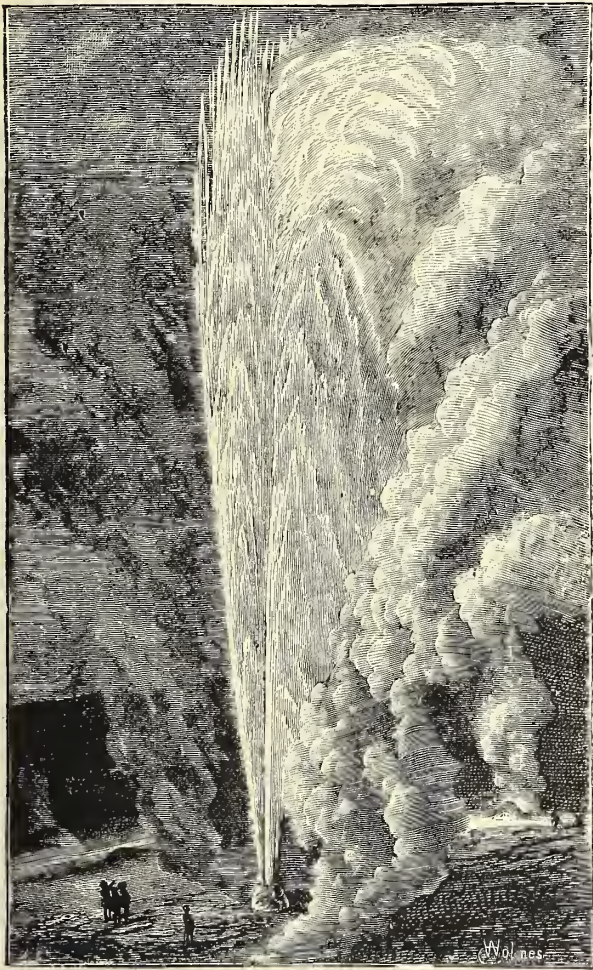
among so many wonders it had almost escaped notice. While we were at breakfast on the morning of our departure, a column of water, entirely filling the crater, shot from it, which by accurate triangular



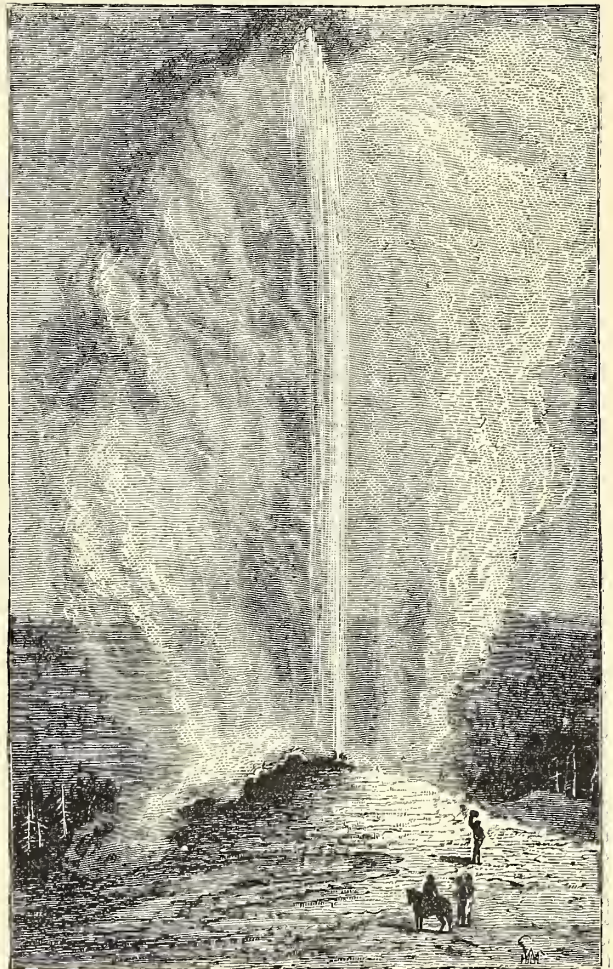
measurement we found to be 219 feet in height. The stream did not deflect more than four or five degrees from a vertical line, and the eruption lasted eighteen

of diamonds, and around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapour, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, could be seen a luminous circle,

eruption. There are two cones, and the space between them is covered with beaded silica, with two small vents, which spout during the action of the cones. The Grotto



The Beehive Geyser, Yellowstone Park.



Old Faithful.

minutes. We named it the Beehive." It is the most peculiar in action of the Yellowstone group, for it gives but little warning, shoots up straight as if squirted from a fire-engine, and evaporates in steam, so that no water falls around.

Four hundred feet from the Beehive, and on a higher level, is the Giantess, of which we gave an illustration in our series of "Heroes of the Backwoods" (in Vol. VII. B. O. P.). It has no raised crater, but rises from a large oval pool 34 feet by 24 feet, and only displays its power once a fortnight. Lumps of silicate of cauliflower shape coat the walls of the crater to a great depth in the limpid, sapphire-blue water. The column it sends up is 250 feet high, in a series of quick pulsations, assuming the form of separate fountains one above the other. "The eruption," says Mr. Langford, who was the first to see it, "continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling columns of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose arches were constantly changing—dipping and fluttering hither and thither, and disappearing, only to be succeeded by others again and again amid the aqueous column, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling sparkled like a shower

radiant with all the colours of the prism, and resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of Divinity. All that we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of this display. This geyser we named the Giantess."

Then there are other great geysers, such as the Lion, the Lioness, and Two Cubs; the Sawmill, the Tardy, the Spasmodic, and the Bulger. The Turban and the Grand are on the same platform, the Grand being by far the largest, and giving two performances every twenty-six hours. Then there are the Castle, the Oblong, the Splendid, and the Giant, ejecting a column of water seven feet through and two hundred feet high. We will give two views of the Giant, one when he is quiet, one when he is angry. When he is quiet a number of rents in the neighbourhood blow off violently, but when he begins to rage these minor spouts all stop, and the whole force is concentrated within the ten-foot broken cone.

Two hundred yards north-west of the Giant is "the gem of the geysers"—the Grotto. This received its name from the shape of the main crater, which is hollowed into fantastic arches, beneath which are grotto-like cavities that act as lateral orifices for the escape of water during an

is, in fact, an ornamental fountain, which throws nearly all its water into spray, performing four times daily, the main columns reaching a height of fifty or sixty feet. The interior of the arches and cavities of the pedestal being lined with a brilliantly white bead-like formation, which glows with the rich opalescent tints that are seen in mother-of-pearl.

But enough as to the geysers of the Yellowstone. Suffice it to say that within the area of the National Park no fewer than ten thousand geysers, hot lakes, and hot springs are said to exist. The chief hot springs are the so-called Mammoth Springs in the north of the Park, on the Gardiner river. They are in two main terraces. "Stepping upon the first of a series of broad ledges," says Mr. Winsor, "the way is threaded through a maze of rills of hot water over the low scalloped rims of limpid steaming pools, where it seems sacrilege to tread. The novelty and magnificence of the scene are bewildering. Not distance, but proximity, lends enchantment to the view. The brilliancy and variety of the colouring-matter about the pools, as well as the delicacy and beauty of the formations, are indescribably wonderful. Terrace after terrace is thus surmounted, some of these eight or ten feet high and several yards in width. On each of these levels the water collects in a long tier of nearly



semicircular basins of different diameters lying close together. Over the rims of the basins on the topmost level the water gently pours until it finds its way into the reservoirs next below, repeating this process till the bottom of the hill is reached, when the flow is collected and carried off by several channels to the Gardiner river. The deposits which result from evaporation at the

margin of each basin are exquisite in form and colour. The rims are fretted with a delicate frost-work, and the outside of each bowl is beautifully adorned with a honey-comb pattern, while the spaces between the curves are often filled with glistening stalactites. The coating of the sides of the basins and pools takes on every delicate and vivid tint, rich cream and salmon

colours predominating, but these deepening near the edges into brilliant shades of red, brown, green, and yellow. The water is a turquoise blue, and so perfectly translucent that the most microscopic fretting deep down upon the sides and bottoms of the pools is plainly visible."

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO BECOME A SURGEON IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

HE is a wise young man who looks before he leaps: and yet I have known many newly-fledged medicos, tired of their long curriculum, and weary of the worry of hard work and the passing of exams., go straight up to London and get right away into the service without ever thinking what was before them, or whether they would like the life or not. Such a plan is like marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.

Now, fond as I am of the sea and a roving life, and all that sort of thing, I must tell my readers that many young doctors who enter the Royal Navy, might have done far better had they stayed at home.

The men whom I should advise not to go to the service are (1) those who have cut an extra good figure at the University, not so much from dint of hard "grinding" as from sheer love of a very noble profession. These men can do better on shore; (2) men who have the means, or whose friends are able and willing to assist them to the purchase of a share of a good practice in a town; (3) men who look forward to getting married and settling down some day; and (4) men who are not fond of a wandering life, or whose constitutions do not seem strong enough to permit them to stand damp, cold, and heat, and the vicissitudes of every climate under the sun.

But your free-and-easy happy-go-lucky young fellows, with a deal of good blood in their veins, with the manners and feelings of gentlemen, and who possess an innate sense of honour and the nobility of duty, these may at all events consider whether the Royal Navy is likely to suit their views of comfort and happiness.

I may as well tell them at once that they had better give up all hopes of a great career, or of getting rich in any way, before they make up their minds to don the blue and gold. I can assure them that there is hardly the ghost of a chance of their ever making a penny more than they shall be able to live upon handsomely. Prize-money nowadays is limited to the capture of a few wretched dhows; there are no pirates, and no galleons laden with Spanish doubloons; and no Indian princess ever yet was known to fall in love with a Navy surgeon. In fact, it is all the other way; I have been part of a retinue where my chief was received with Highland honours, so to speak, and in which I had no more share than if I had been his bootmaker, and carried a bradawl instead of a sword. So, no romance, please, for in the service you must take life as it comes, and live for the day. This is a very good practice too, if you can do it.

As to making a show in your profession, that is all but impossible, because you do not have patients enough to enable you to keep up with your age. In this respect your ambition will have to be bounded by a possible (but improbable) Gilbert Blane Medal, an occasional letter to the "Lancet," a manual of the botany or fauna of the Fiji Islands, and a prettily-written and

clearly-kept log, for which you may get patted on the back by the D. G. (Director-General), although very likely all your temperatures and sailings have been fudged from the records of a navigating messmate.

As to the position you hold on board, that is very good, and if you yourself are a true man and a gentleman—i.e., a *gentle man*—you are bound to be respected, and to make friends both aloft and ashore.

The duties in time of peace are seldom hard or onerous, but I need hardly say that, although those under your care may be but few, and their ailments but simple, you are bound to give them every attention and thought which your skill can suggest.

When off duty the life of a Navy-surgeon is as pleasant—nay, even delightful—as any one could desire. You soon settle down to ship's ways and ship's routine; indeed, without asking too many questions, or seeming to wish to be too much of the sailor, a young surgeon should keep his weather eye lifting from the very day he joins; then, if he knows his duty and does it, he will never be taken aback.

The living on board a ship of ordinary size is very good indeed. The mess is very well found, and far cheaper than that of the Army.

One drawback to pleasure in the service is the curse of long commissions. You get kept out on one station till you become heartily sick of it.

A medical student who intends going into the service ought to study French and German, not only so as to be able to read and write in these tongues, but to converse in them with some degree of fluency. If he has an aptitude for learning languages, let him throw in Spanish as well; it is a very simple and captivating language. But a good linguist possesses many advantages when abroad, and can make friends in every land.

Athletic exercises should also be one of his private studies and hobbies; cricket, lawn-tennis, etc., are games that should not be neglected. He ought also to be able to play some good indoor game, and to dance and fence well. He should possess an excellent knowledge of the history of the British Empire in all its divisions, and be a good conversationalist. If, in addition to these acquirements, he is able to sing a good song and play on some instrument, and is at heart good-natured, the young surgeon is sure to get on. He must, moreover, be able to stand the fire of chaff, and be able to give a *quid* for a *quo* (a Roland for an Oliver) when occasion demands it.

As to pay, the following is the scale:

	£	s.	d.
Surgeon, on entry.	0	11	6 a day.
Surgeon, after 4 years full-pay service.	0	13	6 "
Surgeon, after 8 years full-pay service.	0	15	6 "
Staff-surgeon, On promotion to.	1	1	0 "

	£	s.	d.
Staff-surgeon, after 4 years full-pay as such.	1	4	0 a day.
Fleet-surgeon, On promotion to.	1	7	0 "
Fleet-surgeon, after 4 years full-pay as such.	1	10	0 "
Fleet-surgeon, after 8 years full-pay as such.	1	13	0 "

You would probably retire at the age of fifty with a guinea a day, and perhaps with a fair constitution. I myself took my retirement after ten years' service, on half-pay. Messmates of mine are serving as Fleet-surgeons, but I do not envy them, and that is a fair confession.

Well, there are other pickings in the service in the shape of allowances and prize-money, but these are like angels' visits—few and far between.

Now about getting into the service. You have passed for your degree, we will say, with flying colours, but you want also to join your flag with as much *clat* as possible; do not get rusty therefore. In fact, if you have the time to spare, I should advise you to do as follows: First take a good long health-giving holiday, then go up to London, having first ascertained when examinations take place, and put yourself under the guidance of a "coach." There is nothing derogatory in doing so; some of our very best men do it, and they have no occasion for regret afterwards, for on the success of your first examination will depend, to a large extent, your whole future career in the service.

The following is an extract from the regulations regarding the entry of candidates for commissions as surgeons in the Royal Navy:

1. Every Candidate for admission into the Medical Department of the Royal Navy must be not under 21 nor over 28 years of age on the day on which he presents himself for examination. He must produce an extract from the Register of the date of his birth; or, in default, a declaration made before a Magistrate, from one of his parents or other near relative, stating the date of birth. He must also produce a certificate of moral character, signed by a Clergyman or a Magistrate, to whom he has been for some years personally known, or by the President or Senior Professor of the College at which he was educated.

2. He must be registered under the Medical Act in force at the time of his appointment, as possessing two diplomas or licences recognised by the General Council, one to practise Medicine and the other Surgery in Great Britain and Ireland.

3. He must sign a declaration that he is a British subject, the son of parents of unmixed European blood, that he labours under no mental or constitutional disease or weakness, or any other imperfection or disability which may interfere with the most efficient discharge of the duties of a Medical Officer in any climate; and that he does not hold, and has never held, any commission or appointment in the public services.

He must also declare his readiness to engage for general service at home or abroad as required.

He must be free from organic or other disease, and his physical fitness will be determined by a Board of Medical Officers, who are to certify that his vision comes up to the required standard, which will be ascertained by the use of Snellen's Test Types.

The Certificates of registration, character, and age must accompany this schedule, which is to be filled up and returned as soon as possible, addressed to the



Secretary of the Admiralty, Whitehall, London, S.W., with the words *Director-General, Medical Department*, in the corner of the envelope.

4. Candidates will be examined in the following subjects:—

	Marks.
a. Anatomy and Physiology .. ..	1,000
b. Surgery .. ..	1,000
c. Medicine, including Therapeutics, Diseases of women and children .. ..	1,000
d. Chemistry and Pharmacy, and a practical knowledge of Drugs .. ..	1,000

N.B.—The examination in Medicine and Surgery will be in part practical, and will include operations on the dead body, the application of Surgical Apparatus, and the examination of Medical and Surgical patients at the bedside.

The examination in Chemistry will be limited to elements of the science, and to its application to Medicine, Pharmacy, and Practical Hygiene.

No candidate shall be considered eligible who shall not have obtained at least one-third of the marks obtainable in each of the above compulsory subjects.

5. Candidates may be examined in the following voluntary subjects, for which the maximum number of marks obtainable will be:—

	Marks.
French and German (150 each) .. ..	300
Natural Sciences .. ..	300

A number less than one-third of the marks obtainable in each of these voluntary subjects will not be allowed to count in favour of the Candidate who has qualified in the compulsory subjects.

The knowledge of modern languages being considered of great importance, all intending competitors are urged to qualify in French and German.

The natural sciences will include Comparative Anatomy, Zoology, Natural Philosophy, Physical Geography, and Botany, with special reference to *Materia Medica*.

6. The appointments announced for competition will be filled up from the list of qualified Candidates arranged in the order of merit, as finally determined

by the total number of marks each has obtained in both compulsory and voluntary subjects.

7. Successful Candidates, immediately after passing the examination, will receive commissions as Surgeons in the Royal Navy, and will undergo a course of practical instruction in Naval Hygiene at Haslar Hospital.

I may as well make a remark or two on these rules:—

As regards No. 1, then, although the surgeon may enter up to twenty-eight years of age, the sooner after twenty-one he gets his commission the better. The certificate of moral character is best from your parish clergyman, priest, or minister.

No. 2. If you have the degree of M.B. or M.D. it scores in your favour.

No. 3. On application you will receive forms to fill up. *Re* eyesight: if this is not good you should on no account attempt to enter the service. Get Snellen's Test Type, and try for yourself, that is, if you have any doubts.

No. 4. You cannot be too well up in the branches you will be examined on. If, therefore, you have neglected your dissections or operations on the dead body while at the university or hospitals, be advised by me, and do them all over again, so that you can have confidence. Study well also the application of all the newest forms of surgical apparatus. Be deft and handy at the work, and look as if you liked it, and would as soon give your examiners a lesson as not.

No. 5. Be well up in the non-compulsory subjects.

No. 6. By this rule you will observe that

the examinations are in a manner competitive, while No. 7 informs you that you will receive a course of instruction in Naval Hygiene after you receive a commission. This course may be good enough in its way, but the best of going to Haslar is that you get initiated into the customs of the service, and, therefore, on joining a ship for the first time you are not so green a griffin as otherwise you would be. You are already, in a measure, up to the ropes.

As regards uniform, this is rather expensive, and my advice to you is to get nothing at first but what you actually need for sea-going purposes. Order from the best outfitters, and I think these will be found at such places as Portsmouth, Plymouth, etc., though I do not mean to say there may not be good ones in London. Pay, if possible, ready money. If you enter the service in debt it will be a millstone round your neck for years to come.

As to your future career in the service, there is a good deal of chance and luck about it. You may be sent to dreary out-of-the-way stations to vegetate for years, your only society on shore savages, while, as the time goes on, you may get tired of even your messmates on board. But you may, on the other hand, get good appointments, be on special service, have a hospital or dockyard, or get appointed to the Marines.

In conclusion, it will do no harm to know that if I were twenty-three again, I would join the service like a shot, as the saying is.

## "DON'T LET US FIGHT WITHOUT A FLAG, COLONEL."

WHILE every boy of England loves her splendid history of brave men and women, he certainly is too unselfish to be jealous of the gallant deeds and heroic characters of other nations, and especially of those who are of the same blood and lineage.

The little bitter animosity that existed for many years between England—the grand old mother—and the United States—the fair daughter—on account of the War of Independence, has long since been forgotten; and, from a most careful and long-tried journey through every part of England, I am convinced that there are no two nations to-day that are, and which ought to be, more closely connected, and fraternally connected, than England and America. Every year makes this relationship stronger—in finance, industry, commerce, personal intercommunication, and, above all, honest goodwill.

Believing that the many thousand readers of the BOY'S OWN will be as interested in a character of the American Army of 1775 as they would of an English hero in the Soudan, I will write the history of as brave a man as ever faced a foe, and one who was as splendidly remembered as any American hero during the centennial celebration of revolutionary events. It is that of Sergeant John Jasper.

This name was always mentioned in American history among the brave soldiers of that stubborn war; but the grand record of this uneducated youth was not fully known until it was revealed at the centennial celebration of Fort Moultrie by General Kershaw, of Confederate fame.

John Jasper was born on the Black Mingo, or Black river, in South Carolina, and was among the first who enlisted in the celebrated Francis Marion's company when less than twenty years of age, and at once he displayed that daring courage that placed him in the front rank of that little army of American braves.

Sir Henry Clinton and Major-General Cornwallis, with three thousand British troops, composed the land forces for the attack on the city of Charleston, South Carolina. Five English men-of-war were anchored within the beautiful bay. Sullivan's Island, in the harbour, was the rendezvous of the Colonial troops. Among these was the 2nd Regiment of South Carolina Infantry, commanded by Colonel William Moultrie. Against the further approach of the enemy these men erected a rude fort on the island, and named it Fort Sullivan. It was constructed of Palmetto wood and sand, which would not to-day resist a single shot from one of England's ironclads. On the south-east bastion of this rude but dearly-loved fort was planted the flag which has, from that day to this, been the pride of South Carolinians. It was a blue field with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned that strong American word—LIBERTY!

When the fort was nearly completed, and the full force of the English army was known, a strong pressure was made upon Colonel Moultrie and his men to evacuate their position, they being assured that the whole command would be annihilated. But no words of entreaty or threats could induce officers or men to leave the rude garrison they had so zealously and faithfully erected. Sergeant Jasper was one of the garrison, and when he saw the bright Palmetto flag placed thereon he said he "would defend it with his life." How faithfully he fulfilled his pledge!

On the 28th of June, 1776, the British troops and men-of-war opened their batteries on the little fort, and for a moment defeat seemed certain. The quaint old General Horley, in one of his private letters, wrote: "Such a sudden burst of flame and thunder could not but make us feel very queer at first, especially as we were young hands, and had never been engaged in such an awful scene before. But a few rounds

brought us all right again, and then, with heads bound up, and stripped to the buff, we plied our bulldogs like heroes."

All day long this engagement continued, and never for one moment did those poor Colonial troops think of retreat or surrender. It was when the fire was the hottest that an incident occurred which infused fresh energy and courage into the hearts of those American soldiers, and at the same time gave Sergeant Jasper a name that will live as long as American history is read.

The flag-staff was struck by a ball from the enemy, and, after tottering for a moment, fell forward, and their dear crescent flag seemed lost. A feeling of despair naturally came over every soldier in the fort, and many believed that it was an evil omen. This feeling, however, was soon dispelled. Sergeant Jasper cried out to Colonel Moultrie, "DON'T LET US FIGHT WITHOUT A FLAG, COLONEL;" and with consummate bravery he leaped upon the parapet, and thence down to the beach amid a perfect storm of shot, and recovered the flag. Attaching it to a sponge-staff, he remounted the wall, and deliberately fixed it on the south-east bastion.

Not long after, Sergeant McDonald fell mortally wounded. As he was being borne from the platform, he exclaimed, "I die, my brave fellows, but do not let the cause of liberty die with me." Sergeant Jasper exclaimed, "Let us avenge this brave man's death." Night closed this gallant defence, and, although the cannonading was continuous, and of great severity, the Americans sustained the loss of but eleven men killed and twenty-five wounded.

Two days after the battle Governor Rutledge, General Lee, and a large company of patriotic friends from Charleston visited the fort and complimented the heroes of the hour. On this occasion the young wife of Major Elliott presented to the regiment a pair of colours, one of blue, the other of red silk, beautifully embroidered by the ladies



of Charleston. As she handed them to the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, she said, "Your gallant behaviour in defence of liberty and your country entitles you to the highest honour. Accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment, and I have not the least doubt, under Heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty."

Colonel Moultrie replied, saying that the 2nd Regiment would always carry them into action, and that they never would be tarnished by any act of theirs."

Now, my dear boys, see how nobly that promise was kept! Some time after, at the siege of Savannah, one of those flags was fixed on the British lines by Lieutenant Bush, who was immediately shot down. Lieutenant Hume attempted to set up the other, and was also killed. Lieutenant Gray, in supporting them, was mortally wounded. It remained for Sergeant Jasper to accomplish this heroic work, but in doing so he received his death wound. He brought the standard off, however, yet the pair were finally taken by the British troops at the fall of Charleston. Sergeant Jasper sacrificed his life for his flag and country. His last words were, "Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colours she presented to the regiment."

Thus died one of the bravest men in martial story. He is spoken of as a modest, quiet, and obedient soldier, and what better character is wanted in public or private life, in business circles, or in the quiet home? On the occasion of Governor Rontledge's visit to the fort in Charleston Harbour, he presented Sergeant Jasper his own sword, as a mark of his distinguished respect. He also offered the young soldier a commission, but with many thanks he declined them both, saying that "his lack of education unfitted him for any higher position than in the rank and file."

Having read this brief record of this brave man, think of how the conduct of this young soldier was appreciated one hundred years after his death. Towns and counties in South Carolina and Georgia had been named for him. The beautiful city of Savannah is the seat of Jasper County; and yet this was not sufficient for his memory. The story of his honour and bravery must be told with fresh inspiration and renewed interest. Therefore, at the Centennial celebration of Fort Sullivan (now Fort Moultrie), on June 28th, 1876, there was a presentation of colours on that historic battle-ground, which called to mind a similar presentation one hundred years before. On the last occasion Miss Juliet G. Elliott, granddaughter of Mrs. Barnard Elliott, presented to the Palmetto Guard of Charleston a flag, which is an exact copy of the one presented to the 2nd Regiment, and to save which Sergeant Jasper lost his life. On one side of the flag was blue silk, with a white crescent, and the reverse was of crimson silk, with the inscription:

MOULTRIE.

MRS. BARNARD ELLIOTT.

JASPER.

"Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colours she presented

TO OUR REGIMENT."

July 30, 1776.

Miss Julia G. Elliott,  
1876.

At the Centennial celebration of the Siege of Savannah, October 9, 1879, in

which engagement Sergeant Jasper lost his life, the brave young hero was again remembered. In this beautiful city of the South the corner-stone of a colossal monument to his memory was laid, with most imposing ceremonies. The soldiery of Georgia and South Carolina, the two States that claimed him as their own, were present in large numbers, and Governor Gordon, of Georgia, delivered the oration.

Yes, that silken flag, so highly prized by the soldiery of South Carolina, and that tall shaft of granite and bronze, will for all years to come tell in no mistaken language the love and gratitude which every brave nation have for their brave and noble characters, and the gallant deeds of her private soldiers. I wonder whatever became of those original flags that the English troops captured at the siege of Charleston?

BEN. T. HUTCHINS.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### A BEAUTIFUL LATIN HYMN.

The Latin hymn to which we refer begins with the words, "Altitudo, quid hic jaces." Its author is unknown. It is exquisite in form and diction, and remarkable for its skilful and bold presentation of the antithesis between the lofty nature of the Divine Babe and His humble circumstances. Here are the two first verses:

Thou art lowly here, Thou Highest,  
Mid the stable's taint and shame,  
Where in mirk and cold Thou liest  
Who didst touch the stars to flame.  
O what wonders Thou art doing,  
Jesus, for the sons of men,  
Eden's lost in love pursuing,  
Till Thou woo them home again!

Thou art weak who all upholdest;  
Thou art bound who settest free;  
Thou art small who all infoldest;  
Thou art born, Eternity.  
O what wonders Thou art doing,  
Jesus, for the sons of men,  
Eden's lost in love pursuing,  
Till Thou woo them home again

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(TENTH SERIES.)

### V.—Illuminating Competition.

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 11).

HERE, again, the prize has to be divided between two competitors.

Prizes—5s. 6d. each.

ALBERT VICTOR OSBORNE, Brook Villas, Albert Road, Tunbridge, Kent.

FLORENCE MARY BROOME, Brougham Street, Welington, New Zealand.

#### CERTIFICATES.

W. TIMMS, Newport Road, Chepstow, Monmouth.

HARRY ALBERT FAIRMAN, 5, Atholl Place, Edinburgh.

## Correspondence.

ALGERNON HOWARD RISLEY.—Canary: seed, one part of summer rape to two of canary, bit of ripe apple or carrot, green food. Linnet: seed, canary, rape, flax, and hemp. Goldfinch and Bullfinch: seed, canary, rape, flax, hemp, maw, and ground oats. Not much hemp for any bird. The Chaffinch: feed as the bullfinch. The Hedge-sparrow: seed as above, and German paste, with insects and worms. Skylark: crnshed hemp and bread-crumbs. German-paste, scraped raw meat, mealworms. Thrush: a paste of ground oats and milk, or sop of bread and milk, scraped raw meat, snails, giving a stone to break them on. Blackbird: similar feeding, with also garden-worms and caterpillars. The food of both must be nourishing. All birds want clean water daily, and plenty of gravel. Bird boys, please copy this answer, and save us the trouble of repetition.

JNO. CURELW.—Warts may be dispelled by rubbing uow and then with caustic potash, or nitrate of silver, or the white juice of the common weed, *Chelidonium majus*.

W. D. MCKENZIE.—No; depilatories are dangerous.

SKINS.—Skin the mouse, and put it close to an ant's nest. You will soon have a clean skeleton.

F. JOHNSON.—1. Consult a doctor. 2. Any small seeds for doves.

H. G.—J. J. G. Wood is right. 2. Radius and ulna are the two bones of the forearm; the humerus is the arm-bone between elbow and shoulder.

J. PATIS.—A sailor ought to do up and stow hammock in five minutes. On deck, along the top of bulwarks.

PIGEON.—1. Sketch is that of a rose-linnet's egg. 2. Where is "here"? There is no address to your letter. An eagle, perhaps, or solon goose.

RODENT and Others.—White rats are advertised three times a week in "Exchange and Mart."

RUSSIAN.—What absurd nonsense! Take a cold bath every morning, and do not eat much meat.

NEMO.—Sit straight. Wear braces to pull the shoulders back, and take a teaspoonful of Par-rish's Chemical Food thrice a day in a little water.

CHARLIE.—Our papers on Athletics should be read by you. Do everything to strengthen the body, and both the nervousness and redness of nose will go away.

CUI BONO.—It is a very common complaint. Try all means—such as constant exercise, the bath, etc.—to strengthen the body, and get employment to constantly exercise the mind. Medicine: Fellows' syrup of phosphates, a small teaspoonful in water twice a day with meals. It is from constitutional nervousness you suffer.

FELIX.—Live by the sea; and go to sea.

C. D. A. D.—Get your jackdaw to love you by being exceedingly kind to it, and just keep saying words to it.

S. CELIAN.—Earthworms have no eyes.

BROWNING.—Yes; and Samphire or Sanitas is the best soap to use. Wash down with warm water, then take a cold tub.

OCULIST.—You should lose no time in consulting a medical man about your eyes.

CYCLIST.—Paint your tricycle with either Ardill's or Harrington's enamel. It costs a shilling a bottle, and full directions are given in each case.

TOM WEBB.—Model-yacht sails are tanned by being boiled in coffee-grounds. A little catechu added will make the colour faster. It is perhaps better to leave the sails white.

W. T. BRADBURY.—For index to the patent list apply at the Birmingham Free Library. The burner seems to be one of Heron's, but the description you give is not sufficient.

SHINY BOOTS.—The lines should read—

"He prayeth well who liveth well,  
Both man and bird and beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all."

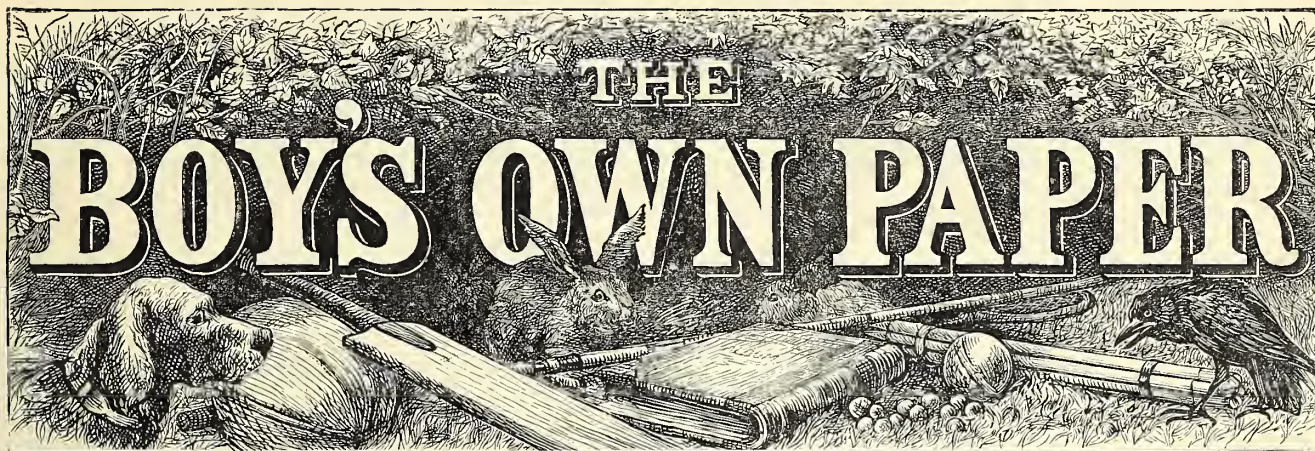
They are from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

H. K.—Apply to Melhuish and Son, tool manufacturers, Fetter Lane, E.C., for price list of fret-saw machines.

W. J. C.—The black on mackintoshes is either thin sheet-indiarubber rolled out, or else a solution of indiarubber and naphtha laid on as a thin paste. It would be quite impossible for you to do such a thing for yourself, as expensive and complicated machinery is required.

C. E. A.—1. Get Baddeley's "Thorough Guide to the English Lake District," published by Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square, W. It costs five shillings. The maps are very clear. 2. To waterproof boots, dose the uppers with castor-oil, and varnish the soles with copal varnish.





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Price One Penny.  
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"A Revenue boat, mate!"



## CHAPTER I.

"THAT there craft hain't ne'er been up this here channel afore, I warrant, or she wouldn't go running her nose into the 'Race,' a night like this. What dost think of her, Tom? Hullo! why if she ain't trying to lie-to!"

Tom, a bluff and hearty-looking specimen of the fisher tribe, slowly turns his quid, and fixing his weather eye on the craft in question—which craft is only just discernible through the blinding rain and wind—gazes at her for a moment with the rigid and sapient look peculiar to mariners, and then replies,

"A Revenue boat, mate, she is, with a greenhorn or a fool aboard of her, and she'll be on the rocks in another ten minutes, I'll be bound. Why, if she ain't a-coming to an anchor! She'll drag to a certainty. Come on, mate, you and I hain't got no love for they Revenue chaps, but we ain't a-going to see no one drown before our eyes without doing sunnat to help him. I don't hold with they wrecker chaps down Channel, nohow."

And Tom commenced to pound across the pebbly beach, with his mate close at his heels.

"Belay there! where are you coming to?" growled a harsh voice the next moment, as the owner of the same received Tom's head full in the place where his waistcoat would have been, if he had possessed one—for he was attired in a thick blue jersey, which fitted him closely and warmly.

"Sorry," said Tom, in a cowed, conciliatory tone, which suited him ill. "There's a craft goin' ashore on Black Rock, and I'm a-running to see what can be done to help her. When lives is going to be lost a chap don't always steer steady."

This new arrival on the scene was a decidedly remarkable man.

Standing full six feet two in his sea-boots, he yet looked some inches less, by reason of his vast frame and massive shoulders. His square-cut face was coarsely handsome, and a tangle of curly black hair surmounted a low but broad brow. The mouth was almost hidden in a luxuriant moustache and beard, but one caught occasional glimpses of a latent sneer. Beneath the bushy straight eyebrows, set almost at right angles to the broad Greek nose, gleamed a dangerous-looking pair of steel-grey eyes, which now and then, in his most amiable moments, became distinctly blue, producing an almost droll change of expression.

"When a fellow's got grog aboard he don't always steer straight, you mean," exclaimed he. Then suddenly changing his tone to one of almost command, he added, "No lives are going to be lost to-night, I'm thinking, if you've got any pluck in ye, and will lend a hand with my boat. Come on! this way; she's lying on Kingston Hard, just above high-water mark."

Off went the trio, and in as many minutes they had her down to where the white foam was hissing on the pebbles, whilst the dark forms of the angry waves leapt ever up and down before them, drenching them with

showers of spray, which, driving inland, lay in drifts behind the hedges and sand dunes. A strange boat she looked, as they heaved her up to get the rain water out of her, staggering as the windgusts struck her this way and that.

Full twenty-one feet long, with a beam of six feet six, her upper works were much like those of other boats, but down below the water-line she was as flat as any pancake! Three great elm planks two and a half inches thick formed the bottom, which was further strengthened by transverse ribs of green oak some two inches by three. A strange sea-boat, indeed, but the veriest landsman would at once have recognised her "beaching" qualities, especially on this shallow coast. Her stem and stern being alike, she could never be swamped by a wave overtaking her from behind, and that flat "floor" would lie upon the shore as level as a billiard table. No heeling over to the sea, and "broaching-to" before she could be hauled out of reach of the next wave, as one often sees in South Coast keel boats.

One man now took port bow oar, our friend Tom settled down on the mid-thwart with a starboard oar, and the owner, whose name was William Martock, locally Black Bill, stood with his huge shoulder pressed against the stern, watching the breakers as they tossed their white arms far out to sea, and raced for the shore. Suddenly he cries "Ready!" the muscles stand out like ropes in his column-like neck and mighty arms, and the next moment the boat, riding on the crest of the outward wave, dashes forth in the teeth of the gale.

Ere the second breaker rolls wildly in two more oars are buried in the creamy foam, all the strength of Bill's broad back is brought to bear upon them, and the boat's nose bursts through the wall of water which rushes astern full six inches deep beneath the thwarts. A sheet of spray rises like a gigantic spirit between them and the land, and the pebbles roar beneath the descending billow. Then out again on the recoil, and then another and yet another breaker, burying her fore and aft. No time for baling, and no spare hands to do it if there were. Still they keep their course, and the half-swamped craft staggers like a drunken thing, whilst the veins in the rowers' arms look ready to burst with the pressure of the strained muscles. A little more and they are in deep water, and sweeping up towards the Race in comparatively tranquil water, the waves lazily following them upon the port quarter, nearly astern.

"That were a close one, Bill."

"Ay, ay! Steady, port; steady, man. Pull, you starboard! Keep her off, man!"

Another minute and they are in the troubled waters of the Race, and the cutter looms huge in the gloom, her bows nearly buried in the waves, and the tide rushing past her like a mill-stream.

"Cutter ahoy! stand by to heave us a line," shouts brawny Bill Martock. "Be smart about it, you lubbers, if you don't want to send us and you to Davy

Jones," he adds, in a growl whose centre is somewhere about his boots.

"Stand by." Ah! the first throw falls short, and the boat rushes past in the shadow of the heaving hull, whilst the linesman tears along her deck, struggling to keep his feet, and recoiling the line as he runs.

"Now, mate, quick, *quick!* Now!" and the line hisses like a snake through the air, falls with a thud right across the boat's stern, and in an instant is made fast to the stern-post ring. Fortunately it is that she is built stem and stern alike, for the strain on the rope is awful, and her plucky crew bundle away into the bows, as she pulls nearly "stem under." Then, as the cutter's taffrail rises when she bows to the wave, the line is hauled on, and, with a wild jump, one of the boatmen is clinging to the rail, and soon clammers aboard. It is fearfully risky work, but after sundry failures and hairbreadth escapes they are all three standing upon the slippery deck of the larger vessel, clinging to the bulwarks, and gradually recovering their lost "wind."

Bill is not long in taking his bearings. He finds himself aboard a cutter of some fifty tons, a most unusually large craft for this part of the coast. Everything is battened down, and well it is that this is so, for she labours heavily in the hollow seas, which are too short and irregular to enable her to rise to them properly, for her decks are entirely swept by each in succession, and numerous broken masses of water pop unexpectedly over her amidship and on the quarter. A tall, pale young man of some two-and-twenty summers stands astern, clinging to the tiller, which, insecurely lashed, is anything but a support to him. His costume, of faultless nautical cut, has long been wet through, and is now clinging closely to his lean and feeble-looking frame. His face and small black moustache are encrusted with salt, and despite his best endeavours his teeth are chattering like castanets with cold and, perhaps, a little fear. Two or three disconsolate-looking men and a boy apparently constitute the crew.

Evidently the faultlessly attired one is the skipper, and so turning to him and taking a pull at his forelock, Bill explains. "Beg pardon, sir, but you've got your craft in a mighty perilous position, and the odds are she'll be on the rocks astern of you before tide turns. We knows the place, and mebbe we can get her out for you if you wishes it, but it's as much as she will do. Anyhow, shall us have a try?"

"Do anything you like, only get us out of this beastly hole," was jerked out of the shivering skipper, as the tiller swung to and fro and smote him amidships. "If you can pilot us into a harbour, you shall be well paid, be sure of that," he added.

All this time the yacht is tugging wildly at her bow anchors, and as each wave strikes her she swings astern with a peculiar shivering sensation which proves only too well how her anchors are dragging. In fact there is no good anchorage here, soft mud and pebbles below it, and the anchors grind through a full yard of it at every heave. No time is there to lose. The great



mainsail, close reefed, is brailled, and ready to draw, the headsails (storm jib, and reefed foresail) bent, and nothing remains but to hoist the topmast, which should have been done long ago. No one seems inclined to venture aloft to where the great crosstrees are rocking wildly in the darkness. There is not a moment for hesitation. "Stand by to hoist topmast," sings out the giant, and the next moment his powerful form is swarming up the shrouds, clinging like a limpet as the fierce blast strikes the little vessel, throwing her nearly gunwale under. Higher and higher, ever upwards the man struggles; and now he is under the crosstrees, and the fid of the topmast is within grasping distance. To and fro the great mast swings, and he feels as though it were a mighty sling, and he the projectile, instantly to be shot out into the darkness around. No one but a giant could hold on in such a storm, but he has done it. A stentorian "Below there," which might have been heard six feet below him, and the fid is withdrawn, the mast descends till the cap rests on the trees, and the gallant little craft, relieved from all this top hamper, rides far more easily than before. No time to lose indeed; the grinding of the anchors still goes on, and the roar of the breakers on the reef astern becomes momentarily more awful, whilst the straining cordage shrieks like ten thousand Æolian harps gone mad.

Down comes Bill, and rushes like a whirlwind to the tiller. "Forward there, stand by to cut away." Then the cables are slipped, and the cutter, burying her lee and two planks of her deck, begins to gather way.

She had been anchored in the "fair-way" between the mainland, which for a couple of miles up channel and a quarter of a mile below was rocky and forbidding—and a small island called "The Bearn," which though separated from the former at high water by some three hundred yards of sea, was connected with it at low tide by a rough causeway which dried out for half an hour or so.

During Neaps the tide rises over forty feet, and when the wind blows freshly from the west the water rushes through the channel with a force that no oars can pull against; and it sets, moreover, on to a reef called the Black Rocks, the whole arrangement forming a veritable trap for any vessel which may be so unfortunate as to get within the influence of the current.

At the time of which I am writing the Bearn Island had one inhabitant, a fine Alderney cow, which managed to make a fat living out of the grass and herbage which crowned its summit.

Every day it came across to the mainland to be milked, swimming when the tide was in, walking across the causeway on other occasions.

This cow was the pride of the neighbourhood; and often, even now, so many years afterwards, its prowess and swimming powers are the theme of conversation when the gale blows fiercely round cottage homes, and roars down cottage chimneys. But Fate, which spared not the swimmer of the Hellespont, looked grimly upon this humble but brave mammalian. She had a calf,

which was conveyed to the mainland in order that it might be sheltered from the wind and rain. The milky mother was driven on to the island to feed, and whilst there the tide and wind rose till all the intervening three hundred yards became a mass of tumbling foam.

Undaunted by the elements, and longing to get back to her offspring, the cow plunged into the sea, and made as usual for the landing-place; but she had miscalculated her strength. Long she battled with the raging waves, her horns gleaming defiantly in the driving foam, but at last the cruel waters triumphed over maternal love, and the poor beast, uttering a despairing bellow—never forgotten by those who heard it—disappeared from view.

In this perilous situation, then, the cutter was placed; and any attempt to beat to windward against the rush of the tide would have been simply useless. However, just to westward of the Bearn was a patch of slack water, and a backset of the tide set in close to shore a hundred yards farther down, so that if, by means of the slack, the craft could possibly gain that hundred yards, she would be in a fair way of getting free, for the mouth of a little river offered good shelter about two miles down the bay. With the water pouring like a cataract over her lee, then, she dashes through the short, hollow waves, which roar like young lions, the shore-boat in tow thump-thumping like a drum above the din, as its flat floor smites the waves; and as she reaches the patch of slack the dark form of the Bearn rock seems to be rushing like an express upon her starboard bow. Her skipper clings to the bulwarks despairingly, and scans Bill Martock's face, trying to find there some ray of hope with which to comfort himself.

Nearer and nearer still, the white water dances exultantly at the prospect of a victim. But just as death and destruction stand expectant with open arms, her head swings violently into the wind as it emerges into stiller water, whilst the furious current drags hard at her stern. Another moment, and that, too, is free.

For a couple of hundred yards she holds her course, and then right ahead another straight line of tossing, broken water betrays the current, which sweeps round the outer face of the rock and over the Honeycomb reef with scarcely less force than the one they have left.

"Bout ship, then, and tack again, till the wedge-like parting of the currents proves that the slack can no longer avail them anything. Now the question is, can she cross the current to the favourable tide on the shore side? At it she goes like a greyhound, the water boiling over her bows and throwing her almost on her beam-ends as she re-enters the wild Race. The strong arm never leaves the tiller, but the resistless current carries her away like a feather past the point and on towards the Black Rock reef.

The straight brows of her helmsman knit, and his teeth are clenched like a vice, in the anxiety of the moment. Round she goes again, and woe to her had she "missed stays," or even hung in them for a moment.

Again the Bearn Rock rushes at the starboard bow, and again she whirls giddily as she reaches slack water. "She *must* do it," hisses her helmsman, through his clenched teeth. "Another knot of speed out of her, and she *will* do it," he adds. "What sticks has she in her?" he anxiously queries.

"Good, I can warrant, for they are Government stuff," replies her owner.

"Good, she's bearing enough to carry more sail aft."

So another reef is taken out, the throat and peak halliards hauled on till the sail sets like a board, and the stout mast bends like a reed with the awful strain. She bears it well, but it is necessary to luff her at every heavy squall.

The muscles of Bill's handsome face are all a-quiver with anxiety, as he once more heads her for the shore, and letting her run a little free, the water boils beneath her taffrail like some vast cauldron.

"If she'll hold together she'll do it. Hooray!"

And under the influence of the shore current she is drawing to windward almost as fast as she was just now drifting the other way. The shock of opposing currents causes her to tremble and quiver from stem to stern, and the pressure of water upon the rudder throws the gigantic helmsman upon his face, and nearly overboard. The tow-rope parts, and whistles like a whip over his head as the flat boat sweeps away on the crest of a magnificent breaker. Bill quickly recovers himself, whilst the cutter, freed from the drag of the half-swamped boat, makes grand headway through the shallow waters of the bay, and so well does she behave that half an hour afterwards she feels the river tide, and, crossing the bar in a perfect maelstrom of waves, shoots suddenly into quiet water.

Another half-hour, and a drenched but cheerful group gathered round a roaring fire at the sign of the Duke of Monmouth, the only inn which Pyl could boast of.

"Never saw such a sea in my life," said the young skipper. "Why, those fellows down at Coombe told me you never had any more sea here than one would find in a duck-pond! Anyhow, I wouldn't have cared to have had one of them at the tiller to-night."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Tom, "they deep sea chaps thinks they knows a deal about the Channel, but I'd like to see them wi' one of their keel-boats in a gale of wind, in our Bay. Bless you, sir, they'd be drowned like rats in no time."

"It seems quite a different sort of sea to deal with," ventured the young gentleman.

"Aye, you're right, sir. It's a hollow, short sea we gets here, and a boat can't lift to it. While she's in the trough of one sea, t'other comes right a-top of her. Why, what you've see'd to-night is nothing to what it is sometimes."

"It's quite enough for me, anyhow, for this salt water has nearly drowned me; I'm sure I shall never see clearly again. A wet sheet and a flowing sea's all very well, but I doubt whether old Dibdin would have waxed so eloquent about it, if he'd been aboard to-night."



said the young skipper. "The sea on the bar was tremendous."

Shortly afterwards the group broke up. Bill Martock and his mates, with money in their pockets and promise of more, wended their way across the sands to Westown in storm and darkness.

"This is a queer turn-out, mates," remarked Tom. "We goes out to a Revenue cutter, and finds her a yacht, and one wi' a remarkable free-handed

young gent aboard on her. Never see'd a yacht in these parts afore; suppose he must ha' lost his way and got blowed in here."

"He didn't ought to knock about the Bristol Channel without a pilot, that's all I know," said Bill, gruffly; and then he lapsed into a silence which remained almost unbroken till his lonely cottage was reached. Then, with a brief "Night, mates," he turned in.

"There's summat brewin', I knows," said Tom, confidentially, to the other man. "He ain't so terrible quiet for nothin'."

"Deep un' he is," said the other. "Deep! there ain't the lead line as 'll fathom him." And with this profound reflection the two men separated for the night.

(To be continued.)

## THE LAST OF THE PALADINS;

OR, THE HERITAGE OF KARL THE GREAT.

BY CHARLES DESLYS.



PART III.

CHAPTER X.

A VALLEY had been fixed as the meeting-place of the emperor's forces. Not far from it on the winding border of Mayenne an array of tents now rose in the valley and on the hills. It was the camp of the Norman invaders and of the Pyrenean bands that had recently joined them.

Night had fallen—a calm September night. One after another the camp fires were lighted along the range.

Not far from one of the fires, on the edge of a small patch of woodland, six men were stealthily moving.

They were clothed only in their coats-of-mail, and advanced with great care, as if to watch the movements of the enemy. "How many are there?" asked the voice of Nomenoe.

"What matter their numbers?" answered the voices of Roland and Count Robert; "we have not to count them, but to conquer them!"

"Be it so," said the son of Morvan, "and I will do my part, though we should be one to ten."

"That is about what they are," muttered Count Eflam on the other side, with a certain melancholy in his voice.

"What is the matter with you to-

night, my friend?" asked Barthold. "You seem discouraged and sad. And on the eve of battle!"

"And of the most terrible battle we have yet fought! It is true I ought to be joyful and impatient! But I am not, and it is strange. Yet never fear, Barthold, I will strike my strongest to-morrow. This evening, it may be the result of my wounds or my sorrows, I have a presentiment of evil!"

"So have I," said Landrik, frankly. "Never before did I feel so sad. It is the fault of the knife Ganelon stuck in my neck, perhaps. I am now obliged to breathe after each thrust, and that I am not accustomed to, and it worries me!"

Count Eflam looked at him and said in a low voice, "And perhaps you are thinking of Jehanne!"

"Yes," answered Landrik in the same tone. "Remember your promise, though!"

"Will you become Clothilda's protector if I die to-morrow?"

"Why do you talk of death?" asked Roland, who had only heard the last words.

Count Eflam had no scruple in explaining the strange feeling against which he and Landrik were striving.

"I understand that," said Roland, "I felt it myself once, and that was the day before Roncevaux. And, look you, I am not free from a certain anxiety now, not only from our having to do with the Normans, the most formidable enemies I know, but that they have with them the Gascons who are the only men before whom Karl had to retreat. The Gascons always bring me ill luck."

"But," said Barthold, "they were thirty to one against you at Roncevaux."

"And so they may be to-morrow," replied Roland.

"But then they won by treachery, by stratagem—"

"This time they have the Normans with them, and that means strength. But do not despise them if they come alone. They are sturdy mountaineers; they are free men, formidable in fighting for their liberties. They bear us a grudge for having interfered with them, and they will take cruel vengeance on us to-morrow. Listen to the fierce ballad the sentinel is singing below us! I heard it before, on the eve of Roncevaux; they have added a stanza to it in my honour. Listen!"

A loud melodious voice came up from the valley, chanting the popular ballad we here give in its primitive simplicity. It is called the "War Song of Altabiçar."

A shout is rising  
From the midst of the mountains of Escaldunac;  
And the free man stands before his gate  
And listens and says, "Who goes there? What will you with me?"  
And the dog who slept at the feet of his master  
Is up and filling Altabiçar with his barking!

From the hill of Ibaneta a report is resounding,  
It hears us, and echoes to the right, to the left, along the rocks,  
It is the muffled roar of our army on the march,  
Our people have spread the news on the mountains,  
They have blown their ox horns,  
And the free man is sharpening his arrows.

They come! they come! What a thicket of lances!  
How many-hued banners float in the midst of them,  
What lightnings flash from their weapons!  
How many are they? Children! count them well!  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,  
ten, eleven, twelve,  
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty!

Twenty, and thousands of others besides,  
We lose time in counting them!  
Together then, with your strong arms, and uproot these rocks,  
Hurl them down from the mountains  
On to their heads!  
Crush them! Kill them!



What do they want in our mountains, these men of the north?  
Why have they come to trouble our peace?  
When God made the mountains, it was not for men to cross them.  
But the rocks are rolling and fall; they crush the fighting men,  
The blood is flowing, the flesh is quivering.  
The bones are breaking in the purple sea!

Fly! fly! Those who have the strength and the horse!  
Fly, King Karl, with your black plume and red tippet.  
Thy nephew, thy bravest, thy dearest Roland, lies dead,  
His courage is useless to him now,  
And now, Escaldunac, leave the rolling rocks,  
Come quickly down and shower the arrows on those that fly.

They fly! they fly! Where is their thicket of lances,  
Where are their many-coloured banners floating in the midst of them?  
The lightnings do not flash from their weapons stained with blood.  
How many are there? Children, count them well!  
Twenty, 19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14, 13.  
Twelve, 11, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, one.

One! and now there is not one! It is over!  
Free man, you can go back with your dog,  
Take your wife and children to your arms,

Clean your arrows and put them with your ox horn,  
and then you can sleep,  
And in the night the eagles will feed on the dead,  
And their bones will whiten for ever!

The mountaineer finished his chant,  
and its last echo resounded on the mountains.

The six knights remained silent.  
Even Roland seemed mournful.

But at this moment a seventh companion rose before them in the night.

The new-comer was Amaury.  
"Well," said the others, "what news of Count Lantbert?"

I met with his outposts at less than four leagues from here. If we are to prevent the junction we must instantly attack those in front of us. Such is the advice of Eginhard and our other companions. They sent me to you and are waiting your return."

"Then let it be battle!" said Roland; "that is if the son of King Morvan will take its chances with us."

"Nomenoe never goes back when the sword gleams in the sun," said the Breton. "He is your faithful ally and he will fight by your side."

And they returned to their camp.  
Count Eflam and Landrik walked a little in front of the others. They felt

more and more sorrowful, and continued to talk of Clothilda and Jehanne.

In the distance, in the night, the Gascon sentinel had again begun his song.

(To be continued.)



## FOR ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY:

A TALE OF THE NAVY NINETY YEARS AGO.

BY GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Wild Adventures Round the Pole," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—DICK GETS A SEPARATE COMMAND—THE CRUISE AFTER SMUGGLERS—TACT AND CUNNING.

PROMOTION in the services came quickly in those days of bloodshed, battle, and strife. A young man might have been midshipman in one cruise, and walk his own quarter-deck in the next, under all the dignity that epaulettes, a plurality of gold stripes, and a separate mess-place can confer; that is, he might be a captain, and that means a minor king of the waves, and when afloat monarch of all he surveys until a commodore's ship heaves in sight. Then, of course, your captain for the time being must be content with a back seat.

We left General Lake's troop victorious, with McNab, or some other surgeon, asleep among the slain on Vinegar Hill. But that was in 1798, and in June of that eventful year. It is July in which this chapter opens, but the July of another twelvemonth. And many changes have happened since then.

First and foremost, there was the fall of Enniscorthy, and very soon after the recapture of Wenworth.

Colonel Trelawney had neve reentered the town. He was shot in the chest when leading his men to the charge.

For once in the history of his career, Dick, who had seen his father fall, seemed to forget his own duty. He had been in the front of his fellows, but staggered as if he himself were shot. Five minutes afterwards he was kneeling beside his father—him whom he

loved and respected more than any one else on earth—and trying in vain to staunch the flow of blood. It was well for Dick, and well for his father, too, that bold McNab was not far away.

He quickly undid the Colonel's tight uniform and exposed the wound; then he sat him upright, and fainting was the result, but the bleeding ceased. After a pause he laid him quietly back once more.

"Is he—is—he—"

Poor Dick! he could not get out the word "dead."

But McNab did.

"Dead?" said the surgeon, "never a dead about him, a man o' his constitution. Na, na, dinna vex yourself. Look, see, there are no air bubbles comin' out. The lung substance is intact. I'm no sure the bullet hasn't—yes, it *has* gone round the ribs, I feel it. I'll have it out in a jiffy."

He turned the wounded Colonel as he spoke, took a lancet from his case, and—

"I told you so," he said, and coolly put the ball in his waistcoat pocket.

"Here, sergeant, get the bearers and carry this wounded officer to the rear as canny as you can."

"God bless you," cried Dick, pressing the doctor's blood-stained hands.

"Yes, yes, yes," said McNab, impatiently; "but this is no time for sentiment. Off wi' ye, lad. Off to your duty, and let me to mine."

Well, peace—if peace it could be called—was patched up in Ireland. Colonel Trelawney got slowly well, but retired.

The Blazer, many hands short, started to return to Portsmouth, but ran on a rock, and was all but lost. By great exertions she was got off the reef, then it was "all hands to the pumps" night and day, until she staggered into Plymouth Sound, and was finally paid off and laid up for repairs.

Paid off? Sad little words, and mean the separation of both men and officers who had

"Lived and loved together  
Through many changing years,"

and the complete disintegration of a crew.

Paid off? Heigho!

Well, some may meet again; others never more in this world of sunshine and sorrow.

Captain Dawkins went, like his friend Trelawney, on the shelf. He was getting old, he said, and had seen service enough.

But he took a house within a few miles of the Colonel's, and on the green hill close by he hoisted a flagstaff, the Colonel doing the same on his lawn. So every morning, as certain as sunrise, these two fast friends used to communicate by means of a regular code of signals; and whenever Trelawney wanted Dawkins to come and dine and have



a chat, why he simply hoisted a tablecloth. There was no misunderstanding that.

McNab received an appointment at a naval hospital by way of a treat for him, and a bit of rest after his arduous duties.

Dick was promoted to a lieutenantcy right over the head of poor Barry Hewitt, who remained a mid., and went to sea in a thirty-gun frigate shortly after, to join the Mediterranean fleet.

Dick immediately after his promotion paid a visit to Black Dick, once his commander-in-chief, at his country house in Hertfordshire. Dick had something in his eye, and thought it probable that the other Dick would assist him.

He was not mistaken.

The old man, who led a quiet and simple life, remembered our hero, and received him most kindly.

"You'd like a separate command? Eh? You're an ambitious young dog! Want to swagger about on your own quarter-deck! Well, I'll give you a note to my Lord Blank; but don't expect too much, lad, for you won't get it."

Poor brave Lord Howe, the honest sailor, the seaman's friend, he lived but barely a month longer, dying on August 5th. Surely

"After life's fitful fever he slumbered well."

Dick was promised something, but not told what, so he went home for a whole week, waited, and wondered what the something might be.

One day Peniston popped in; he had come to spend a week as usual.

"I'm appointed to the *Slasher*, my boy, as supernumerary, and sail for the West Indies in a fortnight."

These were among the first words Peniston uttered.

Next day brought Dick's separate command. He burst out laughing when he read the missive.

"Why, Pen," he cried, "I'm going to be a bold buccaneer. My ship—a rakish sloop-of-war—lies somewhere up in the Scottish Highlands. Why, if I don't believe it's to protect the herring fishery. Ha! ha! ha! That's my separate command, that's my promotion, the pinnacle of my fame, the *summus mons* of my ambition. Father, be proud of your son, he's going to shed his best blood for the herring wives o' Haddington and the fisher folk o' Fife. Peniston, you old rascal, don't you think you see me on my quarter-deck? Don't you think you hear me shout through my battered trumpet, 'Cobble ahoy! Stand clear o' they nets, or I'll blow ye clean oot o' the watter.' Separate command! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, but, Richard, dear boy," his mother said, in soothing tones, "Lord Howe told you not to expect too much."

"Mother, dear," cried Dick, "don't make me laugh any more, or I'll choke myself. Do your duty, mother, to your darling boy, look out all his oldest clothes, his raggedest ruffles, and his frayed-out fronts. Pen, my good fellow, I'll go with you to Portsmouth and get measured for a pilot-jacket and a yellow tarpaulin hat, and we'll try to induce bold McNab to go with me to the Northern Seas, to act as interpreter during the cruise. Hurrah!"

But two days after there came a private note from my Lord Blank, explaining the real nature of Dick's appointment, and then it did not seem quite so ridiculous after all.

"When the cat is away the mice will play," is an old saying, in which there is a good deal of truth. Our country happened at this time to be so busy fighting her enemies, both at home and abroad, that she had far too little time to look after her commercial interests so far as to prevent smuggling. This had broken out wholesale; one might say it had become epidemic. Well, if smuggling is dishonest—and who shall say it is not so?—and if a receiver of stolen goods is as bad as the thief himself, then I fear I cannot altogether clear the people of this country themselves from—I am unwilling to use a harsh word at this period of my tale, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that many a squire's wife went to church on Sunday, dressed in silks that had never paid duty; and on the sideboard of the squire himself stood brandy that was alike innocent of having ever entered the Customs.

The North Sea was infested with a most daring head-of-the-fleet—admiral, one might say—being Tom Burke. He was a short, rather stout, round-faced fellow, with black hair and black whiskers and beard, kept short with the scissors. A history of this fellow's wild career would fill a goodly volume, and his adventures would make the hair of many a mild youth stand on end like the bristles on a hedgehog.

Burke was far too clever for the Customs to do anything with, and he had not only ran away dozens of times from revenue boats, but had sunk several of them. He, himself, in his fast and rakish lugger, the *Rocket*, seemed to be everywhere; for oftentimes fishermen swore they left him snug in harbour at Calais, Brest, or Harfleur, while others were just as positive that they had seen him off the Lothian coast.

Lord Blank wrote to Dick thus:—"You've got to sweep the sea of those vermin at all risk and any cost. If you do, it will be a feather in your cap. Take Tom Burke, alive if possible, for he has been dead a dozen times, and his head brought to the Custom House and paid for."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dick was soon afloat, and exceedingly well pleased with his sloop-of-war. She was large of the class, armed with five useful guns, and looked as fleet as the wind. But her Captain, as we must now call Dick, determined to make her fleetier, and, at his own expense, fitted her with new and far longer spars, and a bigger lot of sails, till, on her trial trip, she was taken for the Duke of Manghaballaughan's private yacht—the Duke of Manghaballaughan, by the way, was a Scotchman; if the reader cannot pronounce the name he need not worry over it.

Away went bold Dick in his yacht, then, and a happy man was he. There was one thing he had made up his mind to do, and that was to fight the pirate-smuggler with his own weapons. These were as follows:—1, speed; 2, pluck and daring; 3, good guns and cutlasses; and 4—last, but not least—gold.

Dick's adventures began before he had rounded Dover and passed the Goodwins, for he saw and ran from a French privateer about his own size. I repeat, he ran away from her; but then please to bear in mind that Dick was playing a game. He did not look like a man-o'-war, and he carried a private flag.

The chase was a long one, but the privateer was permitted to come up, hand over hand, at last. Dick had secured as part of his crew—petty officers—Dean, Allan Gray, and Paddy Lowrie, and they were all three full of fun and fight.

Presently a shot was fired across the bows of the *Lisette*, as Dick had baptized his pretty sloop, and she lay-to at once. In five minutes an armed boat's crew had sprang on deck in charge of a French lieutenant.

"You are my preesonaire, sare!" cried the latter.

"Not so fast, lieutenant!" replied the Captain; "you'll find it fits the other way on!"

At that very moment, headed by Gray, the *Lisette*'s crew rushed from below, and the French were immediately secured.

"Now then," cried Dick, "haul the foreyard forward! Out with the guns!"

The men gave a cheer.

"Tacks and sheets! Down with the helm!"

The *Lisette* crossed the privateer close under her stern, and a well-directed broadside blew her wheel away and the man with it, and crimsoned her decks.

Dick was round again, and peppering her rigging before she could move three points, then he ran alongside with another ringing cheer; but, before he could board, down came the French flag, and there was an end of the fight.

Next day the *Lisette* took the Frenchman to Dover and gave her in charge.

"A good beginning," said Dick, laughing. "We shall spend our prize-money in capturing the smuggler."

He had fine weather all the way to Scottish waters. The sea was covered with craft of all kinds, but nothing that looked like a smuggler; though, for the matter of that, any vessel there might have been.

Just before he ran into Leith, Dick ordered several large boxes and bales to be brought up, and ordered all hands to lay aft on the quarter-deck.

The bales and boxes were opened, and every man received a smart suit of yachtman's uniform, with the name of the sloop on the breast, and his officers also were dressed as yachtmen.

Dick made a speech, and not at all a stagey one. It would not have brought down the house in the slums.

"Lads," he said, "listen. I'm going to try to capture a noted smuggler, living or dead. It needs tact as well as courage. I wish you to dress in those garments, although they are not so honourable as your own. We are not, from this date until further orders, supposed to be anything but a private yacht. When we get alongside our smuggling friend, we show our true



character, and also our teeth. I depend on you."

So every one on board, from the Captain himself down to the cabin-boy, assumed the disguise of yachtsmen, with what success we shall presently see.

Dick paid a visit to the Customs at Leith, and gained a good deal of useful information about bold Tom Burke and his merry men. It was quite evident that if he were killed or captured the whole smuggling fleet would collapse, for a time at all events.

The lieutenant of the *Lisette* was a clever but canny Scot, and would have made an excellent detective. At every port or bay at which the sloop looked in, Saunders, as he was called, spread it abroad among the fisher folks—and that was giving it wind enough—that his master, the Captain, was very wealthy, very learned, but very eccentric, his hobby being geology; and sure enough Dick was to be seen every day wearing a long nat and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, carrying a hammer, and, followed by two sailors, collecting specimens of what the fisher folks called "chucky stanes." So it was not long before he was known all up and down the coast as the mad yachtsman.

But Dick kept his weather-eye lifting, and tried to kill two birds with one "chucky stane."

Saunders painted his nose vermilion, and pretended to have an inordinate love for the wine of his country, in other words, for whisky. He thus visited the taverns, was always merry and talkative, but after a time used to pretend to fall asleep with his head on the table, but his ears very wide open indeed. He was sitting thus one evening in a little inn not far from St. Abb's Head, when five or six fishermen tumbled in and ordered refreshment.

"Wha' is the stranger?" said one.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the landlord, "that's the mad yachtie's sailin' maister, a drunken fouter, wi' a nob like a b'iled carrot, but plenty o' money. He's sound asleep."

These men sat for hours carousing. Saunders got up to go, but pretended to fall, and got kicked unceremoniously under the table—the very position he desired. Before long it was evident enough that he was quite forgotten.

That they were smugglers was plain

enough, and Saunders soon learned that their boat lay in a cove not far off, laden with French brandy, which they had some difficulty in disposing of. One of the men, who seemed to be the leader, was addressed as Transom, and Saunders could not help recalling a story Dick had told him of two Transoms of the Blazer, who had finally deserted.

Now Saunders's present position was not an enviable one, and he knew it. But he was equal to the occasion. Presently he yawned audibly.

"Hist!" cried one of the gang, "we had forgotten him. There is but one remedy."

Saunders crawled out.

"It's a cauld nicht," he said, drawing a chair to the fire. "Landlord, fill the stoup. My frien's, ye maun drink my health. I'm glad I've met ye. I've been awake, an' sor an' heard a' ye said. Dinna be frightened."

"Frightened!" repeated the fellow called Transom, and who was ill-favoured enough to be something even far worse than a smuggler. "There are none here that know what it is to be afraid. Take your davy on that, if you please."

"Weel, man, drink, anyhow; I'm thinkin' I'm just the chap ye want. Noo, ye maun ask no questions at me, but if ye can ship your cargo this nicht quietly on board our yacht, you'll be paid a reasonable price in yellow gold."

Transom started to his feet, his red eyes starting almost from the sockets with excitement. He drew from his girdle or belt an ugly-looking dagger, and dashed it on the table.

"Look, see!" he cried, with a profane expression; "how are we to know you are true or a traitor? How are we to know you do not want us to run our necks into hemp? If you are false, by the stars above us, I'll sheath that dagger in your heart."

"You look here now, my mannie," said Saunders, calmly; "you may be cock o' your ain midden, but you're no master o' me. I've been too long at sea to be bullied by a lubber like you. Ay, grin if you like. If you like to come to business, do so quietly; if you want to quarrel, let the landlord draw the table to one side, and we'll soon see wha's the best man."

"I think the man is honest, Transom, and you'd best draw in your horns."

"Well," said Transom, sulkily, "honest or not, he's in our power."

"Am I, indeed? In *your* power. Look. Have you ever seen anything like that before? That's a bo's's's pipe. My men are close by on the beach. Noo shake hands. Ha! ha! I knew you would. Put away the knife. That's right. Now to business: the landlord is in the swim, I suppose? All right, then."

And down sat Saunders, and for half an hour the conversation was carried on in low tones.

"Agreed then," said Dick's lieutenant, at last. Then he hurriedly wrote a few lines in French, and despatched one of the smugglers with it. In a short time he had returned with the reply.

By one o'clock in the morning all the brandy was shipped on board the *Lisette*, and Saunders, accompanied by his boat's crew, returned to the inn.

Saunders carelessly threw a huge bag of gold on the table, and coolly counted therefrom the price of the spirits, which he handed to Transom.

"No need o' a receipt," he said, smiling, "we are baith born gentlemen."

"I'm sorry," he added, "I had not mair to pay you, for we could have done with triple the amount and mair. But by the time you could get back from France we would be far enough away."

"Wait a minute," said Transom, "till I have a talk with my mates."

The men consulted hurriedly in a corner. The sight of the gold had excited their cupidity, and cupidity drowns reason.

"When do you leave?" said Transom, returning.

"In three days."

"In three days' time, or less, we can have one cargo; in five days, two."

"Good. We will wait. Adieu for the present."

As soon as he had got on board and washed the vermilion off his nose, Saunders knocked at the cabin door, and entered.

He told Dick all.

"Saunders," cried Dick, "you're a famous fellow. Why, Saunders, you Scots are the longest-headed nation in the world. You've laid the mine—I'll fire it."

(To be continued.)

## ON DRAWING AND SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

BY FRED MILLER.

(With original Illustrations by various B.O.P. Artists.)

### PART IV.

#### MATERIALS.

I HAVE endeavoured to give my readers a few hints on the subject of sketching from nature by relating some of my own experiences, for I do not believe that any one, be he the greatest painter living, can draw up a set of rules suitable for all occasions and to all workers. The best art-teaching I ever got has been indirect

teaching, listening to conversations between painters when they talk what is called "shop," watching them paint, and looking at other men's works, especially their sketches.

But I might just give a list of colours that I have found, after some years' experience, to be the most useful. This list works with me equally well in oil as in water-colour, though I should strongly

recommend my readers to confine their attention at first to water-colours. Beginners generally start with too many colours. The list I give is a complete one, suitable for all requirements, but I dare say many painters would do with fewer. Those printed in italics are to me *indispensable*, the others are *useful*, and I have arranged them in the order of their greatest use:





Our Artists' Adventure (a fact.)

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Cobalt blue.         | 9. Black.             |
| 2. French ultra-marine. | 10. Orange vermilion. |
| 3. Indian yellow.       | 11. Light red.        |
| 4. Yellow ochre.        | 12. Rose madder.      |
| 5. Burnt sienna.        | 13. Aureolin.         |
| 6. Raw sienna.          | 14. Pale cadmium.     |
| 7. Raw umber.           | 15. Antwerp blue.     |
| 8. Vandyke brown.       | 16. Emerald green.    |
|                         | 17. Lemon yellow.     |

All these colours are said to be permanent.

You will notice that in this list I enumerate no greens. These are all much better made by mixing than from ready-made greens. The mixture of yellow and blue makes green, as every one, I suppose, knows. The warmer the yellow, the richer the green, and *vice versa*. Thus cobalt and aureolin make a cold green; French ultramarine and Indian yellow a rich green; and Antwerp blue and raw sienna a warm green. The addition of burnt sienna with any of the foregoing colours will make a russet. Emerald green with cobalt and ultramarine yields good greenish tones for skies and sea, but emerald green should never be mixed with yellow. Skies are difficult, as to get the movement of clouds requires rapidity of execution. Only seize upon the general arrangement of the principal cloud forms, and put the shadows of the clouds in at once, darker, perhaps, than wanted, so as to allow for sponging out. Light red, cobalt, and yellow ochre make a good grey. Then wash in the blue portions, and line in, when dry, the lights of the clouds by washing over with rose madder and yellow ochre or vermilion (for the lights of clouds are warm). It is often impossible to get the right tone of sky at once, but by passing a wash of, say, yellow

ochre and rose madder over cobalt the requisite tint is obtained. Skies are the making of a landscape, and I should be inclined to start with the sky if there happens to be a bit of fine cloud effect "on" when commencing. If the sky is not striking at first go on with the sketch, and put in the sky when the effect is good. Cloudy days with alternate cloud and sunshine are the best days for sketching, as effects are more concentrated, and you get brilliant gleams of colour which make a sketch so effective. Most handbooks on art give numerous mixtures, but it is much better to find these out for oneself. Try your colours on paper, both pure and in combination, and you will soon learn to mix tints. Your work will be crude at first, but by degrees you will find out the colours that give the best results. Moist water-colours have almost superseded cake-colours, owing to the readiness with which the former can be used.

Half pans are the cheapest form of colours, but the tubes, though double the price, go

much farther. I should have tubes of the first eight colours printed in italics, and half pans of the rest. Blocks are better for sketching upon than paper, as you are saved the trouble of straining your paper each time you make a sketch. I prefer a medium surface. A camp-stool is necessary, and also a small portable easel, as your block ought to be before you without your having to hold it. A tin water-bottle is also handy. If you have a tin box to keep your colours in, the lid will do for a palette, otherwise you will have to take a china palette with you. A small Turkey sponge is very useful to lighten colours if you get them on too heavy; and I may here mention that washing or sponging out in water-colour gives very charming results. Water-colour painters do this largely, and I have frequently seen a sketch which looked hard and crude greatly improved by a judicious use of the sponge. Sable brushes are the best, and, though expensive, last a very long time by careful use. Mind and take great care of your brushes.





The use of white in water-colour painting is much more common than it used to be, and many men sketch on tinted paper, using Chinese white with all their colours. With practice good results are to be obtained in this way, and for registering cloud effects, where rapidity is of the utmost con-

sketching with, and I should say that for skies would be useful. I have had no practice with them myself; but I have seen some pastel drawings that seem to combine the beauties of water-colour drawing with the strength of oil.

It must not be imagined by the readers

pages were acquired from other painters, though verified by my own experience; and I cannot do better than conclude this present series of papers by giving the substance of some hints that were kindly supplied me by Mr. Sidney Paget and Mr. Herbert Snell. Mr. Paget's hints, which I have



Summer, by Allan Barraud.

sequence, has much to recommend it. The best thing to do is to try it. I have no notion that one should be told *not* to do a certain thing because "it did not used to be done." Turner sketched on a bluish-grey paper continually, and used white largely in his work; and if you can get your effect better and quicker by so doing, do it. Sketching from nature is quite difficult enough in itself without binding and cramping yourself by useless restrictions.

Pastels or soft chalks can be used for

of the B.O.P. that what I have written here is in any way original. My own impression is the experiences of all sketchers is very similar, and that in giving some of mine I have given those of the majority of landscape artists. Every beginner meets with the same difficulties; and, though some bring a greater amount of aptitude to bear upon their work, yet one and all reach success, if ever they do reach it, through many failures and much tribulation and disappointment. Many of the hints I have given in these

put first, though really addressed to art-students, are still of equal interest to the tyro:

"I believe there are a great many young students who go into the country for a season of landscape painting without enough necessary knowledge how to manage affairs generally, and consequently their time is not so well occupied as it might be. My own experiences, though not large, will, I trust, be enough to enable me to lay down something positive to help in determining



some of the novices' arrangements. I may first say that I consider a thoroughly good equipment necessary; but as I never yet knew a beginner who was not well provided with every requisite appliance I need not say much on this head.

"A sketching umbrella, of course, is indispensable for protection from sun and rain. I think the large grey ones are most serviceable. I find they keep off the sharpest showers; but, of course, if it sets in for a drenching day, the best thing is to

collect your traps and make all possible speed for home.

"The easel should be tall, say six feet in height, to enable you to paint standing."

(To be continued.)

## THE BOYHOOD AND YOUTH OF LIVINGSTONE.\*

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A., CHAPLAIN TO H.M. FORCES.



HE boy is, as a rule, father to the man—that is to say, such as the boy is such will the man be. When friends used to ask President Garfield, as a boy, what he was going to be—meaning to what business or profession he desired to belong—he used to answer, "First of all, I am going to try to become a man; if I can't be that, I shall be fit

for nothing."

He was right. To be a real, true man is the highest ambition that a boy can have, and the first step towards its realisation is to be the right sort of boy. This Livingstone was, and though the mere fact of being a good boy will not make a man a heroic missionary traveller, we may be sure that Dr. Livingstone would never have accomplished what he did if his boyhood had not been as well spent as it was.

David Livingstone was born in 1813, of "poor and pious parents." One of his ancestors had on his death-bed called all his children around him and said, "I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I could never discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways it will not be because it runs in the blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you—'Be honest.'" The old man also said that he had never heard of "a Livingstone donkey."

Like so many other good and great men, Livingstone was blessed with a good mother. Her bright spirit shone through the dark eyes, so clear and penetrating, which David her son inherited. The first half-crown he ever earned he brought home and placed in her lap, and he tells us that when he was travelling in the heart of Africa, with only savages near him, he never ceased to practise the neat, cleanly habits and other lessons which she had taught him in childhood.

It is to be feared that some boys do not add very much to the happiness of their families, and are not as agreeable as they might be to their sisters. Not so David

Livingstone when a boy. The younger children's games were never so merry as when he joined in them, and his sisters always remembered how, when during his student life at Glasgow he returned home for the Sundays, they used to long for the Saturday evenings with the delightful stories of the week's doings.

Here is a characteristic story, showing how he acquired the habit of patient endurance. His father had made a rule that the cottage-door was to be locked at dusk, and all the children inside by that time. One evening little David was late, and found the door barred. He at once accepted the penalty, not sullenly; but, making the best of it, as was his wont, went and procured a piece of bread, and without fuss or complaining, contentedly settled himself down on the doorstep for the night; and there, on looking for him later, his mother found him, and of course let him in.

When ten years of age David began to work at a cotton-mill, but he still indulged that love of reading which had made him purchase Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin" out of the first money he ever earned. With his book day after day before him, on the spinning-jenny he faithfully earned his wages, and at the same time, by intervals—"never more than a minute at a time"—gathered in the stores of knowledge he afterwards turned to such account. Years afterwards, when addressing cotton-spinners, he said, "Had it been possible, I would have liked to begin again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training." And again, "There's one thing in cotton-spinning I always felt to be a privilege. We were cooped up through the whole day, but when we got out to the green fields, and could wander through the shady woods and roam about the whole country, we enjoyed it immensely. We were delighted with the flowers and the beautiful scenery. We were prepared to admire."

The ease of young Livingstone is a splendid example of the successful pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He learned Latin at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. "The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o'clock—or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continued my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now."

Livingstone's father had a dread of books of science, but in this, with all his reverence, the son could not follow him. That "other kind of light," as he afterwards called it, was always to him as truly light, and therefore as necessarily from the Source of light, as the revealed truths of religion, and "the last application of the rod" he endured was for refusing to read a religious book which seemed to him unenlightening.

From the earliest days, books were to

him but one of the many modes of learning. He scoured, in any moments of leisure, the country side, collecting simples and fossils. "These excursions, often in company with brothers, gratified my intense love of nature, and though we generally returned so numerically hungry and fatigued that one of the brothers would sometimes shed tears, yet we discovered so many, to us, new and interesting things that he was always as eager to join us next time as he was the last." Young David made friends with grown-up people near his home, some of whom exercised a most beneficial influence upon him. One of these was an old man called David Hogg, who addressed him on his death-bed with the words, "Now, lad! make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for, if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you."

At nine years old the boy received a prize for saying the 119th Psalm through with only five mistakes. But although great pains had been taken by his parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into his mind, it was not until his twentieth year that the light came which kindled his whole life. "The change," he wrote, "was like what may be supposed would take place, were it possible, to cure a case of colour-blindness."

"The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's Book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since."

David Livingstone's life in the home and the factory lasted twenty-three years. At twenty-three the young weaver first quietly communicated to his parents and the minister of his parish, his determination to become a missionary. Four years more passed before he entered on his missionary career. Of two of these the winters were spent in study at the University of Glasgow, and the summers in working at the loom to earn the means to do so. One day, in 1836, when the snow was on the ground, his father walked with him to Glasgow to search for lodgings. All proved too expensive, until at last they found a room for two shillings a week. He had to work hard because he determined to add the study of medicine to that of theology. The professor of chemistry, whose lectures he attended, used to speak of him as "the best man he ever knew, with more of true filial trust in God, more of the spirit of Christ, more of integrity, purity, and simplicity of character, and of self-denying love for his fellow-man."

Every bit of the knowledge, practical and theoretical, thus acquired came into use afterwards, in the canal and road-making, house-building and medical practice of his missionary life. Here, certainly, is an illustration of the fact that "knowledge is power." Learn everything useful you can, boys, for you never know when you may want it.

(THE END.)

\* We give this as a pleasant supplement to the articles on Livingstone that have already appeared in our columns.—Ed.



A BOAR-HUNT IN ALGERIA.

THE time is 5.30 a.m. on a fine March morning, the place is the railway station of Algiers, and the people are legion. First, there are the French railway porters in their blue blouses and with their cigarettes in their mouths, toiling under heavy trunks. Then there are the Arab helps, clothed in what looks like second-hand sacking, and with red fezes on their heads and their feet bare. They, too, are wrestling with luggage and chattering in Arabic all the time. Then come the passengers—farmers from Alsace who have settled here since the Franco-Prussian war, labourers off up country to get work among the vines, gossiping Frenchwomen, and sedate Arab chieftains wrapped in their costly burnouses.

But the group we have to do with consists of some six or eight men gathered round one carriage. It is a cosmopolitan band composed of two Austrians (a prince and a count), four Englishmen, two Scotchmen, and an Irishman. Dear little Wales alone is unrepresented. The costumes, too, are varied. The Austrians are got up *pour la chasse* in knickerbockers and long yellow boots, while the others are decked in various old and weather-beaten garments. The caps worn by the company are curious. There is a *berret* used by the Basques in the South of France, a deerstalker, a Glengarry, and a Tam o' Shanter. Even the familiar billycock is not forgotten. Then for weapons, most have small rifles, but some have shot-guns, while one sportsman has a revolver and a thick walking-stick.

And what is the meaning of all this array? Why, surely we are off this morning to Hammam Rirha, on the slopes of the Atlas mountains, to hunt the wily boar, each one of us keen to bring back at least one boar's head and tusks as a trophy of the chase.

The engine whistles and off we go. Now the man who intends travelling by rail in Algeria must at once disabuse his mind of the idea that he is going to find Flying Scotchmen and other such quick trains here. No, everything about the railways is done in a calm sedate manner that, no doubt, is particularly pleasing to the calm and sedate Arabs. Even the express stops at every station (and stations are as thick as blackberries), but while the ordinary train waits from ten to fifteen minutes at every stopping-place the express does not usually stay more than five. Between stations, too, speed does not seem to be the primary object. Just as we are leaving a station with the curious name of Hussein Dey we notice parallel to the line a road stretching for about

half a mile, and standing in the road is a light trap containing two men. While we are wondering what they are doing there, we are surprised by a shout of derision directed by one of the men at our engine, and as we draw abreast he whips up his horse to a snart trot, and actually seems to be trying a race with the train. We crowd to the windows and eagerly watch the contest. Neck-and-neck the race is, first the engine then the horse forges ahead, until at the end of some five hundred yards the engine's superior powers of endurance tell, and we gradually draw away from our plucky antagonist. After seeing this we can quite believe the story of the man who missed the train at one station, but, by whipping up his horse, caught it at the next, five miles farther on.

At last we reach Bow Medfa, the station for our destination, and after a drive of an hour and a half up a steep hill and through scrubby vegetation of prickly pears and stunted aloes we reach Hammam Rirha in time before dinner to inspect its famous medicinal springs and examine the country where we are to hunt boar the following day.

The scenery is beautiful. The village—if the collection of Arab huts can be dignified with such a name—is picturesquely situated on the side of the hill; but the most prominent object is the barrack-like hotel, where the people live who for throat complaints or rheumatism are taking the mineral waters. In front is a deep valley, one mass of vegetation, and to the right, filling up innumerable deep gullies, is a large forest where evergreen-oak and mulberry-trees grow in rich abundance. The wood is far too thick for us to try pig-sticking on horseback, so we are forced to lie in ambush and shoot as the boars are driven past.

The next morning is ushered in by rain, and we have to be content with hunting in fancy. It is no use trying to shoot on such a day, so we take short walks and come back each time all dripping.

The following day, however, dawns fair and bright, so, with our numbers reinforced by sundry folk who have been stopping in the hotel, we sally forth. The Arabbeaters, some forty in number, have already been dispatched to scour the thick scrubby woods that line the valleys. They are especially keen for the hunt, as most of them till their small patches of farms, and they know well the damage the boars do grubbing up their potatoes and eating their young maize. So they have turned out in great numbers, most of them armed with ancient and

rickety fowling-pieces wherewith to slay the enemy of their crops.

We are put in our places by the Arab chief who is directing the hunt, some of us behind boulders, the rest sheltered by trees. Now is the exciting moment, for we know not when a wild boar mad with rage may come charging out of the brushwood and gore one of us in passing. But there is no sign, though in the distance we can hear the hoarse shonting of the Arab beaters as they advance in line, and now and again there comes on our ear from afar the snap of a gun telling us that some one at least has seen game.

One of the Austrians is next me, and after a weary hour of waiting he evidently is getting tired, for I see him light his cigarette. This seems an example to be followed, so I lay down my rifle, when crash, something comes darting through the brushwood. I pick up my rifle, thinking the boar will surely goar me as he rushes by; but it is only a frightened hare that goes scudding past, and I lower my gun, ashamed to try my skill, and perhaps disclose my bad shooting, on a poor hare.

However, now comes a squeaking from the brushwood near the Austrian, and next moment a huge boar, all foaming, comes rushing out. In an instant he has covered it, and with his sure aim and trusty express rifle has bowled it over, and it lies lifeless at the foot of an evergreen-oak.

Now the shouting grows louder, and several shots are fired by the sportsmen farther down the line, until at length the Arab beaters approach, and firing is at an end.

We gather and display our trophies. Ten genuine grunTERS are there, and many more got past the shooters scathless. The Irishman with great pride discloses his booty, which consists of a couple of young hyenas about three weeks old. Their mother must have deserted them when the firing began, and he caught them with his hands as they came waddling through the brushwood.

"What will you do with them, Paddy?" is the universal shout; "bring them up on skilley and beef-tea?"

"No, sure; I'll send them to the Zoo, and get a free pass for myself to see them when I want."

Of course we roar with laughter at this idea, but he sticks to it, and the next morning, when the rest of the party are returning to Algiers with the boars' heads, he appears with a wooden box under his arm and a pleased smile on his face; and no doubt by this time, if they survived the sea voyage, his baby hyenas are fast acquiring cockney habits in the cages of the Zoo.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL.

[Contributions received up to June 25th, 1888.]

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward .. ..	562	11	9
March 24.—Collected by J. T. Wardlaw..	2	17	0
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\* \* \* Collecting Cards may still be had. It is particularly requested that all cards which have been out more than a month must be returned *immediately*. Readers wishing to continue the good work will gladly be supplied with fresh cards.



## AMONG THE GEYSERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VOLCANOES AND VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS," ETC.

## PART III.

EVEN more beautiful terraces existed in New Zealand until the recent volcanic outburst,\* and others are forming. And the colony not only has its hot springs, but its geysers as well; and, in fact, wherever there are geysers there are hot springs and terraces formed from the deposition of the minerals they bear in solution. All water in its natural state is mineral water; even the purest spring when analysed betrays a percentage of something more than oxygen and hydrogen.

Thirty miles from the shore of the Bay of Plenty, in the North Island, is Whakari, or White Island. On it is a cone-shaped mountain 860 feet high, with a crater of a mile and a half in circumference. This crater is an active solfatara, and from it and round it sprung many small geysers. It is

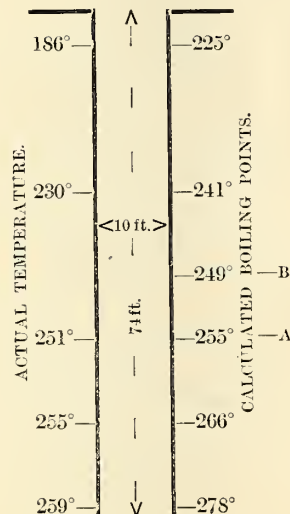
Tongariro, and you strike through all the fire-troubled country of the Maori. The great centre of geyser display is the Waikato river, soon after it leaves Lake Taupo. There it flows through a terraced valley with the forest-covered mountains hemming it in, the bank studded with geysers and hot springs bubbling and hissing above the sparkling course of the clear rolling stream and fringed with masses of pure white silica, the chief feature being the geyser of Orakeikorako, which overtops all the others. In the geyser valley of the Wairakei there are terraces upon terraces rising from the feeder of the Waikato, the terraces not bare but fern-clad, with densely-clothed hills as a background. Round every spring and geyser is a curtain of fern and moss growing up to the very edge of the deposit. The

ting Geyser, which spurts with a curious shrillness, the Big Geyser, and the Great Wairakei, into which the old woman plunged to end her days, and which, in consequence, of course, unlike all other geysers, has its basin hard and black.

Hankadal, the Yellowstone, and the Waikato valley are the chief geyser centres of the earth. We need no other examples from South America and the Malayan Archipelago. With them we have all the phenomena. What then is a geyser? What makes the fountain play?

Try Herschell's experiment to begin with. Take a churchwarden clay pipe; heat the stem red-hot; fill the bowl with water, and incline the stem for the water to slip down it. The water will squirt out in paroxysms, the intervals depending on the length, heat, and slope of the pipe, the continuance depending on the stem's thickness and conducting power.

Now look at Bunsen's theory:



Here is the tube of the original geyser 10 feet wide and 74 feet deep, with the temperature as taken at different depths on the one side, and on the other the calculated boiling-points as modified by the pressure of the atmosphere increased by the superincumbent column of water.

In no part, it will be seen, is the water at boiling-point; but at A, 30 feet from the bottom, it comes within four degrees of that temperature.

"Now," says Professor Tyndall, "suppose that by the entrance of steam from the ducts near the bottom of the tube the geyser column is elevated six feet, a height quite within the limits of actual observation, the water at A is thereby transferred to B. Its boiling-point at A is 255°, and its actual temperature is 251°; but at B its boiling-point is only 249°, hence, when transferred from A to B, the heat which it possesses is in excess of that necessary to make it boil. This excess of heat is instantly applied to the generation of steam; the column is thus lifted higher, and the water below is relieved of pressure, and its boiling-point lowered. More steam is generated, and the column bursts into ebullition and is projected into the atmosphere."



The Giant.

the outpost of the New Zealand system of thermal action. Draw a line from it through

rivulets are fringed with silica lace-falls, a white edging to the rich green of the verdure and the pale blue of the water. Glistening cones and pearly caldrons are all framed in this way by plants that defy the mineral rain. In this valley is the Whis-

\* See "Volcanoes, and Volcanic Eruptions" (with illustrations of the New Zealand terraces), in our February Part for 1887.



And to prove his point, Professor Tyndall makes an artificial geyser. He takes a tube of iron six feet long, fits it with a basin at the top, thrusts it into a fire below, and encircles it with a second fire two feet from the bottom; and when the water is in the geyser in a few minutes begins to play, and yields all the phenomena sought for. Henderson found that by throwing stones into the Strokr he could bring on an eruption when he pleased. Tyndall puts a cork in the mouth of his tube, and the action of the Strokr is exactly reproduced.

A geyser can only act when its tube is the right length, and Tyndall has eloquently shown how the fountain begins and ends:

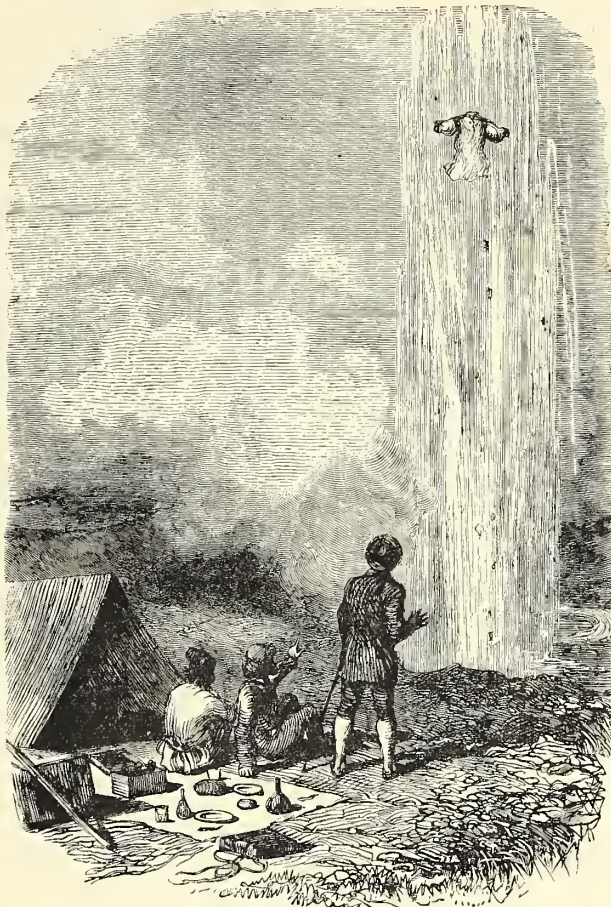
"Imagine the case of a simple thermal silicious spring, whose waters trickle down a gentle enclosure; the water thus exposed evaporates speedily, and silica is deposited. This deposit gradually elevates the side over which the water passes, until finally the latter has to take another course. The same takes place here, the ground is elevated as before, and the spring has to move forward. Thus it is compelled to travel round and round, discharging its silica and deepening the shaft in which it dwells, until finally, in the course of ages, the simple spring has produced this wonderful apparatus which has so long puzzled and astonished both the traveller and the philosopher."

So far for the beginning, now for the end.

"A moment's reflection will suggest that there must be a limit to the operations of the geyser. When the tube has reached such an altitude that the water in the depths below, owing to the increased pressure, cannot attain its boiling-point, the eruptions of necessity cease. The spring, however, continues to deposit its silica, and often forms a *lang*, or cistern, at whose bottom is often seen the mouth of the once mighty geyser. There are in Iceland vast but now extinct geyser operations. Mounds are observed whose shafts are filled with rubbish, the water having forced a passage underneath and retired to other scenes of

action. We have, in fact, the geyser in its youth, manhood, old age, and death here

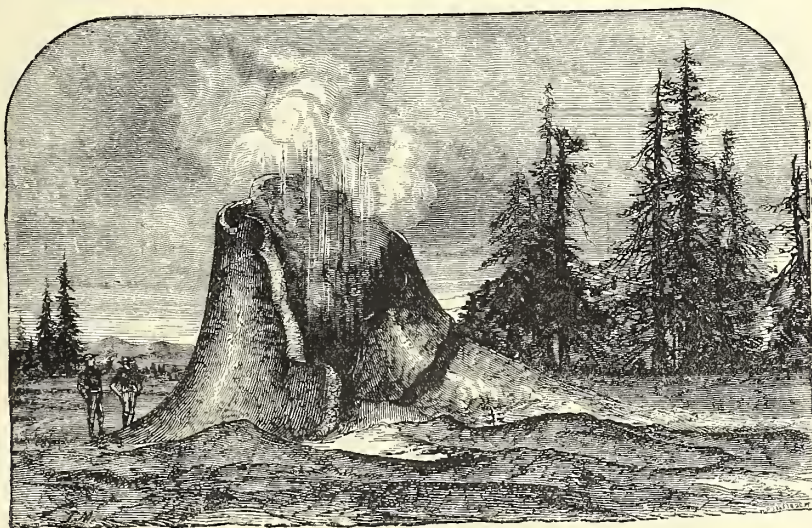
five column; in its old age as the tranquil *lang*; while its death is recorded by the



A Curious Adventure.

presented to us. In its youth as a simple thermal spring; in its manhood as an erup-

ruined shaft and mound, which testify the fact of its once active existence."



Giant Geyser, Yellowstone Park.



## THE SHORT-TAILED FIELD-MOUSE.

BY C. SOMERVILLE WATSON.

I do not remember reading in any books of Domestic pets of the field mouse being included among the number, and on this account perhaps a short article on the way we managed to catch and tame this mischievous little rodent may not be unacceptable to the readers of the BOY'S OWN PAPER.

Of the different species of the mouse kind which we possessed, I think the field vole was the most interesting—partly for the trouble he gave us in gnawing every available piece of wood-work in his cage, and also for the wonderful gymnastic performances he daily treated us to, in the wheel attached to his dwelling.

For the benefit of those who have not seen this animal, I will give a brief description of the field mouse and its habits before I proceed to describe the way we managed to capture this wild denizen of the field.

The head is rather large, with tiny ears lying close to the skull. The body is long and thick, but the tail is very short in proportion—being only about the length of the head, and scantily covered with hair. The legs are thin and short, and the paws are furnished with long nails, except the thumbs of the fore-feet, which are exceedingly small, almost rudimentary. Insignificant as this animal is, I do not know any kind of Rodent more destructive to the farm, the garden, or the field.

It invades the barn and rick yards, committing fearful ravages, whilst in the garden it is simply unbearable. Only last February a gentleman in Wiltshire showed me a bed of crocuses and hyacinths, which had been completely destroyed by these animals.

They had made holes in the ground, and eaten all the new bulbs, and, although various kinds of traps had been set to catch them, their depredations were so severe that he had given up all hopes of making a display in his parterres the following spring.

Had he taken the precaution to dip the bulbs in paraffin, this would not have occurred, for field mice have as strong an objection to paraffin as some insects have to turpentine, while the bulbs would have received no injury from the immersion.

With regard to their destructive powers in the woods a single instance will suffice.

Seventy-four years ago both the Forest of Dean and the New Forest were infested by these mice to such an extent that whenever the ground was cleared their runs and holes were most numerous. When the winter came, and the supply of food ran short, they commenced their work of devastation by attacking the roots of oak and ash saplings, which, together with a quantity of young firs and larches, were completely destroyed, while young hollies were barked to the height of several inches.

Every expedient in the way of traps and poisons having failed, an old ratcatcher invented a novel way of destroying them.

He dug a number of pits, into which the animals fell in great numbers, and, being unable to escape, perished from hunger.

In this way 30,000, or, more correctly, 28,071 mice were captured in the Forest of Dean in about 1,700 acres of land, and 10,000 in the New Forest, without counting the numbers taken from the pits by stoats, weasels, owls, hawks, etc.

In the winter the field-mouse makes its nest under the bed of some friendly rick, or in a hole in some warm bank; but in the

summer he changes his residence for the fields, and builds his summer dwelling in the long grass of the hay-fields, or rather, those fields which have been "put up" for mowing.

As both nests are exactly the same, I cannot, I think, do better than describe one I found to-day (March 20th, 1888), under the bed of an old hayrick.

It was about the size of an ordinary cricket-ball, and was made of grass cut up into small pieces, and worked together very skilfully, so that it took some little trouble to pull it apart. After examining it carefully I put it back in the hole where I found it, so that the animals might return to it again if they had not already forsaken it.

The young ones are born in the summer—about the middle of June. They are quite naked and blind, and very ungainly creatures to look at. As they generally number about nine, the devoted mother has her time fully taken up with attending to the wants of her young offspring. The food of the field-mouse consists of wheat and other grains, fruit, berries, acorns, and roots. He seems to have a weakness for hawthorn berries and the fruit of the dog-rose, whilst an old bird's-nest makes a capital dining-room, as you will see for yourself if you take the trouble to look. One that I found in the early part of this year was completely filled with bits of skin and pips—the remains of their feast. During the heavy snowstorm which visited our part of Somerset a few months ago, I found the tender branches of some trees completely stripped of their bark, presumably by these animals, driven by the severity of the weather to make a meal of what they could get.

Field-mice, to be tamed properly, should be taken when they are quite young. In order to do this, provide yourself with two

able to move about. If such be the case, lift up nest and all, and deposit it in one of the boxes. But should you, on opening the nest, find a heaving mass of little beings resembling boiled prawns in colour, and about as handsome, leave the nest in its place and continue your search as before.

The first field-mice I ever had were brought to me in a somewhat novel manner. A rough country lad, the son of a well-known poacher, appeared one day with a suspicious-looking bottle under his coat, and informed me that he had something for me. On turning the bottle upside down a quantity of barley-meal fell out, and six young mice in a half-suffocated condition. The youth looked on with great pride, and, finding that none were dead, commenced a conversation which ran something as follows:

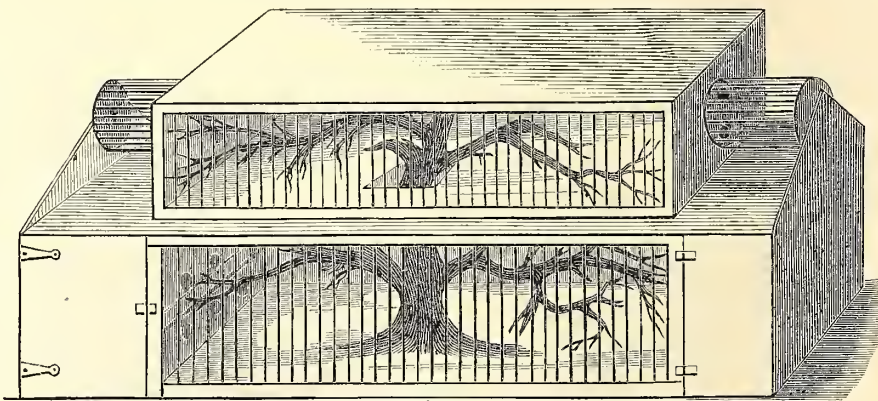
"Ther now, I cotechd thei last Zaturday, an' thei ben in thic bottle zince. A main caddle I 'ad we'im, the little varments, till I put 'em in thic bottle, and prized down the cark, an' thei coudden git out no 'ow. Aye! you should zee 'em 'opping about when I vust 'ad 'em."

I at once got a saucer of warm milk, into which I put these unfortunate animals, when, after washing the meal from their eyes and bodies, and taking a good drink to clear their throats, they once more recovered their accustomed alacrity, and began to exhibit such "opping" propensities that I deemed it advisable to put them in a secure cage.

The cage for field-mice differs in many respects from other mice cages. Of course any cage will do, as far as it goes, but if you really want to keep them properly you must have a proper cage.

The following is a description of a capital house for your pets:—

It consists of a long oblong cage, four feet long, one foot high, and one foot broad. The



A Field-Mouse Cage.

or three boxes—common cigar-boxes, secured with elastic bands, answer the purpose admirably; then make for the nearest hayfield, and follow closely behind the mowing-machine.

Keep your eyes well open and you will soon discover a nest snugly stowed away in the thick grass or in a hollow in the ground. Do not take it up, but carefully uncover the top and ascertain if the young ones (for during the hay harvest an empty nest is rare) are in a fit state for removal—that is, whether they have their eyes open and are

living-room is two feet six inches long, leaving a space of nine inches on each side for the bedrooms.

Immediately over the living-room is another cage, two feet six inches long, ten inches broad, and nine inches high. The two cages communicate with each other by an opening in the floor, through which a tree passes, of which more anon.

On each side of the top cage is a wheel, in which the animals can exercise themselves. Each bedroom is divided into an upper and lower chamber by means of a



division running parallel to the floor, at the distance of four and a half inches. The entrances to the living-room are made by six circular holes, three to each chamber. These should be protected by a rim of tin, which will prevent the mice from gnawing the wood and rendering it unsightly.

In the middle of the living-room a tree made of rough branches artistically fitted together should pass through the hole to the upper cage, while below the branches should extend to each side of the living-room, so that the animals can ascend and descend from the upper chambers by means of this natural ladder.

If the tree be made of lichen-covered oak-boughs it will have a very pretty effect. A large door should communicate with the bedrooms from the outside, for the purpose of cleaning and putting in new litter.

The front of both the upper and the lower cage should be of wire, and both should open like a large door, the wires being fitted into a frame, which is secured to the door-post by small brass hinges.

The wheels should not work too easily, and should fit closely to the side of the top

cage. Like the bedroom, the entrances should be protected by tin rims.

Before putting the mice into their new home, cover both cages and bedrooms with a thick coat of fresh deal saw-dust, then fill the dormitories with beds composed of dried grass and moss.

In the living-room a shallow basin of water should be placed to serve as a bath for the inhabitants; and now, all being ready, you may at once introduce your little pets to their new home.

**Food.**—Two good meals should be given daily, one at 8.30 a.m., and the other at 6.30 p.m. Bread-and-milk, or porridge, is a capital thing, with a good supply of acorns, nuts, wheat, fruit, etc.

Remember that these mice belong to the order "Rodentia," and that it is their nature to gnaw or scrape down the substances on which they feed, so that if you omit to supply them with such food, on which they can use their teeth for the purpose for which they were made, they will soon destroy their new home by gnawing all the woodwork, and thereby rendering it useless.

Acorns, nuts, and hard fruits (unripe apples or pears) are capital things to keep their teeth in good condition; and you will find that if you keep them well supplied with such viands, your woodwork will remain untouched.

For variety, you may give an occasional biscuit or piece of stale crust, but on no account let flesh or cheese be given for food.

All feeding-troughs should be well washed daily before the food is put in them, and the cages should be cleaned and fresh saw-dust put on the floor every morning. The dormitories may be looked at once a week, when the old beds may be removed and fresh litter put in.

Carefully remove all remains of fruit in the shape of cores, skins, etc., and do not let any stale food remain in the cage.

To keep your mice in good condition, a dessert-spoonful of Thorley's cattle food may be mixed with the bread-and-milk once a week. The amusing tricks and funny ways of your little pets will amply reward you for the trouble you have taken on their behalf.

## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

### SEPTEMBER.



**MALL CATTLE.**—We promised last month to continue this subject, and left off at the feeding of rats. They are not particular to a shade so long as what they eat is nice; but certain articles are forbidden, such as meat or greens of any kind, as such food makes them offensive. Stale bread with sweet milk, or rice pudding and milk, makes a nice dish once a day, but they like grain and seeds of various kinds, as well as nuts—break them—and an allowance of fruit, especially pears and apples. Biscuit may be given twice a week instead of the milk sop.

**Fancy Mice.**—You cannot peep into the "Country House" columns of such a paper as the "Exchange and Mart" without coming upon the Mouse Market right away. Here they are offered for sale—mice of all colours, and dormice in dozens. Now, we shall take the ordinary white and piebald mice first, as we are most often asked about these.

Well, about the cage. It should be large and roomy, and should be kept very clean, being frequently washed and disinfected. Have a cage with a drawer, so that this can be drawn out and well scrubbed, dried, covered with a piece of paper, and a dust of Sanitas powder. Sawdust might be used, but it gets among the fur and makes the little things unsightly and untidy. If you do not have a cage such as we describe, you must at all events have one that you can easily clean out, for damp and dirt and discomfort are great enemies to mice.

If you go in for breeding to sell, you must keep the males away at breeding-time.

Get the biggest mice for breeding, and see that they are clean-looking and glossy in coat. Breeding is quite a little study, especially in colour—the tortoiseshell, or tortoiseshell and white, for instance, being particularly pretty. The female is about ten to fourteen days in kindle; a bed of pure white cotton-wool in the dark compartment should be ready, and in a fortnight's time the young ones must be removed.

**Food.**—Sometimes in shops mice are fed on canary-seed only, and they tell you this keeps them sweet and clean. We do not object to canary-seed as a change, but it will not do for constant use. Well, for home-feeding there are certain rules; for instance, they should not have meat, salt, sugar (which is too fattening), cake, cheese (or only a crumb now

and then), nor vegetables that are strong in odour. Bread-and-milk sop is excellent, and may be given once a day, taking great care to place it in a clean little saucer. Cobnuts, acorns, oats, canary-seed, crushed dry wheat or barley, and dry biscuits are all relished and do good; but oily nuts must be avoided, green wheat, and Indian corn, as well as beans. A little sweet apple or pear is a treat, or a morsel of boiled beet or boiled carrot. We may give further hints again, and now proceed to say a few words about

**Hedgehogs.**—We have often had them both tame and clean, but they lived in the country and had a free range, and were not supposed to support nature by hunting blackbeetles. We fed them on bread and milk, always fresh, with morsels of minced meat, worms, and vegetables. But they had the run of the garden, and doubtless had many tit-bits in the shape of mice or snakes that we did not consider. They used to live on good enough terms with the cat and dog, and if they did disappear for days at a time, they always came back. The sweet fresh milk and bread fetched them.

**THE POULTRY RUN.**—Earlier-hatched birds will now or soon be getting into full feather, though it will be another year before they are in full plumage. Other fowls will be moulting, and you ought to be extra careful about them. See, therefore, that the houses are free from draughts and wet, although ventilation should be attended to. Feed extra well on cold, damp days, and hemp-seed may be given, but not in any large quantities. Some tonic will also help the birds through the moult, and we know of nothing better than the old-fashioned plan of putting a bit of rusty iron in the water, though a more refined and expensive way is that of putting a teaspoonful of the tincture of iron in the water. This should be renewed every day.

Give also during moult plenty of meaty scraps in the morning meal, with morsels of suet, and if you think fit, put sweet milk in the meal, or beer.

Look out for cases of illness. If you have the little threepenny book we recommended, let this be your guide in trouble.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—Well, how have you got on, now that the season has drawn to a close? Have you made any pocket-money? Have you gained any experience? If the latter, you must turn it to good account for the time to come. But even if you have not been very successful from a pecuniary point of view, you must not forget that you have had a good deal of enjoyment from the fancy, and—your pardon for suggesting it—your pets may have been the means of keeping you out of a considerable deal of mischief. But we will be very happy indeed to have a brief account of their trials and troubles and difficulties from some of our boys, either in this or in any other fancy. Address to the Editor, and that gentleman will carefully peruse them, and give hints when hints seem needed.

Weed out if you are still overstocked. Begin your autumn cleaning and scouring, if you have not already done so. Think over improvements, and carry them out slowly and well.

Moulting should give little trouble. If in any fancy pigeons there seems a difficulty in the feather bursting the sheath, the latter may be scraped off. But this we think shows some delicacy of constitution. The things to do for pigeons who do not moult well are to protect them from the cold and draughts, to feed well, and give a little hemp and a few handfuls of bird-seeds, and put a little tincture of iron in the drinking-water.

**THE AVIARY.**—Read our DOINGS for last month. Be very careful of your birds during moult, and attend to every rule of health. Study books now, and if you can get a chance of going to a canary-show do not lose it. You will learn more in one day at an exhibition of this kind than you would by months of reading. But be well versed in the points and properties of the birds you fancy before going to the show, else you will be at sea.

**THE RABBITRY.**—Have you collected bedding? If not, there is still time. Have you done your autumn cleaning? If not, lose no time. Read again our notes on rabbits, and let your bunnies profit by them. If the weather be boisterous and cold about the end of this month it may be well to remove the hutches under shelter, but pray remember that rabbits will not do well in a semi-dark place, and that they should have space for exercise even indoors.

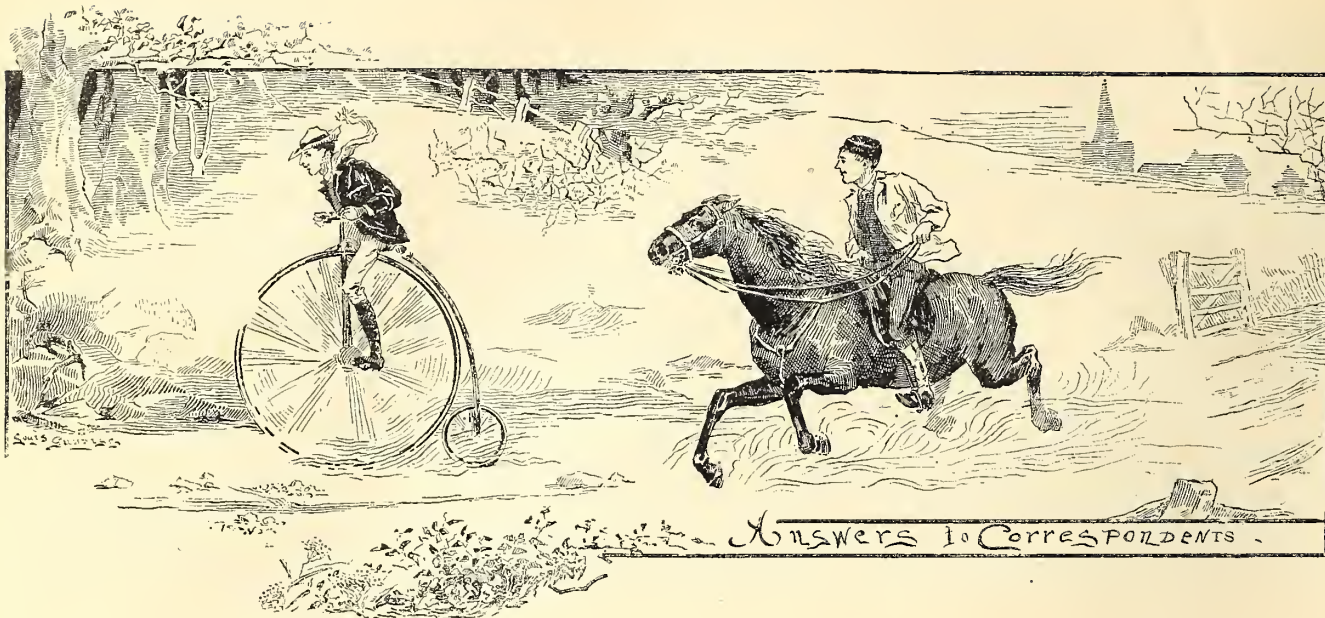
**THE BEE WORLD.**—Feeding will now be required to some extent, as at the end of the month even the heather begins to fade. Artificial pollen may also be given about the end of the month. Guard against the natural enemies of the skeps.

**THE KENNEL.**—Now is the time to take into consideration the comfort of out-of-door dogs for the coming winter. Remember that there may be days when it would be dangerous as well as cruel to leave a dog out in a kennel at all without the most perfect shelter; and old dogs should never during winter be left out all night even in extra good kennels; if they cannot be properly housed they should be taken indoors entirely. So look to shelter, and see that there is no leakage from the roof; even a single drop will wet the straw and may cause sickness.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Take up potatoes. Leave them in the sun till dry, then store. A cellar is a good place, putting down some straw, and covering them lightly up. Or they may be put, if perfectly dry, into large casks. Still plant cabbage, and greens, and lettuces. Plant out endive. Earth up celery. Destroy weeds. Tidy up, and make all ready for winter.

**THE FLOWER AND WINDOW GARDENS.**—Annuals may be sown on clear borders, but beware of weeds. Many beautiful annuals thus sown will weather the winter well. Keep all tidy. Earth up window-boxes, and do all work that can be done before the bad days come. Window-boxes may still be things of beauty if you transplant flowers in bloom—with plenty of earth around the roots—from the garden.





F. F. G.—We'll tell you about stammering in our papers on "Athletics" and "Boys' Troubles," to appear shortly.

BUFFALO BILL.—1. Look back your old numbers. 2. From March to August doves breed. 3. Not quite; why don't you have a loft?

CADET.—1. There are volunteer cadet corps at Bradfield College, Charterhouse, Cheltenham, Derby, Dulwich, Felstead, Forest School (of Walthamstow), Harrow, King's Lynn, Marlborough, Ongar, Oxford Military College, Rossall, Rugby, Trent, King's School (of Warwick), Wellington College, Whitgift School (at Croydon), and Winchester. There are three London corps—one at 42, Finsbury Pavement; one in Bermondsey; and one at Marlborough Place, St. John's Wood. There is a cadet corps at Birmingham, independent of an ordinary regiment. The cadets at Edinburgh can be heard of at 53, Rose Street. There is a cadet regiment at Dundee; and there is one at Glenalmond College, in Perthshire. A cadet volunteer artillery corps is attached to the Essex Brigade, with headquarters at Harwich; and another cadet artillery corps is attached to the Gloucestershire Brigade at Bristol. There is only one cadet artillery corps connected with a public school, and that is at Malvern College. 2. The fife was introduced into the British Army by the Duke of Cumberland in 1745; the drum came into Europe when the Saracens invaded Spain. 3. You can tell the commander-in-chief's tent in camp by the Jack. The general of division has a square red flag. The brigadier has a triangular red flag. The Commissariat flag is a blue one with a white centre. The Ordnance flag is a blue one with a red centre. The Telegraph flag is white and blue; the Post Office white and red.

IGNORAMUS.—The Lifeboat poem was in the October part for 1882, 30th December, 1887.

J. T. K. SWALES.—The examination-papers are given in the "Guide to Accountancy," published by Gee and Co., Moorgate Street, E.C. They are also published in the "Accountant's Student's Journal," obtainable at the same address.

T. WHITMAN.—Light causes many natural objects to lose their colour. Keep your birds' eggs in darkness, and only allow the light to fall upon them while you are actually examining them.

FRANK.—Blow your eggs carefully, then rinse them out with water, and then rinse again with a few drops of methylated spirit in which a little corrosive sublimate has been dissolved.

B. M. D.—We cannot name the nest and eggs from your very slight description. The long-tailed tit lays "small white eggs," but you could scarcely fail to recognise its nest.

NORFOLK DUMPLING.—We could scarcely tell without seeing the specimen. Perhaps it is only faded.

YOUNG NATURALIST.—Your illustration is not good enough. Birds' eggs must be *very* carefully drawn to enable one to recognise them from sketches. Possibly yours is a meadow pipit's.

E. D. C.—Your egg is a rather pale sparrow's; the whitethroat's is a good deal smaller. We cannot return eggs, etc., forwarded for identification, whether stamps are enclosed or not.

B. C. D. R.—The articles on Gymnastics will be reprinted in the "Indoor Sports" volume of the "Boy's Own Bookshelf."

KHONDMAN.—1. Plants kept indoors during the winter should not be watered very often, but the number of times depends on the particular conditions. You must not allow the soil to become hard-dry. 2. A good aquarium can be bought for about thirty shillings. Second-hand ones may be had. 3. It is not our intention to start an Exchange column. Our circulation is too large and general to allow of such a thing being thought of. If you wish to barter any of your belongings, insert an advertisement in one of the papers specially devoted to such matters, such as "Exchange and Mart," and be careful to avail yourself of the reference system.

MOUNTED.—Information as to the police force in the Colonies can be had from the London offices of the several Colonies, which are all in Victoria Street, Westminster.

H. H. D. M.—The word-square which you send of "reward" is very faulty. The square of *palated* is very good; the only fault is that the word itself is obsolete, and was never in common use. Shakespeare uses it, however, though rarely. We do not remember seeing a square of a word of seven letters before. Yours is subjoined for the benefit of our readers:—

SEVEN-WORD SQUARE.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7.

1.	P	A	L	A	T	E	D
2.	A	N	E	M	O	N	E
3.	L	E	V	A	N	T	S
4.	A	M	A	S	S	E	S
5.	T	O	N	S	U	R	E
6.	E	N	T	E	R	E	R
7.	D	E	S	S	E	R	T

P. T. O.—1. Half an hour's sunshine develops more strain in the tubes of the Menai Bridge than the heaviest rolling load or fiercest storm. 2. Tin-plate is now steel covered with tin; terne-plate is steel covered with a mixture of tin and lead. Iron-plate is going out of fashion for tinning purposes, steel being so much tougher, and almost as cheap.

COWBOY.—If at draughts you block your opponent's men so that he cannot move, it is a drawn game.

R. R. R.—The puzzle was sent to us in 1880. Two or three years ago it was adopted by an advertising firm of soapmakers. The central piece is steeped in caustic soda.

H. S. A.—Our articles on the blowpipe and glass-blowing were in the second volume, and so was the one on the making of a flagstaff.

CENTREBOARD.—We have such a series in prospect. Meanwhile you will find instructions in Neison's "Boatbuilding for Amateurs," published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

INKY.—The harvest moon is the one nearest the autumnal equinox. The moon nearest the March equinox is from the same causes just as large, but nobody as yet has had a good word to say for it.

F. W. HERBERT.—Get copy of "Model Yachtsman," price threepence, and address your letter care of secretary of the club. The "Model Yachtsman" can be had of T. Grassam, High Street, Hull.

D. S.—There have been up to the present five Christmas Numbers and five Summer Numbers.

A. W.—A large part of Africa is still unexplored, but much has been doing of late years, and all the main waterways are known. There is much game, large and small, in Central Africa, but we have not heard of there being any Game Laws.

A BRAW LAD.—1. Coin cabinets are expensive. They can be had from Cooke and Son, Museum Street, Oxford Street, but are obtainable more cheaply at such sales as take place at Stevens's Auction Room in Covent Garden. 2. Centigrade thermometers are used in the laboratories.

POSTMARK COLLECTOR.—You have not got the first name right. Talsarn is in Carnarvon, Malmdee in Monmouth, West Ashling in Sussex, and Mount Charles in Donegal. There are three Knocks in Ireland.

AMAZON.—You could get a map of the river from Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross. But no map of the size you mention would contain anything like the amount of detail you want; it would be simply impossible to get it into the space. There are books by Bates, "Naturalist on the Amazon," and Edwards, obtainable through any bookseller.

X. Y. Z.—The "Wreck of the Nisero" was in our April part for 1885.

NAUTA.—At your age the only way is to ship before the mast, and trust to yourself to work your way up. Any one can go up for examination, provided he has the necessary sea service, no matter whether he began as midshipman, apprentice, boy, or man.

J. G. T.—Obtain from Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, West Harding Street, Fetter Lane, E.C., copies of examination-papers set at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Or else get "A Guide to Army Examinations" from Messrs. Clowes, Charing Cross, S.W.

BLACK PRINCE.—1. The coloured plate of "Rank Marks of the British Army," in the March part for 1884. 2. Coins of William and Mary are worth about double their nominal value.

NAVAL ENGINEER.—1. Wash your brushes clean in linseed-oil or turpentine. 2. You could get thin gelatine cheapest by buying a box of bonbons or other sweets in which it is used as a wrapper.

F. H. BROWN.—"Boatbuilding for Amateurs" is published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.

G. RICHARD.—The fullest list of abbreviations we know is in "The Commercial Handbook," price five shillings, published by Messrs. Warne and Co., Bedford Street, Strand, which also contains a dictionary. 2. Write with any aniline dye mixed with cold water. Do not make the colour too strong, and it will vanish when it is exposed to the sun.

J. H. MONTAGU.—Cowper the poet was born at Great Berkhampstead parsonage.

MERWAGA.—The man was out. The umpire was wrong. The ball could not be wide if the man hit it. The umpire has no means of knowing if a ball is wide until it has passed the batsman. It often pays to bowl wide of the wicket to tempt a man to hit into point's hands. The umpire should not be employed again.



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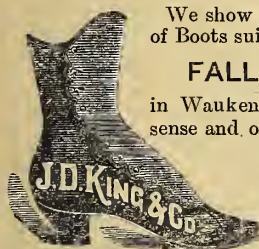
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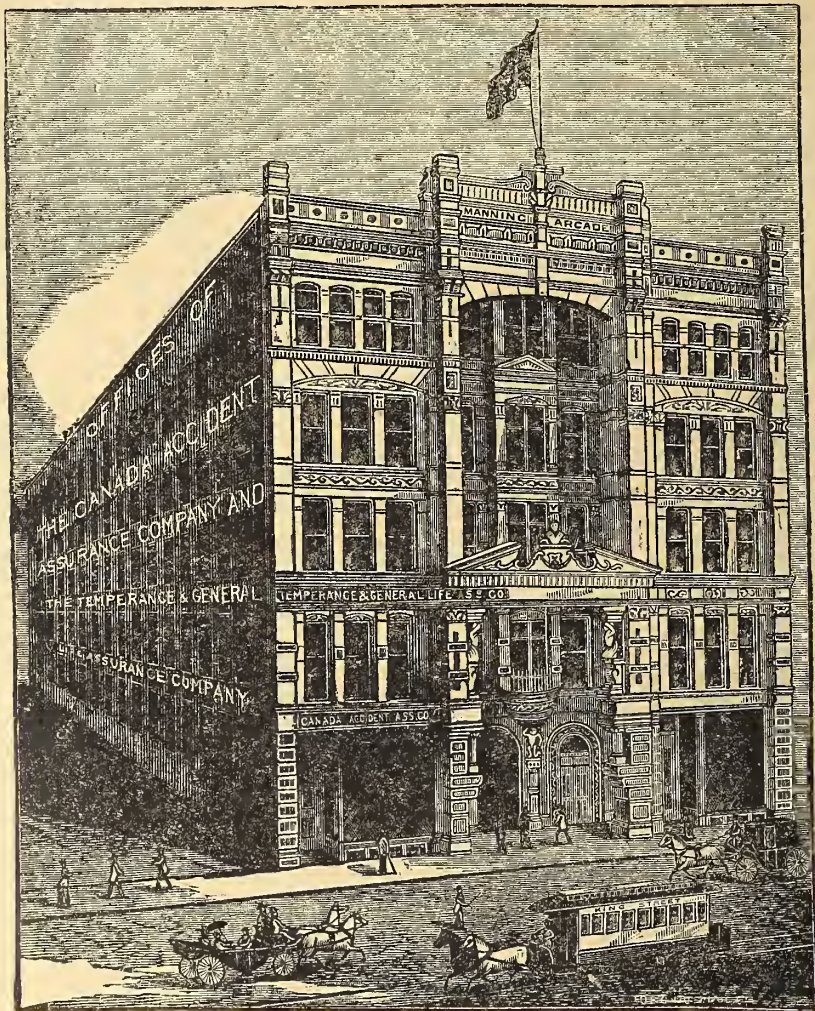
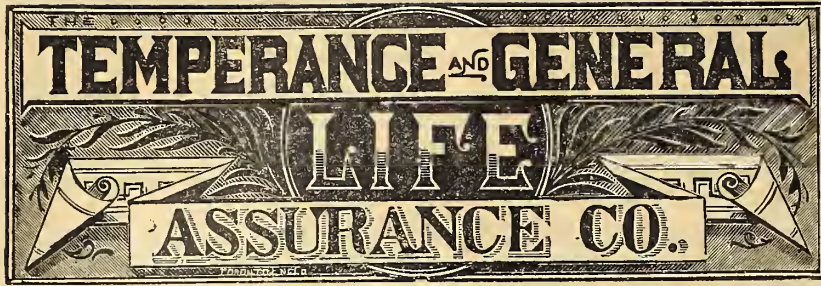
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